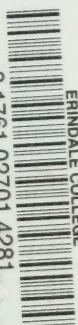


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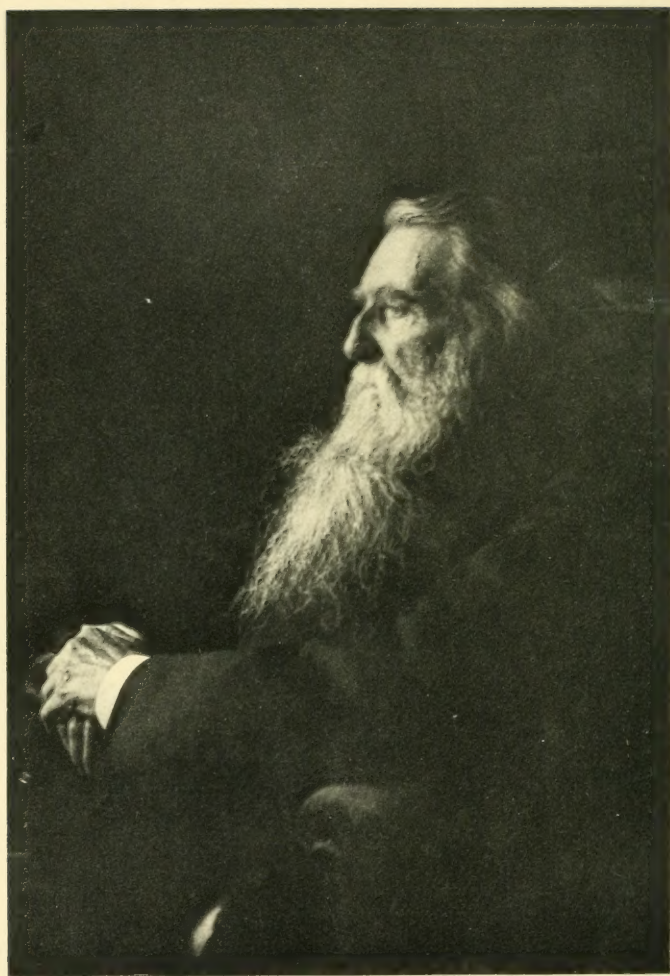
JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME XXIX



MISCELLANIES

VOLUME I



The Complete Works of
John Ruskin

Miscellanies

Between War and Peace

JOHN RUSKIN

FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH BY

HOLTYER



THE KELMSCOTT SOCIETY
PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK



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The Complete Works of
John Ruskin

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Volumes One and Two



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LEONI.

LEONI.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

THE lord of Castel Alto is old and gray-headed; fourscore years have flitted silently over him, and the dream of his life is nigh to its awaking, and his ear is dull, and his eye is dim, and his heart is weary.

The old man reclines on a couch in the hall of his ancestors, beside an open casement, and the balmy air that floats over the deep blue waters of the broad sea, passes softly through his thin hair, and his weary eye rests on the brightness of a lovely landscape; for the olive, and the orange, and the myrtle, are green by the shore of the still waters; and the city lies whitely beneath the glance of the sun, as he rides through the cloudless azure of the heaven; while the purple mountains clasp the ocean in their arms, and fade away into the horizon in long lines of misty blue. Alas! the springtime of nature is a mockery to the winter of age, and Amalfiero turns away in sadness. His vassals are waiting around him to do him pleasure; the minstrel is there with his harp, the maiden with her song; but no music is so sweet to the old man's ear as the voice of his daughter Giulietta.

Giulietta, when a babe, was a thing of smiles and loveliness, like a happy thought dancing over the mind. Giulietta, when a child, was like the orange blossom in the groves of Friuli, and gladness floated around her like the fragrance of the flower. Giulietta, in her youth, was the fairest maiden of Italy,—she glanced among the myrtle bowers like the winged zephyr: the evening star, when it rises gleaming out of the sea into the darkness of the glorious night of Italy, is not so bright as the beam that flashed from her large eye

through the night of her lovely eyelashes. *Giulietta's* mind was love—all love—to each and every thing.

Like music to the sadness of the soul, was *Giulietta* to the old age of her father. As she passed before him, a light came into the coldness of his eye; and his ear, when it was dead to other sound, awoke to the murmur of her gentle voice. As an angel watches over the last days of a saint upon the earth, when the tumult of the battle of his life is over, and sheds peace around his hours, and bids his days pass sweetly and holily, so *Giulietta* watched over *Amalfiero* like an influence of good, and was the sun of his thoughts, and the light of his rejoicing.

Giulietta had a brother. *Garcio d'Amalfiero* was a man of a dark countenance, and the shadows of his evil passions passed over it, like clouds over the luridness of the stormy heaven, and his look withered those upon whom it fell, and his wrath, once excited, raged like a pestilence, and would not be appeased. He was loved by few, and had many enemies, none of whom he hated as he did the bandit *Leoni*, for him only he feared.

Leoni's better nature had been borne down by the violence of his passions, and he became what he abhorred, and widely was the fear of his name spread; for he passed over the land like a meteor, and left desolation behind him in the palaces of the great and the powerful, but not in the hamlets of the poor.

Returning from a successful attack on the castle of a neighboring baron, *Leoni* had been once tracked to the fastnesses of the Apennines by *Garcio*, with a chosen troop of his followers. The bandit gave him battle, and was, as usual, victorious; the followers of *Garcio* cowered back from his thunderbolt charge, and *Garcio* himself was struck from his horse by the sword of *Leoni*. It had been said of the bandit, that he had never deserted a friend, nor spared an enemy; but, as his saber waved over the head of his prostrate foe, the beaver of *Garcio's* helmet fell open; *Leoni's* arm was arrested as if by the hand of an invisible being, a smile of

scorn passed over his lip, and then a mildness came into his eye; he turned calmly away; and, to the astonishment of his followers, sounded a retreat in the very flush of victory, while Garcio and his disheartened and vanquished band were suffered to retire unmolested. From that time the hatred of Garcio to Leoni was inextinguishable. The shame of defeat and the thirst of revenge gnawed into his heart like vultures, for he had rather have been laid dead by the sword of Leoni, than have owed his life to the clemency of his conqueror.

* * * * *

Giulietta sat in her chamber in the eastern tower of Castel Alto. The evening star rose out of the sea, and climbed slowly up into the sky, and Giulietta's dark eye rested sadly upon it. She was waiting for a voice that rose, every evening, from the myrtle grove below the castle, as the star disappeared behind the peak of a distant mountain. Giulietta hardly knew how very sweet the voice was to her listening ear, for it was the voice of one who loved her with a more than common love. They had first met when Giulietta was young, very young, and Francesco just verging into manhood. From that hour she was the light of his path, and the joy of his heart. Her father knew not of his child's love for Francesco, who pleaded to Giulietta some ancient feud of their families, as an excuse for maintaining his secrecy.

When the star touched the misty summit of the mountain, and Giulietta drew near to the window, a blush passed over her fair cheek as a minstrel's song floated upon the breeze.

“ Full broad and bright is the silver light
Of moon and stars, on flood and fell;
But in my breast is starless night,
For I am come to say farewell.
How glad, how swift was wont to be
The step that bore me back to thee;
Now coldly comes upon my heart
The meeting that is but to part.

“I do not ask a tear, but while
I linger where I must not stay,
O, give me but a parting smile,
To light me on my lonely way;
To shine, a brilliant beacon star,
To my reverted glance, afar,
Through midnight, which can have no morrow
O’er the deep, silent, surge of sorrow.”

Giulietta opened a secret door, and descended, and Francesco saw her come forth in her beauty.

“What meant thy song to-night, Francesco?” said the maiden.

“What can a farewell to thee mean, Giulietta, but misery?”

“Nay, this is madness, Francesco,” replied the maiden; “wherefore must we part?”

“Thou sayest well, Giulietta, we will not part,—fly with me,—night is on the mountains, my band is near. Ere the dawn we shall be far hence, in safety, in honor, and—if thou wilt, in power.”

“Thy band!” repeated Giulietta; “fly with thee! With whom? What meanest thou? What art thou, Francesco?”

“I know not, maiden!” said Francesco. “I have not been what I seem to be, yet thou couldst make me so. With thee, I am Francesco; without thee, I am a pestilence, a scourge,—in a word, without thee, I am—Leoni.”

And the name struck through to the maiden’s heart with a coldness as of death; the cry she would have uttered died upon her lips, and she fainted in the arms of her lover.

A hectic flush passed over her cheek, and she woke from the partial death with a deep gasp as of one in pain, and her dark eye was filled with a vague horror. “Francesco, Francesco!” she said, “thou toldest me something,—it was terrible,—tell it me again. Francesco!—thou art not Francesco,” and she paused for a moment. “I know now,” she said; “I remember well, very well, Francesco is dead, and

thou—thou art not, thou canst not, thou shalt not be Leoni,—the bandit Leoni,—my brother's enemy. O Francesco! say thou mockest me!"

"I was once Leoni," he replied;—"thy brother's enemy never, or Garcio had not now lived. Could I be the enemy of your brother, Giulietta!"

And Giulietta felt that it was Francesco and not Leoni who spoke, and she paused in deep agony.

* * * * *

Great was the tumult at Castel Alto. An old fisherman of Pozzuolo had informed Garcio that he had seen two figures passing down westward on the sea-shore, at the foot of the castle. One was a maiden of exceeding beauty, the countenance of the other, he said, was one which he knew well, and which, once seen, was not easily forgotten,—that of the bandit Leoni. Then Garcio was wild with rage, and he called his followers together, and the clash of arms was loud in the hall, and then, from the gate of Castel Alto issued a troop of warriors, and their mail shone cold in the starlight, and Garcio spurred on his bloody war-horse in the van. His countenance was pale with wrath, and he dashed madly forward along the winding shore.

But one of the maidens of Giulietta, when she heard the peasant's tale, went and sought for her in her father's hall, and she was not there; and in her chamber, and she was not there; and she descended by the secret staircase, and she saw footsteps in the dew on the grassy ground. Then she returned weeping, and came to Amalfiero, and told him that Leoni the bandit had carried away Giulietta. And the old man was very feeble, and he bowed his head gently upon his breast and died.

* * * * *

"Heardest thou nothing?" Giulietta said to Leoni.

"Nothing, Giulietta," he replied. "Nay, now that I listen, methinks I hear a sound, far away, like the tramp of steeds along the sand." And Giulietta listened, and she was filled with great fear.

"Oh! fly, Leoni!" she said; "it is Garcio! Fly, and leave me here!" But Leoni raised her in his arms, and bare her softly forward.

And now the rocks were seen rising high from the sea-shore, with the columns of a ruined temple upon their summit, and Leoni knew that his band was near.

"On, on, Giulietta!" he exclaimed; "one effort more, and we are safe." And now the tramp of the galloping horses came nearer and nearer, and the voices of the men were heard urging them on. Louder and louder became the sound, and Giulietta made one last struggle forward, and having gained the rocks, the lovers stood beneath the ruins.

"Anselmo! Anselmo!" cried Leoni; and he was answered by a shout from the rocks, and the banditti leaped from their concealment; but ere they gained the shore, the foremost horseman of the opposite troop dashed into view. It was Garcio. A shout of triumph burst from his lips when he saw Leoni. Giulietta saw him level his carbine, and with a shriek of agony she threw herself before Leoni, and fell dead into his arms.

The band of Leoni heard the shot, and were around him in an instant; and lo! their leader was standing inactive beside the body of a maiden. There was a stillness in his eye, and on his features; but it was as the stillness of the volcano before it bursts forth into desolation. His troops stood round him in a fearful silence, and there was a pause, until, like a whirlwind over the quietness of deep waters, came the madness upon the soul of Leoni. He looked up, and saw that his band was beside him.

"Stand by me this night," he said, "and revenge the loss of your leader." Then he shouted his war-cry, and the banditti swelled the sound with eager voices. The followers of Garcio replied, and Leoni dashed at them like a thunderbolt. Then loudly into the quietness of the heaven rose the roar of the battle, and the echoes rolled heavily over the sea.

Leoni burst his path through the mass of battle, and his bloodshot eye was on the crest of Garcio, and, whether it

were foe or friend whom he met in his frenzy, he dashed the combatants aside, and clove his way to that one plume. With the implacable wrath of an avenging spirit Leoni sought his single foe. The followers of Garcio shrunk from his glance, and, as he broke through the front of their battle, some turned and fled, and the rest hung back in disorder and dismay.

Then Garcio saw Leoni come upon him with the swoop of an eagle, and his eye quailed before the despair of his foe.

"Wretch," cried Leoni, "lovest thou life?—Oh, would that I could make life to thee, what thou hast made it to me, and thou shouldst live! I spared thee once, for her sake,—thou hast well rewarded me!—thy sister strikes thee, Garcio." And he smote him dead.

And the voice of battle drifted away towards Castel Alto, and the shouts of the victorious banditti were heard echoing along the cliffs. But Leoni was no longer at their head;—in their victory they were without a leader,—they remembered that he had commanded them to revenge his loss, and few, very few, of the followers of Garcio escaped the slaughter of that night. The banditti met and sought for Leoni among the dead, and they found the body of Garcio, and the sword of their leader lying beside it; but him they found not. And they retired silently, under cover of the night, to their fastness among the mountains.

Oh, calmly, brightly, beautifully rose the morning out of the eastern sea, and widely spread the rosy dawn over the deep! Gloriously the radiance stole up into the high heaven, where the white clouds waved their light wings in the deepness of the infinite blue, and looked out eastward, rejoicing, as they met the morning breeze that sprung upward from its repose in the grove of silver olives. And the sun lifted his head majestically out of the sea, and the mists passed away before his glance, from its surface, and the waves rolled onward, singing, with sweet low voices, and a long golden path was thrown upon them, even unto the shore.

Oh, the radiance of that morning was unconscious of the desolation of the night! There was no sadness in the dawn

that shone on the ruins of Castel Alto. The surges that, in the night, had dashed away the blood from the shore, now broke clear and white on the unstained pebbles. A figure was leaning against a rock on the strand. Few, very few, could have recognized in the haggard face and withered form the once haughty and fiery Leoni. The fishermen of Pozzuolo affirm that, for years after that terrible night, the same figure was seen pacing the shore, with the unequal step and wild gestures of a maniac.

A LETTER ON LEONI.

The following letter, referring to alterations made in "Leoni," was written by Ruskin to W. H. Harrison, the editor of "Friendship's Offering":—

HERNE HILL, 30th June, 1836.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in receiving your kind note, with inclosed proofs, which I have looked over and compared with the manuscript with great care, and am much gratified to observe that if there has been considerable curtailing, there has been no alteration, and that all that is, is mine. I have known some little poems come back to me with such a "change come o'er the spirit of their dream" that I had great difficulty in recognizing my old acquaintances till I had perused the letter of introduction. In the present case I am happy to perceive no change in my friend's countenance, even though he may have grown a little shorter—I will not say the wrong way—on the contrary, I feel that the greatest part of the exits are very beneficial, and that all the verbal alterations are great improvements. Will you, however, excuse me, if I venture, with all diffidence, to intercede for one or two bits? I do not allege, in their defense, that they cost me some trouble to compose—that is no proof that they were worth it; neither that I myself like them, because everybody is a bad judge of what he has himself written; but I think that they form links of connection, the absence of which would

be missed. I will mention them, and the reasons which occur to me for retaining them, and if you still think their room preferable to their company, I, having all confidence in your judgment and experience, shall know that it is so. The scene between Leoni and his bandits is certainly not necessary, and I feel its change of style to be an interruption: its exit, therefore, is desirable; but then in the end of the piece, the definite articles, *the* rocks, *the* ruined temple, must be got rid of, and Leoni must not call for a person whom nobody knows anything about; and as the introduction of Leoni (his better nature had been borne down by the—etc.) sounds incomplete, and looks rather short in print, might it not be improved by the addition of the description of him in the omitted scene, beginning, “His countenance was not as the countenance of other men,” etc.?

But with regard to the other omitted scene, unless we have only set Mr. Amalfiero at the window in his easy-chair, that he may take a digestive nap after dinner, I think we might as well let him speechify a little to his daughter, more especially as the old fellow’s feelings are a very good preparation to the reader for coming horrors; and if they appear rather supernatural, the excellent addition to the title, *an Italian legend*, may, I think, very well excuse a little Italian superstition. I will also confess to you that I think the young lady’s behavior rather graceful, kneeling down, kissing, etc., etc., etc., and her father’s speeches, though there is a good deal of nonsense in them, appear to me, nevertheless, somewhat sublime; in fact, the scene was a favorite, and cost me much pains, and I feel, on missing it, a good deal as the clown in the pantomime may be supposed to feel, when the delicious morsel he is about to taste is whisked out of his hand, up to the ceiling; or like the child whose bubble has burst; or like the old lady who, going down into her cellar for a bottle of cider, discovered her exploded bottles had, like the baseless fabric of a vision, left *but a rack* behind.

En passant, allow me to say that I do not quite see the reason for the cutting out what I fancied was a tol lol bit of

Italian description, after the asterisks—page 4—only to end the sentence with the little, short, unmeaning word “it.” This, however, is not of the least consequence.

But I think the only thing a bandit can do to ingratiate himself with a lady is to be desperately over head and ears in love. I have therefore spouted some nonsense about morning on dark mountains, and likened the rascal to a cat, in giving him a more than ordinary number of lives, *i.e.* two. “Joy of his heart” is rather a commonplace expression, and suggests the idea of the fellow’s being only reasonably in love; which wouldn’t do; he ought to be as mad as a March hare. I do not quite perceive the reason for dismissing this bit, or even that which follows, and for this reason—it seems to me quite as dangerous to make a lady much in love as a gentleman little. Now, as Miss G., in this very scene, elopes with her blackguard of a lover without requiring much persuasion, it is necessary to show some reason for her being so violently in love with him, besides the palpable one of its being the very thing she ought not to have been. Now, the bo-peep sort of a way in which they have enjoyed each other’s society, and which, as I thought, I had very neatly described in this paragraph, is just the thing to occasion such a result.

The first person is not required, and therefore better out.

But in the next scene Mr. Leoni ought to be very eloquent. He has a ticklish affair on his hands: first, to inform the young lady that he is a confounded knave; and second, to persuade her to run away with him. The first must have been disagreeable, and the second ought to have been difficult.

If, in addition to this, he be properly in love, he cannot talk too great a quantity of nonsense, or come over her with too much gammon. Why, therefore, eject his speech about meteors and leaves, etc., which indeed is required to account for Miss G.’s charging him with being mad; you know, she would not have done that only because he said it would be misery to part from her. Again, I think the bits about “how beautiful was the fear,” and the comparison about hands and clouds and moon and brows, are picturesque, and serve to keep

up the readers' estimation of the lady's charms. With regard to the wandering of the spirit of the old buck after death, out it very properly goes, because I say positively "it did," which is a bounce; but permit me to intercede for Leoni's speech of the same kind. We are to suppose that the young lady manifests some reluctance to take a step so shocking, improper, romantic, undutiful, and indecorous as an elopement, particularly with a person of so suspicious a character. He therefore, besides flattering her with the promise of eternal affection (a likely and common thing on the part of a lover, and liable to no animadversion), frightened her out of her wits with this dexterously introduced bit of ghostification, for no lady would particularly relish the idea of being so assiduously attended by a ghost, even of a lover. And, besides, she could not tell but the ghost of a *bandit* might be accompanied by other ghosts not at all so agreeable, or even respectable. Therefore I think this speech alone a very sufficient excuse to the reader for the young lady's conduct, and, allow me to say, a very necessary one.

I thought my wind-up jingled in prettily, but that does not signify.

On looking over this letter, it puts me in mind of the landlord in Sterne, whose "Tout ce que vous voulez"—dwindled down into a solitary chop, to be pulled out of the mouth of the house dog, *i.e.* me. Thus, I find my "Tout ce que vous voulez," with regard to curtailings, has been reduced to two scenes, but I hope you will believe me when I tell you, that, even if you were to cut out all these passages, I should believe, though I might not feel, that the piece was improved by it.—I remain, my dear sir, yours respectfully,

J. RUSKIN.



THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER
OR THE BLACK BROTHERS.

A LEGEND OF STIRIA.

THE KING OF THE
GOLDEN RIVER
OR THE
BLACK BROTHERS



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THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS
WAS INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

IN a secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides, by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighborhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to everyone who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with over-hanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they

saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honorable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the

country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation; the vines were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain nowhere else, so it had sun when there was sun nowhere else. Everybody came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and

might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four-feet-six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door: I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill-stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what?" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want

fire, and shelter; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But,—sir,—I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but—really, sir—you're—putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman: "I've had nothing to eat yesterday nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Aye! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, deprecatingly, "he was so *very* wet!"

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying-house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Aye!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

“Pray, gentlemen——”

“Off, and be hanged!” cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman’s collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: “Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o’clock to-night I’ll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you.”

“If ever I catch you here again,” muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang; and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

“A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!” said Schwartz. “Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why, the mutton’s been cut!”

“You promised me one slice, brother, you know,” said Gluck.

“Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It’ll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you.”

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on, there."

They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the old gentleman called after them. "Remember, the *last* visit."

"Pray Heaven it may!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every

movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words:

SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.

SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the Wet Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

The thought was agreed to be a very good one; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circum-

stances affected their trade: the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door. So they melted all their gold without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house: leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and more especially of the peak

from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson, and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me! what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what is that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked in: yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace,

but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear, and pronounciative.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice out of the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out."

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood

contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colors gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full halfway to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very pertinacious and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that, the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, "were you my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden

River." Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. "I hope your Majesty is very well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if anyone shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling,—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him: "oh dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

CHAPTER III.

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

THE King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbors, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.

When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans; “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz’s face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made anyone happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale gray shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myriads of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans’ eyes and thoughts

were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant, lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved

his thirst; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted; glance after glance he cast on the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun

was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged towards the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.

POOR little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother, he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright: there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the steep

rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and, when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the color of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha! ha!" laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*!" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; and

a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared into his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

TWO BLACK STONES.

CHAPTER V.

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.

WHEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long

time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of

his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt"; and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. "Poor beastie," said Gluck, "it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it." Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. "Confound the King and his gold too," said Gluck; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right;" for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make too."

"Oh dear me!" said Gluck, "have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf, "they poured unholy water into my stream: do you suppose I'm going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir—your majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font."

"Very probably," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of

clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light; he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose into the air; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the

river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

FRONDES AGRESTES.

READINGS IN "MODERN PAINTERS"

CHOSEN AT HER PLEASURE, BY THE AUTHOR'S FRIEND, THE
YOUNGER LADY OF THE THWAITE CONISTON.

"Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes."

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PREFACE.

I HAVE been often asked to republish the first book of mine which the public noticed, and which, hitherto, remains their favorite, in a more easily attainable form than that of its existing editions. I am, however, resolved never to republish the book as a whole; some parts of it being, by the established fame of Turner, rendered unnecessary; and others having been always useless, in their praise of excellence which the public will never give the labor necessary to discern. But, finding lately that one of my dearest friends, who, in advanced age, retains the cheerfulness and easily delighted temper of youth, had written out, for her own pleasure, a large number of passages from "Modern Painters," it seemed to me certain that what such a person felt to be useful to herself, could not but be useful also to a class of readers whom I much desired to please, and who would sometimes enjoy, in my early writings, what I never should myself have offered them. I asked my friend, therefore, to add to her own already chosen series, any other passages she thought likely to be of permanent interest to general readers; and I have printed her selections in absolute submission to her judgment, merely arranging the pieces she sent me in the order which seemed most convenient for the reciprocal bearing of their fragmentary meanings, and adding here and there an explanatory note; or, it may be, a deprecatory one, in cases where my mind had changed. That she did me the grace to write every word with her own hands, adds, in my eyes, and will, I trust, in the readers' also, to the possible claims of the little book on their sympathy; and although I hope to publish some of the scientific and technical portions of the original volumes in my own large editions, the selections here made by my friend under her quiet woods at Coniston—the Unter-Walden

of England—will, I doubt not, bring within better reach of many readers, for whom I am not now able myself to judge or choose, such service as the book was ever capable of rendering, in the illustration of the powers of nature, and intercession for her now too often despised and broken peace.

HERNE HILL,
5th December, 1874.

FRONDES AGRESTES.

SECTION I.

PRINCIPLES OF ART.

1. PERFECT taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection; but why we receive pleasure from some forms and colors, and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood.

2. The temper by which right taste is formed is characteristically patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it. It does not trample upon it,—lest it should be pearls, even though it look like husks. It is good ground, penetrable, retentive; it does not send up thorns of unkind thoughts, to choke the weak seed; it is hungry and thirsty too, and drinks all the dew that falls on it. It is an honest and good heart, that shows no too ready springing before the sun be up, but fails not afterwards; it is distrustful of itself, so as to be ready to believe and to try all things; and yet so trustful of itself, that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without trying. And the pleasure which it has in things that it finds true and good, is so great, that it cannot possibly be led aside by any tricks of fashion, or diseases of vanity; it cannot be cramped in its conclusions by partialities and hypocrisies; its visions and its delights are too penetrating,—too living,—for any whitewashed object or shallow fountain long to endure or supply. It clasps all that it loves so hard that it crushes it if it be hollow.

3. It is the common consent of men that whatever branch of any pursuit ministers to the bodily comforts, and regards material uses, is ignoble, and whatever part is addressed to the mind only, is noble; and that geology does better in re-clothing dry bones and revealing lost creations, than in tracing veins of lead and beds of iron; astronomy better in opening to us the houses of heaven, than in teaching navigation; botany better in displaying structure than in expressing juices; surgery better in investigating organization than in setting limbs.—Only it is ordained that, for our encouragement, every step we make in the more exalted range of science adds something also to its practical applicabilities; that all the great phenomena of nature, the knowledge of which is desired by the angels only, by us partly, as it reveals to farther vision the being and the glory of Him in whom they rejoice and we live, dispense yet such kind influences and so much of material blessing as to be joyfully felt by all inferior creatures, and to be desired by them with such single desire as the imperfection of their nature may admit; that the strong torrents, which, in their own gladness, fill the hills with hollow thunder, and the vales with winding light, have yet their bounden charge of field to feed, and barge to bear; that the fierce flames to which the Alp owes its upheaval and the volcano its terror, temper for us the metal vein, and warm the quickening spring; and that for our incitement, I say, not our reward,—for knowledge is its own reward,—herbs have their healing, stones their preciousness, and stars their times.

4. Had it been ordained by the Almighty * that the highest pleasures of sight should be those of most difficult attainment, and that to arrive at them it should be necessary to accumulate gilded palaces, tower over tower, and pile artificial mountains around insinuated lakes, there would never have

* The reader must observe, that having been thoroughly disciplined in the Evangelical schools, I supposed myself, at four-and-twenty, to know all about the ordinances of the Almighty. Nevertheless, the practical contents of the sentence are good; if only they are intelligible, which I doubt.

been a direct contradiction between the unselfish duties and the inherent desires of every individual. But no such contradiction exists in the system of Divine Providence; which, leaving it open to us, if we will, as creatures in probation, to abuse this sense like every other, and pamper it with selfish and thoughtless vanities, as we pamper the palate with deadly meats, until the appetite of tasteful cruelty is lost in its sickened satiety, incapable of pleasure unless, Caligula like, it concentrates the labor of a million of lives into the sensation of an hour,—leaves it also open to us, by humble and loving ways, to make ourselves susceptible of deep delight, which shall not separate us from our fellows, nor require the sacrifice of any duty or occupation, but which shall bind us closer to men and to God, and be with us always, harmonized with every action, consistent with every claim, unchanging and eternal.

5. A great Idealist never can be egotistic. The whole of his power depends upon his losing sight and feeling of his own existence, and becoming a mere witness and mirror of truth, and a scribe of visions,—always passive in sight, passive in utterance, lamenting continually that he cannot completely reflect nor clearly utter all he has seen,—not by any means a proud state for a man to be in. But the man who has no invention is always setting things in order,* and putting the world to rights, and mending, and beautifying, and pluming himself on his doings, as supreme in all ways.

6. So far as education does indeed tend to make the senses delicate, and the perceptions accurate, and thus enables people to be pleased with quiet instead of gaudy color, and with graceful instead of coarse form; and by long acquaintance with the best things, to discern quickly what is fine from what is common—so far acquired taste is an honorable faculty, and it is true praise of anything to say it is “in

* I am now a comic illustration of this sentence, myself. I have not a ray of invention in all my brains; but am intensely rational and orderly, and have resolutely begun to set the world to rights.

good taste." But,* so far as this higher education has a tendency to narrow the sympathies and harden the heart, diminishing the interest of all beautiful things by familiarity, until even what is best can hardly please, and what is brightest hardly entertain,—so far as it fosters pride, and leads men to found the pleasure they take in anything, not on the worthiness of the thing, but on the degree in which it indicates some greatness of their own, (as people build marble porticoes, and inlay marble floors, not so much because they like the colors of marble, or find it pleasant to the foot, as because such porches and floors are costly, and separated in all human eyes from plain entrances of stone and timber);—so far as it leads people to prefer gracefulness of dress, manner, and aspect, to value of substance and heart, liking a well-said thing better than a true thing, and a well-trained manner better than a sincere one, and a delicately-formed face better than a good-natured one,—and in all other ways and things setting custom and semblance above everlasting truth;—so far, finally, as it induces a sense of inherent distinction between class and class, and causes everything to be more or less despised which has no social rank, so that the affection, pleasure, and grief of a clown are looked upon as of no interest compared with the affection and grief of a well-bred man;—just so far, in all these several ways, the feeling induced by what is called "a liberal education" is utterly adverse to the understanding of noble art.

7. He who habituates himself in his daily life to seek for the stern facts in whatever he hears or sees, will have these facts again brought before him by the involuntary imaginative power, in their noblest associations; and he who seeks for frivolities and fallacies, will have frivolities and fallacies again presented to him in his dreams.†

* Nobody need begin this second volume sentence unless they are breathed like the Græme:—

"Right up Ben Ledi could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess."

† Very good. Few people have any idea how much more impor-

8. All the histories of the Bible are yet waiting to be painted. Moses has never been painted; Elijah never; David never (except as a mere ruddy stripling); Deborah never; Gideon never; Isaiah never.* What single example does the reader remember of painting which suggested so much as the faintest shadow of their deeds? Strong men in armor, or aged men with flowing beards, he *may* remember, who, when he looked at his Louvre or Uffizi catalogue, he found were intended to stand for David, or Moses. But does he suppose that, if these pictures had suggested to him the feeblest image of the presence of such men, he would have passed on, as he assuredly did, to the next picture, representing, doubtless, Diana and Actæon, or Cupid and the Graces, or a gambling quarrel in a pothouse—with no sense of pain or surprise? Let him meditate over the matter, and he will find ultimately that what I say is true, and that religious art at once complete and sincere never yet has existed.

SECTION II.

POWER AND OFFICE OF IMAGINATION.

9. WHAT are the legitimate uses of the imagination,—that is to say, of the power of perceiving, or conceiving with the mind, things which cannot be perceived by the senses? Its first and noblest use is,† to enable us to bring sensibly to our
 tant the government of the mind is, than the force of its exertion. Nearly all the world flog their horses, without ever looking where they are going.

* I knew nothing, when I wrote this passage, of Luini, Filippo Lippi, or Sandro Botticelli; and had not capacity to enter into the deeper feelings, even of the men whom I was chiefly studying,—Tintoret and Fra Angelico. But the British public is at present as little acquainted with the greater Florentines as I was then, and the passage, for *them*, remains true.

† I should be glad if the reader who is interested in the question here raised, would read, as illustrative of the subsequent statement, the account of Tintoret's "Paradise," in the close of my

sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state, or invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us, that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses, in heaven, and earth, and sea, as if they were now present,—the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of heaven, and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with forever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of angels beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round; but, above all, to call up the scenes and facts in which we are commanded to believe, and be present, as if in the body, at every recorded event of the history of the Redeemer. Its second and ordinary use is, to empower us to traverse the scenes of all other history, and to force the facts to become again visible, so as to make upon us the same impression which they would have made if we had witnessed them; and, in the minor necessities of life, to enable us, out of any present good, to gather the utmost measure of enjoyment, by investing it with happy associations, and, in any present evil, to lighten it, by summoning back the images of other hours; and also to give to all mental truths some visible type, in allegory, simile, or personification, which shall most deeply enforce them; and finally, when the mind is utterly outwearied, to refresh it with such innocent play as shall be most in harmony with the suggestive voices of natural things, permitting it to possess living companionship, instead of silent beauty, and create for itself fairies in the grass, and naiads in the wave.

10. Yet, because we thus reverence the power and art of imagination, let none of us despise the power and art of memory.

Let the reader consider seriously what he would give at any moment to have the power of arresting the fairest scenes, those which so often rise before him only to vanish; to stay

Oxford lecture on Michael Angelo and Tintoret, which I have printed separately to make it generally accessible.

the cloud in its fading, the leaf in its trembling, and the shadows in their changing; to bid the fitful foam be fixed upon the river, and the ripples be everlasting upon the lake; and then to bear away with him no darkness or feeble sustenance, (though even that is beautiful,) but a counterfeit which should seem no counterfeit—the true and perfect image of life indeed. Or rather, (for the full majesty of such a power is not thus sufficiently expressed,) let him consider that it would be in effect nothing less than a capacity of transporting himself at any moment into any scene—a gift as great as can be possessed by a disembodied spirit; and suppose, also, this necromancy embracing not only the present but the past, and enabling us seemingly to enter into the very bodily presence of men long since gathered to the dust; to behold them in act as they lived; but, with greater privilege than ever was granted to the companions of those transient acts of life, to see them fastened at our will in the gesture and expression of an instant, and stayed on the eve of some great deed, in immortality of burning purpose.—Conceive, so far as is possible, such power as this, and then say whether the art which conferred it is to be spoken lightly of, or whether we should not rather reverence, as half-divine, a gift which would go so far as to raise us into the rank, and invest us with the felicities, of angels.*

11. I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility. I do not mean by humility, doubt of his own power, or hesitation of speaking his opinions; but a right understanding of the relation between what *he* can do and say, and the rest of the world's sayings and doings. All great men not only know their business, but usually know that they know it; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. Arnolfo knows he can build a good dome at Florence; Albert Dürer writes calmly to one who has found fault with his work,—

* Passage written in opposition to the vulgar notion that the "mere imitation" of Nature is easy, and useless.

"It cannot be better done;" Sir Isaac Newton knows that he has worked out a problem or two that would have puzzled anybody else; only they do not expect their fellow-men, therefore, to fall down and worship them. They have a curious under-sense of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not *in* them, but *through* them—that they could not do or be anything else than God made them; and they see something divine and God-made in every other man they meet, and are endlessly, foolishly, incredibly merciful.

12. As far as I can observe, it is a constant law, that the greatest men, whether poets or historians, live entirely in their own age, and the greatest fruits of their work are gathered out of their own age. Dante paints Italy in the thirteenth century; Chaucer, England in the fourteenth; Masaccio, Florence in the fifteenth; Tintoret, Venice in the sixteenth; all of them utterly regardless of anachronism and minor error of every kind, but getting always vital truth out of the vital present. If it be said that Shakespeare wrote perfect historical plays on subjects belonging to the preceding centuries, I answer that they *are* perfect plays, just because there is no care about centuries in them, but a life which all men recognize for the human life of all time—and this it is, not because Shakespeare sought to give universal truth, but because painting, honestly and completely, from the men about him, he painted that human nature which is indeed constant enough,—a rogue in the fifteenth century being *at heart* what a rogue is in the nineteenth, and was in the twelfth; and an honest or knightly man being in like manner very similar to other such at any other time. And the work of these great idealists is, therefore, always universal; not because it is not *portrait*, but because it is *complete* portrait, down to the heart, which is the same in all ages; and the work of the mean idealists is *not* universal, not because it is *portrait*, but because it is *half* portrait—of the outside, the manners and the dress, not of the heart. Thus Tintoret and Shakespeare paint, both of them, simply Vene-

tian and English nature, as they saw it in their time, down to the root; and it does for *all* time; but as for any care to cast themselves into the particular ways and tones of thought, or custom, of past time in their historical work, you will find it in neither of them,* nor in any other perfectly great man that I know of.

13. I think it probable that many readers may be surprised at my calling Scott the great representative of the mind of the age of literature. Those who can perceive the intense penetrative depth of Wordsworth, and the exquisite finish and melodious power of Tennyson, may be offended at my placing in higher rank that poetry of careless glance and reckless rhyme in which Scott poured out the fancies of his youth; and those who are familiar with the subtle analysis of the French novelists, or who have in any wise submitted themselves to the influence of German philosophy, may be equally indignant at my ascribing a principality to Scott among the literary men of Europe, in an age which has produced De Balzac, and Goethe.†

But the mass of sentimental literature concerned with the analysis and description of emotion, headed by the poetry of Byron, is altogether of lower rank than the literature which merely describes what it saw. The true seer feels as intensely as anyone else; but he does not much describe his feel-

* What vestige of Egyptian character is there, for instance, in Cleopatra?—of Athenian in Theseus or Timon?—of old English in Imogen or Cordelia?—of old Scottish in Macbeth?—or even of mediæval Italian in Petruchio, the Merchant of Venice, or Desdemona? And the Roman plays appear definitely Roman only because the strength of Rome was the eternal strength of the world,—pure family life, sustained by agriculture, and defended by simple and fearless manhood.

† I knew nothing of Goethe when I put him with Balzac; but the intolerable dullness which encumbers the depth of Wilhelm Meister, and the cruel reserve which conceals from all but the intensest readers the meaning of Faust, have made him, in a great degree, an evil influence in European literature; and Evil is always second-rate.

ings. He tells you whom he met, and what they said; leaves you to make out, from that, what they feel, and what he feels, but goes into little detail. And, generally speaking, pathetic writing and careful explanation of passion are quite easy, compared with this plain recording of what people said, and did; or with the right invention of what they are likely to say and do; for this reason, that to invent a story, or admirably and thoroughly tell any part of a story, it is necessary to grasp the entire mind of every personage concerned in it, and know precisely how they would be affected by what happens; which to do, requires a colossal intellect; but to describe a separate emotion delicately, it is only needed that one should feel it one's self; and thousands of people are capable of feeling this or that noble emotion, for one who is able to enter into all the feelings of somebody sitting on the other side of the table. Even, therefore, where this sentimental literature is first rate, as in passages of Byron, Tennyson, and Keats, it ought not to be ranked so high as the creative; and though perfection even in narrow fields is perhaps as rare as in the wider, and it may be as long before we have another "In Memoriam" as another "Guy Mannering," I unhesitatingly receive as a greater manifestation of power, the right invention of a few sentences spoken by Pleydell and Mannering across their supper-table, than the most tender and passionate melodies of the self-examining verse.

14. Fancy plays like a squirrel in its circular prison, and is happy; but Imagination is a pilgrim on the earth—and her home is in heaven. Shut her from the fields of the celestial mountains, bear her from breathing their lofty, sun-warmed air; and we may as well turn upon her the last bolt of the Tower of Famine, and give the keys to the keeping of the wildest surge that washes Capraja and Gorgona.*

* I leave this passage, as my friend has chosen it; but it is unintelligible without the contexts, which show how all the emotions described in the preceding passages of this section, are founded on trust in the beneficence and rule of an Omnipotent Spirit.

15. In the highest poetry, there is no word so familiar, but a great man will bring good out of it, or rather, it will bring good to him, and answer some end for which no other word would have done equally well. A common person, for instance, would be mightily puzzled to apply the word "whelp" to anyone, with a view of flattering him. There is a certain freshness and energy in the term, which gives it agreeableness, but it seems difficult, at first hearing it, to use it complimentarily. If the person spoken of be a prince, the difficulty seems increased; and when farther he is at one and the same moment to be called a "whelp" and contemplated as a hero, it seems that a common idealist might well be brought to a pause! But hear Shakespeare do it:—

"Awake his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
While his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility."

16. Although in all lovely nature there is, first, an excellent degree of simple beauty, addressed to the eye alone, yet often what impresses us most will form but a very small portion of that visible beauty. That beauty may, for instance, be composed of lovely flowers, and glittering streams, and blue sky and white clouds; and yet the thing that impresses us most, and which we should be sorriest to lose, may be a thin gray film on the extreme horizon, not so large, in the space of the scene it occupies, as a piece of gossamer on a near-at-hand bush, nor in any wise prettier to the eye than the gossamer; but because the gossamer is known by us for a little bit of spider's work, and the other gray film is known to mean a mountain ten thousand feet high, inhabited by a race of noble mountaineers, we are solemnly impressed by the aspect of it, and yet all the while the thoughts and knowledge which cause us to receive this impression are so obscure that we are not conscious of them.

17. Examine the nature of your own emotion, (if you feel it,) at the sight of the Alps; and you find all the brightness of that emotion hanging, like dew on a gossamer, on a curious web of subtle fancy and imperfect knowledge. First you have a vague idea of its size, coupled with wonder at the work of the great Builder of its walls and foundations; then an apprehension of its eternity, a pathetic sense of its perpetualness, and your own transientness, as of the grass upon its side;—then, and in very sadness, a sense of strange companionship with past generations, in seeing what they saw. They did not see the clouds that are floating over your head, nor the cottage wall on the other side of the field, nor the road by which you are traveling. But they saw *that*. The wall of granite in the heavens was the same to them as to you. They have ceased to look upon it; you will soon cease to look also, and the granite wall will be for others. Then, mingled with these more solemn imaginations, come the understandings of the gifts and glories of the Alp;—the fancying forth of all the fountains that well from its rocky walls, and strong rivers that are born out of its ice, and of all the pleasant valleys that wind between its cliffs, and all the châteaux that gleam among its clouds, and happy farmsteads couched upon its pastures; while, together with the thoughts of these, rise strange sympathies with all the unknown of human life, and happiness, and death, signified by that narrow white flame of the everlasting snow, seen so far in the morning sky. These images, and far more than these, lie at the root of the emotion which you feel at the sight of the Alps. You may not trace them in your heart, for there is a great deal more in your heart, both of evil and good, than you can ever trace; but they stir you and quicken you for all that. Assuredly, so far as you feel more at beholding the snowy mountain than any other object of the same sweet silvery gray, these are the kind of images which cause you to do so; and observe, these are nothing more than a greater apprehension of the *facts* of the thing. We call the power “Imagination,” because it imagines or conceives; but it is

only noble imagination, if it imagines or conceives the *truth*. And according to the degree of knowledge possessed, and of sensibility to the pathetic or impressive character of the things known, will be the degree of this imaginative delight.

18. So natural is it to the human heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession, and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied, that there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away promises of something greater than themselves, than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by fancy pictured or pursued. I do not know that there is a district in the world more calculated to illustrate this power of the expectant imagination than that which surrounds the city of Fribourg in Switzerland, extending from it towards Berne. It is of gray sandstone, considerably elevated, but presenting no object of striking interest to the passing traveler; so that as it is generally seen in the course of a hasty journey from the Bernese Alps to those of Savoy, it is rarely regarded with any other sensation than that of weariness, all the more painful because accompanied with reaction from the high excitement caused by the splendor of the Bernese Oberland. The traveler—foot-sore, feverish, and satiated with glacier and precipice—lies back in the corner of the diligence, perceiving little more than that the road is winding and hilly, and the country through which it passes, cultivated and tame. Let him, however, only do this tame country the justice of staying in it a few days, until his mind has recovered its tone, and take one or two long walks through its fields, and he will have other thoughts of it. It is, as I said, an undulating district of gray sandstone, never attaining any considerable height, but having enough of the mountain spirit to throw itself into continual succession of bold slope and dale; elevated, also, just far enough above the sea to render the pine a frequent forest tree along its irregular ridges. Through this elevated tract

the river cuts its way in a ravine some five or six hundred feet in depth, which winds for leagues between the gentle hills, unthought of until its edge is approached; and then, suddenly, through the boughs of the firs, the eye perceives, beneath, the green and gliding stream, and the broad walls of sandstone cliff that forms its banks; hollowed out where the river leans against them, at its turns, into perilous overhanging; and, on the other shore, at the same spots, leaving little breadths of meadow between them and the water, half-overgrown with thicket, deserted in their sweetness, inaccessible from above, and rarely visited by any curious wanderers along the hardly traceable footpath which struggles for existence beneath the rocks. And there the river ripples and eddies and murmurs in an outer solitude. It is passing through a thickly peopled country; but never was a stream so lonely. The feeblest and most far-away torrent among the high hills has its companions; the goats browse beside it; and the traveler drinks from it, and passes over it with his staff; and the peasant traces a new channel for it down to his mill-wheel. But this stream has no companions; it flows on in an infinite seclusion, not secret, nor threatening, but a quietness of sweet daylight-and open air—a broad space of tender and deep desolateness, drooped into repose out of the midst of human labor and life; the waves plashing lowly, with none to hear them; and the wild birds building in the boughs, with none to fray them away; and the soft, fragrant herbs rising and breathing and fading, with no hand to gather them;—and yet all bright and bare to the clouds above, and to the fresh fall of the passing sunshine and pure rain. But above the brows of these scarp'd cliffs, all is in an instant changed. A few steps only beyond the firs that stretch their branches, angular, and wild, and white, like forks of lightning, into the air of the ravine,—and we are in an arable country of the most perfect richness; the swathes of its corn glowing and burning from field to field: its pretty hamlets all vivid with fruitful orchards, and flowery garden, and goodly with steep-roofed storehouse and barn; its well-kept, hard,

park-like roads rising and falling from hillside to hillside, or disappearing among brown banks of moss, and thickets of the wild raspberry and rose, or gleaming through lines of tall trees, half glade, half avenue, where the gate opens, or the gateless path turns trustedly aside, unhindered, into the garden of some statelier house, surrounded in rural pride with its golden hives, and carved granaries, and irregular domain of latticed and espaliered cottages, gladdening to look upon in their delicate homeliness—delicate, yet in some sort, rude; not like our English homes—trim, laborious, formal, irreproachable in comfort—but with a peculiar carelessness and largeness in all their detail, harmonizing with the outlawed loveliness of their country. For there is an untamed strength even in all that soft and habitable land. It is indeed gilded with corn, and fragrant with deep grass, but it is not subdued to the plow or the scythe. It gives at its own free will; it seems to have nothing wrested from it, nor conquered in it. It is not redeemed from desertness, but unrestrained in fruitfulness,—a generous land, bright with capricious plenty, and laughing from vale to vale in fitful fullness, kind and wild. Nor this without some sterner element mingled in the heart of it. For along all its ridges stand the dark masses of innumerable pines,* taking no part in its gladness; asserting themselves forever as fixed shadows, not to be pierced or banished even in the intensest sunlight; fallen flakes and fragments of the night, stayed in their solemn squares in the midst of all the rosy bendings of the orchard boughs and yellow effulgence of the harvest, and tracing themselves in black network and motionless fringes against the blanced blue of the horizon in its saintly clearness. And yet they do not sadden the landscape, but seem to have been set there chiefly to show how bright everything else is round them; and all the clouds look of pure silver, and all the air seems filled with a whiter and more living sunshine, where they are pierced

* Almost the only pleasure I have, myself, in re-reading my old books, is my sense of having at least done justice to the pine. Compare the passage in this book, No. 47.

by the sable points of the pines; and all the pastures look of more glowing green where they run up between the purple trunks; and the sweet field footpaths skirt the edges of the forest for the sake of its shade, sloping up and down about the slippery roots, and losing themselves every now and then hopelessly among the violets and ground-ivy and brown sheddings of the fibrous leaves, and at last plunging into some open aisle, where the light through the distant stems shows that there is a chance of coming out again on the other side; and coming out indeed in a little while from the scented darkness into the dazzling air and marvelous landscape, which stretches still farther and farther in new willfulness of grove and garden, until at last the craggy mountains of the Simmenthal rise out of it, sharp into the rolling of the southern clouds.

19.* Although there are few districts of Northern Europe, however apparently dull or tame, in which I cannot find pleasure; though the whole of Northern France (except Champagne), dull as it seems to most travelers, is to me a perpetual paradise; and, putting Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and one or two such other perfectly flat districts aside, there is not an English county which I should not find entertainment in exploring the cross-roads of, foot by foot,—yet all my best enjoyment would be owing to the imagination of the hills, coloring with their far-away memories every lowland stone and herb. The pleasant French coteau, green in the sunshine, delights me either by what real mountain character it has in itself, (for in extent and succession of promontory, the flanks of the French valleys have quite the sublimity of true mountain distances,) or by its broken ground and rugged steps among the vines, and rise of the leafage above

* This, and the following passage, have nothing to do with the general statements in the book. They occur with reference only to my own idiosyncrasy. I was much surprised when I found first how individual it was, by a Pre-Raphaelite painter's declaring a piece of unwholesome reedy fen to be more beautiful than Ben-venue.

against the blue sky, as it might rise at Vevay or Como. There is not a wave of the Seine, but is associated in my mind with the first rise of the sandstones and forest pines of Fontainebleau; and with the hope of the Alps, as one leaves Paris, with the horses' heads to the southwest, the morning sun flashing on the bright waves at Charenton. If there be no hope or association of this kind, and if I cannot deceive myself into fancying that perhaps at the next rise of the road there may be the film of a blue hill in the gleam of sky at the horizon, the landscape, however beautiful, produces in me even a kind of sickness and pain; and the whole view from Richmond Hill or Windsor Terrace,—nay, the gardens of Alcinous, with their perpetual summer—or of the Hesperides, (if they were flat, and not close to Atlas,) golden apples and all, I would give away in an instant, for one mossy granite stone a foot broad, and two leaves of lady fern.

20. I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais Church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what anyone thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty, nor desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but, useful still, going through its own daily work,—as some old fisherman, beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meager massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the gray

peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this—for patience and praise.

I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and, above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We in England have our new streets, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it—a mere *specimen* of the Middle Ages put on a bit of velvet carpet, to be shown; and which, but for its size, might as well be on a museum shelf at once, under cover;—but, on the Continent, the links are unbroken between the past and present; and, in such use as they can serve for, the gray-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while, in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding each in its place. And thus, in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretense, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.*

SECTION III.

ILLUSTRATIVE: THE SKY.

21. IT is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man—more for the

* My friend won't write out the reverse! Our book is to be all jelly, and no powder, it seems. Well, I'm very thankful she likes the jelly,—at any rate, it makes me sure that *it* is well made.

sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him—than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew;—and instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain * it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he is always with them; but the sky is for all: bright as it is, it is not

“too bright nor good
For human nature’s daily food;”

it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart,—for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never at-

* At least, I thought so, when I was four-and-twenty. At five-and-fifty, I fancy that it is just possible there may be other creatures in the universe to be pleased, or,—it may be,—displeased, by the weather.

tend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intentions of the Supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, as only a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who among the whole chattering crowd can tell one of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted as unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once;—it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

22. We habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and gray; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling, of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft, level fields, which melt imperceptibly into the blue; or, when of less extent, gather into apparent bars, crossing the sheets of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-color, and purple, and amber, and blue; not shining, but misty-soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss silk; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain.

23. Aqueous vapor or mist, suspended in the atmosphere, becomes visible exactly as dust does in the air of a room. In the shadows, you not only cannot see the dust itself, because unilluminated, but you can see other objects through the dust, without obscurity; the air being thus actually rendered more transparent by a deprivation of light. Where a sunbeam enters, every particle of dust becomes visible, and a palpable interruption to the sight; so that a transverse sunbeam is a real obstacle to the vision—you cannot see things clearly through it. In the same way, wherever vapor is illuminated by transverse rays, there it becomes visible as a whiteness more or less affecting the purity of the blue, and destroying it exactly in proportion to the degree of illumination. But where vapor is in shade, it has very little effect on the sky, perhaps making it a little deeper and grayer than it otherwise would be, but not, itself, unless very dense, distinguishable or felt as mist.

24. Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are?

* That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is *it* so heavy, and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning when the sun has shone

* This is a fifth volume bit, and worth more attention.

on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks,—why are *they* so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? Why will these melt away, not as the sun *rises*, but as he *descends*, and leave the stars of twilight clear; while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth, like a shroud? Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet,—and yet,—slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them, and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of boughs? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hills—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest,—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow,—nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest? Or those war clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire,—how is their barbed strength bridled? What bits are those they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven,—out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning; the sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace;—what hand has reined them back by the way in which they came?

I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. "Knowest thou the balancings of the clouds?" Is the answer ever to be one of pride? The wondrous works of Him, who is perfect in knowledge? Is *our* knowledge ever to be so? . . .

For my own part, I enjoy the mystery, and perhaps the reader may. I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions; to which perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll, we may find also a syllable or two of answer, illuminated here and there.*

And though the climates of the south and east may be *comparatively* clear, they are no more absolutely clear than our own northern air. Intense clearness, whether, in the north, after or before rain, or in some moments of twilight in the south, is always, as far as I am acquainted with natural phenomena, a *notable* thing. Mist of some sort, or mirage, or confusion of light or of cloud, are the general facts; the distance may vary in different climates at which the effects of mist begin, but they are always present; and therefore, in all probability, it is meant that we should enjoy them. . . . We surely need not wonder that mist and all its phenomena have been made delightful to us, since our happiness as thinking beings must depend on our being content to accept only partial knowledge even in those matters which chiefly concern us. If we insist upon perfect intelligibility and complete declaration in every moral subject, we shall instantly fall into misery of unbelief. Our whole happiness and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it opening here, and closing there; rejoicing to catch through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving

* Compare, in "Sartor Resartus," the boy's watching from the garden wall.

a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied. And I believe that the resentment of this interference of the mist is one of the forms of proud error which are too easily mistaken for virtues. To be content in utter darkness and ignorance is indeed unmanly, and therefore we think that to love light and find knowledge must always be right. Yet (as in all matters before observed,) wherever *pride* has any share in the work, even knowledge and light may be ill pursued. Knowledge is good, and light is good: yet man perished in seeking knowledge, and moths perish in seeking light; and if we, who are crushed before the moth, will not accept such mystery as is needful to us, we shall perish in like manner. But, accepted in humbleness, it instantly becomes an element of pleasure; and I think that every rightly constituted mind ought to rejoice, not so much in knowing anything clearly, as in feeling that there is infinitely more which it cannot know. None but proud or weak men would mourn over this, for we may always know more, if we choose, by working on; but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people, in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible,—watching the cloud still march before them with its summitless pillar, and being sure that, to the end of time, and to the length of eternity, the mysteries of its infinity will still open farther and farther, their dimness being the sign and necessary adjunct of their inexhaustibleness. I know there are an evil mystery, and a deathful dimness,—the mystery of the great Babylon—the dimness of the sealed eye and soul; but do not let us confuse these with the glorious mystery of the things which the “angels desire to look into,” or with the dimness which, even before the clear eye and open soul, still rests on sealed pages of the eternal volume.

25. On some isolated mountain at daybreak,* when the

* I forget now what all this is about. It seems to be a recollection of the Rigi, with assumption that the enthusiastic spectator

night mists first rise from off the plain, watch their white and lake-like fields, as they float in level bays, and winding gulfs, about the islanded summits of the lower hills, untouched yet by more than dawn, colder and more quiet than a windless sea under the moon of midnight; watch when the first sunbeam is sent upon the silver channels, how the foam of their undulating surface parts, and passes away, and down under their depths the glittering city and green pastures lie like Atlantis, between the white paths of winding rivers; the flakes of light falling every moment faster and broader among the starry spires, as the wreathed surges break and vanish above them, and the confused crests and ridges of the dark hills shorten their gray shadows upon the plain. Wait a little longer, and you shall see those scattered mists rallying in the ravines, and floating up towards you, along the winding valleys, till they crouch in quiet masses, iridescent with the morning light, upon the broad breasts of the higher hills, whose leagues of massy undulation will melt back, back into that robe of material light, until they fade away, lost in its luster, to appear again above in the serene heaven like a wild, bright, impossible dream, foundationless, and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below. Wait yet a little longer, and you shall see those mists gather themselves into white towers, and stand like fortresses along the promontories, massy and motionless, only piled, with every instant, higher and higher into the sky, and casting longer shadows athwart the rocks; and out of the pale blue of the horizon you will see forming and advancing a troop of narrow, dark, pointed vapors, which will cover the sky, inch by inch, with their gray network, and take the light off the landscape with an eclipse which will stop the singing of the birds, and the

is to stand for a day and night in observation; to suffer the effects of a severe thunder-storm, and to get neither breakfast nor dinner. I have seen such a storm on the Rigi, however, and more than one such sunrise; and I much doubt if its present visitors by rail will see more.

motion of the leaves, together;—and then you will see horizontal bars of black shadow forming under them, and lurid wreaths create themselves, you know not how, among the shoulders of the hills; you never see them form, but when you look back to a place which was clear an instant ago, there is a cloud on it, hanging by the precipice, as a hawk pauses over his prey;—and then you will hear the sudden rush of the awakened wind, and you will see those watch-towers of vapor swept away from their foundations, and waving curtains of opaque rain, let down to the valley, swinging from the burdened clouds in black bending fringes, or pacing in pale columns along the lake level, grazing its surface into foam as they go. And then, as the sun sinks, you shall see the storm drift for an instant from off the hills, leaving their broad sides smoking and loaded yet with snow-white, torn, steam-like rags of capricious vapor, now gone, now gathered again,—while the smoldering sun, seeming not far away, but burning like a red-hot ball beside you, as if you could reach it, plunges through the rushing wind and rolling cloud with headlong fall, as if it meant to rise no more, dyeing all the air about it with blood;—and then you shall hear the fainting tempest die in the hollow of the night, and you shall see a green halo kindling on the summit of the eastern hills, brighter, brighter yet, till the large white circle of the slow moon is lifted up among the barred clouds, step by step, line by line; star after star she quenches with her kindling light, setting in their stead an army of pale, penetrable, fleecy wreaths in the heavens, to give light upon the earth, which move together hand in hand, company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion that the whole heaven seems to roll with them, and the earth to reel under them. And then wait yet for one hour, until the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness, like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire: watch the columnar peaks of solitary

chasm, each in itself a new morning—their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each his tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke, up to heaven; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them, and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath, as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame, and tossing vault upon vault, as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels: and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love of the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has best delivered this His message unto men!

26. * The account given of the stages of creation in the first chapter of Genesis is in every respect clear and intelligible to the simplest reader, except in the statement of the work of the second day. I suppose that this statement is passed over by careless readers without any endeavor to understand it, and contemplated by simple and faithful readers as a sublime mystery which was not intended to be understood. But there is no mystery in any other part of the chapter, and it seems to me unjust to conclude that any was intended here. And the passage ought to be peculiarly interesting to us, as being the first in the Bible in which the heavens are named, and the only one in which the word "Heaven," all-important as that word is to our understanding of the most precious promises of Scripture, receives a definite explanation. Let us therefore see whether, by a little careful comparison of the verse with other passages in which the word occurs, we may not be able to arrive at as clear an understanding of this portion of the chapter as of the rest. In the first place the English word, "Firmament,"

* This passage, to the end of the section, is one of the last, and best, which I wrote in the temper of my youth; and I can still ratify it, thus far, that the texts referred to in it must either be received as it explains them, or neglected altogether.

itself is obscure and useless; because we never employ it but as a synonym of heaven, it conveys no other distinct idea to us; and the verse, though from our familiarity with it we imagine that it possesses meaning, has in reality no more point nor value than if it were written, "God said, Let there be a something in the midst of the waters, and God called the something, Heaven." But the marginal reading, "Expansion," has definite value; and the statement that "God said, Let there be an expansion in the midst of the waters, and God called the expansion, Heaven," have an apprehensible meaning. Accepting this expression as the one intended, we have next to ask what expansion there is, between two waters, describable by the term "heaven." Milton adopts the term "expanse," but he understands it of the whole volume of the air which surrounds the earth. Whereas, so far as we can tell, there is no water beyond the air, in the fields of space; and the whole expression of division of waters from waters is thus rendered valueless. Now with respect to this whole chapter, we must remember always that it is intended for the instruction of all mankind, not for the learned reader only; and that therefore the most simple and natural interpretation is the likeliest in general to be the true one. An unscientific reader knows little about the manner in which the volume of the atmosphere surrounds the earth; but I imagine that he could hardly glance at the sky when rain was falling in the distance, and see the level line of the bases of the clouds from which the shower descended, without being able to attach an instant and easy meaning to the words, "expansion in the midst of the waters;" and if, having once seized this idea, he proceeded to examine it more accurately, he would perceive at once, if he had ever noticed *anything* of the nature of clouds, that the level line of their bases did indeed most severely and stringently divide "waters from waters"—that is to say, divide water in its collective and tangible state, from water in its ærial state; or the waters which *fall*, and *flow*, from those which *rise*, and *float*. Next, if we try this interpretation in the theo-

logical sense of the word *heaven*, and examine whether the clouds are spoken of as God's dwelling-place, we find God going before the Israelites in a pillar of cloud; revealing Himself in a cloud on Sinai; appearing in a cloud on the mercy-seat; filling the Temple of Solomon with the cloud when its dedication is accepted; appearing in a great cloud to Ezekiel; ascending into a cloud before the eyes of the disciples on Mount Olivet; and in like manner returning to judgment: "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." "Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory." While, further, the "clouds" and "heavens" are used as interchangeable words in those psalms which most distinctly set forth the power of God: "He bowed the heavens also, and came down; He made darkness pavilions roundabout Him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies." And again, "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." And again, "His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the clouds." And again, "The clouds poured out water, the skies sent out a sound, the voice of Thy thunder was in the heaven." Again, "Clouds and darkness are roundabout Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne; the heavens declare His righteousness, and all the people see His glory." In all these passages the meaning is unmistakable if they possess definite meaning at all. We are too apt to take them merely for sublime and vague imagery, and therefore gradually to lose the apprehension of their life and power. The expression, "He bowed the heavens," for instance, is, I suppose, received by most readers as a magnificent hyperbole, having reference to some peculiar and fearful manifestation of God's power to the writer of the psalm in which the words occur. But the expression either has *plain* meaning, or it has *no* meaning. Understand by the term "heavens" the compass of infinite space around the earth, and the expression "bowed the heavens," however sublime, is wholly without meaning: infinite space cannot be bent or

bowed. But understand by the "heavens" the veil of clouds above the earth, and the expression is neither hyperbolic nor obscure; it is pure, plain, accurate truth, and it describes God, not as revealing Himself in any peculiar way to David, but doing what He is still doing before our own eyes, day by day. By accepting the words in their simple sense, we are thus led to apprehend the immediate presence of the Deity, and His purpose of manifesting Himself as near us whenever the storm-cloud stoops upon its course; while by our vague and inaccurate acceptance of the words, we remove the idea of His presence far from us, into a region which we can neither see nor know: and gradually, from the close realization of a living God, who "maketh the clouds His chariot," we define and explain ourselves into dim and distant suspicion of an inactive God inhabiting inconceivable places, and fading into the multitudinous formalisms of the laws of Nature. All errors of this kind—and in the present day we are in constant and grievous danger of falling into them—arise from the originally mistaken idea that man can, "by searching, find out God—find out the Almighty to perfection"—that is to say, by help of courses of reasoning and accumulations of science, apprehend the nature of the Deity, in a more exalted and more accurate manner than in a state of comparative ignorance; whereas it is clearly necessary, from the beginning to the end of time, that God's way of revealing Himself to His creatures should be a *simple* way, which *all* those creatures may understand. Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the Deity has stooped from His throne, and has, not only in the person of the Son, taken upon Him the veil of our human *flesh*, but, in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human *thoughts*, and permitted us, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him

simply and clearly as a loving father and friend; a being to be walked with and reasoned with, to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labor; and, finally, to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation. This conception of God, which is the child's, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and, therefore, the only one which *for us* can be true. The moment that, in our pride of heart, we refuse to accept the condescension of the Almighty, and desire Him, instead of stooping to hold our hands, to rise up before us into His glory, we hoping that, by standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows, we may behold the Creator as He rises,—God takes us at our word. He rises into His own invisible and inconceivable majesty; He goes forth upon the ways which are not our ways, and retires into the thoughts which are not our thoughts; and we are left alone. And presently we say in our vain hearts, "There is no God."

I would desire, therefore, to receive God's account of His own creation as under the ordinary limits of human knowledge and imagination it would be received by a simple-minded man; and finding that "the heavens and the earth" are spoken of always as having something like equal relation to each other, ("Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all of the host of them,") I reject at once all idea of the term "heavens" being intended to signify the infinity of space inhabited by countless worlds; for between those infinite heavens and the particle of sand, which not the earth only, but the sun itself, with all the solar system, is, in relation to them, no relation of equality or comparison could be inferred. But I suppose the heavens to mean that part of creation which holds equal companionship with our globe; I understand the "rolling of these heavens together as a scroll," to be an equal and relative destruction with the melting of the elements in fervent heat; and I understand the making of the firmament to signify that, so far as man is concerned, most

magnificent ordinance of the clouds;—the ordinance that, as the great plain of waters was formed on the face of the earth, so also a plain of waters should be stretched along the height of air, and the face of the cloud answer the face of the ocean; and that this upper and heavenly plain should be of waters, as it were, glorified in their nature, no longer quenching the fire, but now bearing fire in their own bosoms; no longer murmuring only when the winds raise them or rocks divide, but answering each other with their own voices, from pole to pole; no longer restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels, but going forth at their pleasure like the armies of the angels, and choosing their encampments upon the heights of the hills; no longer hurried downwards forever, moving but to fall, nor lost in the lightless accumulation of the abyss, but covering the east and west with the waving of their wings, and robing the gloom of the farther infinite with a vesture of diverse colors, of which the threads are purple and scarlet, and the embroideries flame.

This I believe is the ordinance of the firmament; and it seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens, God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us: “The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God.” “He doth set His bow in the clouds,” and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, His promises of everlasting love. “In them hath He set a *tabernacle* for the sun;” whose burning ball, which, without firmament, would be seen but as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries: by the firmament of clouds the temple is built, for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening, round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which

the mountains burn, as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own Majesty to men, upon the throne of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we cannot behold Him; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling-place: "Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool!" And all those passings to and fro of fruitful showers and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

SECTION IV.

ILLUSTRATIVE: STREAMS AND SEA.

27. OF all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance and combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in the clouds,—then, as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modeled into symmetry, and its crags chiseled into grace;—then, as in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen;—then, as it exists in the foam of the torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river;—finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea;—what

shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul!

28. The great angel of the sea—rain; the angel, observe,—the messenger sent to a special place on a special errand. Not the diffused, perpetual presence of the burden of mist, but the going and returning of the intermittent cloud. All turns upon that intermittence. Soft moss on stone and rock; cave fern of tangled glen; wayside well—perennial, patient, silent, clear, stealing through its square font of rough-hewn stone; ever thus deep, no more;—which the winter wreck sullies not, the summer thirst wastes not, incapable of stain as of decline;—where the fallen leaf floats undecayed, and the insect darts undefiling: cressed brook and ever-eddying river, lifted even in flood scarcely over its stepping stones,—but through all sweet summer keeping tremulous music with harp-strings of dark water among the silver fingering of the pebbles. Far away in the south the strong river gods have all hasted, and gone down to the sea. Wasted and burning, white furnaces of blasting sand, their broad beds lie ghastly and bare; but here in the moss lands, the soft wings of the sea angel droop still with dew, and the shadows of their plumes falter on the hills; strange laughings and glitterings of silver streamlets, born suddenly, and twined about the mossy heights in trickling tinsel, answering to them as they wave.

29. Stand for half an hour beside the fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side, where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends unbroken, in pure polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick, so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves,* at the instant that

* Well noticed. The drawing of the fall of Schaffhausen, which

it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire like so much shattering chrysopraxe; and how, ever and anon startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket, bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how through the curdling wreaths of the restless crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain-cloud, while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water,—their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away,—the dew gushing from their thick branches through clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens, which chase and checker them with purple and silver.

30. Close beside the path by which travelers ascend the Montanvert from the valley of Chamouni, on the right hand, where it first begins to rise among the pines, there descends a small stream from the foot of the granite peak known to the guides as the Aiguille Chamois. It is concealed from the traveler by a thicket of alder, and its murmur is hardly heard, for it is one of the weakest streams of the valley. But it is a constant stream, fed by a permanent, though small, glacier; and continuing to flow even to the close of summer, when more copious torrents, depending only on the melting of the lower snows, have left their beds,—“stony channels in the sun.” The long drought which took place in the autumn of 1854, sealing every source of waters except these perpetual ones, left the torrent of which I am speaking, and such others, I made at the time of writing this study, was one of the very few, either by other draughtsmen or myself, which I have seen Turner pause at with serious attention.

in a state peculiarly favorable to observance of their *least* action on the mountains from which they descend. They were entirely limited to their own ice fountains, and the quantity of powdered rock which they brought down was, of course, at its minimum, being nearly unmingled with any earth derived from the dissolution of softer soil, or vegetable mold, by rains. At three in the afternoon, on a warm day in September, when the torrent had reached its average maximum strength for the day, I filled an ordinary Bordeaux wine flask with the water where it was least turbid. From this quart of water I obtained twenty-four grains of sand and sediment more or less fine. I cannot estimate the quantity of water in the stream; but the runlet of it at which I filled the flask was giving about two hundred bottles a minute, or rather more, carrying down, therefore, about three quarters of a pound of powdered granite every minute. This would be forty-five pounds an hour; but allowing for the inferior power of the stream in the cooler periods of the day, and taking into consideration, on the other side, its increased power in rain, we may, I think, estimate its average hour's work at twenty-eight or thirty pounds, or a hundredweight every four hours. By this insignificant runlet, therefore, rather more than two tons of the substance of the Mont Blanc are displaced and carried down to a certain distance every week; and as it is only for three or four months that the flow of the stream is checked by frost, we may certainly allow eighty tons for the mass which it annually moves. It is not worth while to enter into any calculation of the relation borne by this runlet to the great torrents which descend from the chain of Mont Blanc into the valley of Chamouni.* I but take this quantity, eighty tons, as the result of the labor of a scarcely noticeable runlet at the side of one of them, utterly irrespective of all sudden falls of stones and of masses of

* I have slightly modified and abridged what follows, being impatient of its prolixity, as well as ashamed of what is truly called the ludicrous underestimate of the mass of the larger streams.

mountain (a single thunderbolt will sometimes leave a scar on the flank of a soft rock looking like a trench for a railroad), and we shall then begin to apprehend something of the operation of the great laws of change which are the conditions of all material existence, however apparently enduring. The hills, which, as compared with living beings, seem "everlasting," are in truth as perishing as they; its veins of flowing fountain weary the mountain heart, as the crimson pulse does ours; the natural force of the iron crag is abated in its appointed time, like the strength of the sinews in a human old age; and it is but the lapse of the longer years of decay which, in the sight of its Creator, distinguishes the mountain range from the moth and the worm.

31. Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water, from its prolonged agitation, is beaten, not into mere creamy foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave; and where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery from its edge; these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white, and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each; the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract,—and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it as described above, and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist: imagine also the low

rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor horizon, nor any landmark, or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract.*

SECTION V.

ILLUSTRATIVE: MOUNTAINS.

32. The words which marked for us the purpose of the clouds are followed immediately by those notable ones,—“And God said, Let the waters which are under the heavens be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear.” We do not, perhaps, often enough consider the deep signification of this sentence. We are too apt to receive it as the description of an event vaster only in its extent, not in its nature, than the compelling of the Red Sea to draw back that Israel might pass by. We imagine the Deity in like manner rolling the waves of the greater ocean together on an

* The whole of this was written merely to show the meaning of Turner's picture of the steamer in distress, throwing up signals. It is a good study of wild weather; but, separate from its aim, utterly feeble in comparison to the few words by which any of the great poets will describe sea, when they have got to do it. I am rather proud of the short sentence in the “Harbors of England,” describing a great breaker against rock: “One moment, a flint cave,—the next, a marble pillar,—the next, a fading cloud.” But there is nothing in sea-description, detailed, like Dickens' storm at the death of Ham, in “David Copperfield.”

heap, and setting bars and doors to them eternally. But there is a far deeper meaning than this in the solemn words of Genesis, and in the correspondent verse of the Psalm, "His hands prepared the dry land." Up to that moment the earth had been *void*; for it had been *without form*. The command that the waters should be gathered, was the command that the earth should be *sculptured*. The sea was not driven to its place in suddenly restrained rebellion, but withdrawn to its place in perfect and patient obedience. The dry land appeared, not in level sands forsaken by the surges, which those surges might again claim for their own; but in range beyond range of swelling hill and iron rock, forever to claim kindred with the firmament, and be companioned by the clouds of heaven.

What space of time was in reality occupied by the "day" of Genesis, is not at present of any importance for us to consider. By what furnaces of fire the adamant was melted, and by what wheels of earthquake it was torn, and by what teeth of glacier and weight of sea-waves it was engraven and finished into its perfect form, we may, perhaps, hereafter endeavor to conjecture; but here, as in few words the work is summed by the historian, so in few broad thoughts it should be comprehended by us; and, as we read the mighty sentence, "Let the dry land appear," we should try to follow the finger of God as it engraved upon the stone tables of the earth the letters and laws of its everlasting form, as gulf by gulf the channels of the deep were plowed; and cape by cape the lines were traced with Divine foreknowledge of the shores that were to limit the nations; and chain by chain the mountain walls were lengthened forth, and their foundations fastened forever; and the compass was set upon the face of the depth, and the fields and the highest part of the dust of the world were made; and the right hand of Christ first strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary.

It is not, I repeat, always needful, in many respects it is not possible, to conjecture the manner or the time in which

this work was done; but it is deeply necessary for all men to consider the magnificence of the accomplished purpose, and the depth of the wisdom and love which are manifested in the ordinances of the hills. For observe, in order to bring the world into the form which it now bears, it was not mere *sculpture* that was needed; the mountains could not stand for a day unless they were formed of materials altogether different from those which constitute the lower hills, and the surfaces of the valleys. A harder substance had to be prepared for every mountain chain, yet not so hard but that it might be capable of crumbling down into earth fit to nourish the Alpine forest, and the Alpine flower; not so hard but that in the midst of the utmost majesty of its enthroned strength there should be seen on it the seal of death, and the writing of the same sentence that had gone forth against the human frame, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." And with this perishable substance the most majestic forms were to be framed that were consistent with the safety of man; and the peak was to be lifted and the cliff rent, as high and as steeply as was possible, in order yet to permit the shepherd to feed his flocks upon the slopes, and the cottage to nestle beneath their shadow. And observe, two distinct ends were to be accomplished in doing this. It was, indeed, absolutely necessary that such eminences should be created, in order to fit the earth in any wise for human habitation; for without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained, and the earth must have become for the most part plain, or stagnant marsh. But the feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds, are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment,—are their higher missions. They are as a great and noble architecture, first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend. It is impossible to examine, in their connected system, the features of even the most ordinary mountain scen-

ery, without concluding that it has been prepared in order to unite as far as possible, and in the closest compass, every means of delighting and sanctifying the heart of man: "as far as *possible*,"—that is, as far as is consistent with the fulfillment of the sentence of condemnation on the whole earth. Death must be upon the hills; and the cruelty of the tempests smite them, and the briar and thorn spring up upon them; but they so smite as to bring their rocks into the fairest forms, and so spring as to make the very desert blossom as the rose. Even among our own hills of Scotland and Cumberland, though often too barren to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how many deep sources of delight are gathered into the compass of their glens and vales; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her everlasting beneficence with a profusion so patient, so passionate, that our utmost observance and thankfulness are but, at last, neglects of her nobleness, and apathy to her love. But among the true mountains of the greater orders, the Divine purpose of appeal at once to all the faculties of the human spirit becomes still more manifest. Inferior hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet; the gray downs of southern England and treeless coteaux of central France, and gray swells of Scottish moor, whatever peculiar charm they may possess in themselves, are at least destitute of those which belong to the woods and fields of the lowlands. But the great mountains *lift* the lowlands on *their sides*. Let the reader imagine first the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with

happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty, and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one end of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment, and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges, and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens, and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air,—and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery, becomes lovelier in this change; the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain, assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree; the flowers which on the arable plain fall before the plow, now find out for themselves unapproachable places where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach. . . .

It may not, therefore, be altogether profitless or unnecessary to review briefly the nature of the three great offices which mountain ranges are appointed to fulfill, in order to preserve the health and increase the happiness of mankind. Their first use is, of course, to give motion to water. Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses

the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play, and purity, and power, to the ordained elevations of the earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage; and how seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign—that the dew and rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find no resting-place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels traced for them from the ravines of the central crests down which they roar, in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture, round which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies; paths prepared for them by which, at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow, and sometimes swift, but never pausing; the daily portion of the earth they have to glide over marked for them at each successive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from afar off, the great heart of the sea calling them to itself! “Deep calleth unto deep.” I know not which of the two is the more wonderful,—that calm, gradated, invisible slope of the champaign land, which gives motion to the stream; or that passage cloven for it through the ranks of hill, which, necessary for the health of the land immediately around them, would yet, unless so supernaturally divided, have fatally intercepted the flow of the waters from far-off countries. When did the great spirit of the river first knock at these adamantine gates? When did the porter open to it, and cast his keys away forever, lapped in whirling sand? I am not satisfied—no one should be satisfied—with the vague answer, The river cut its way. Not so. The river *found* its

way. *I do not see that rivers in their own strength can do much in cutting their way; they are nearly as apt to choke their channels up as to carve them out. Only give a river some little sudden power in a valley, and see how it will use it. Cut itself a bed? Not so, by any means, but fill up its bed; and look for another in a wild, dissatisfied, inconsistent manner,—any way rather than the old one will better please it; and even if it is banked up and forced to keep to the old one, it will not deepen, but do all it can to raise it, and leap out of it. And although wherever water has a steep fall it will swiftly cut itself a bed deep into the rock or ground, it will not, when the rock is hard, cut a wider channel than it actually needs; so that if the existing river beds, through ranges of mountains, had in reality been cut by the streams, they would be found, wherever the rocks are hard, only in the form of narrow and profound ravines, like the well-known channel of the Niagara, below the fall; not in that of extended valleys. And the actual work of true mountain rivers, though often much greater in proportion to their body of water than that of the Niagara, is quite insignificant when compared with the area and depth of the valleys through which they flow; so that, although in many cases it appears that those larger valleys have been excavated at earlier periods by more powerful streams, or by the existing stream in a more powerful condition, still the great fact remains always equally plain, and equally admirable, that, whatever the nature and duration of the agencies employed, the earth was so shaped at first as to direct the currents of its rivers in the manner most healthy and convenient for man. The valley of the Rhone may have been in great part excavated, in early times, by torrents a thousand times larger than the Rhone; but it could not have been excavated at all, unless the mountains had been thrown at first into two chains, by which the torrents were set to work in a given direction. And it is easy

* I attach great importance to the remaining contents of this passage, and have had occasion to insist on them at great length in recent lectures at Oxford.

to conceive how, under any less beneficent disposition of their masses of hill, the continents of the earth might either have been covered with enormous lakes, as parts of North America actually are covered; or have become wildernesses of pestiferous marsh; or lifeless plains, upon which the water would have dried as it fell, leaving them for great part of the year desert. Such districts do exist, and exist in vastness; the whole earth is not prepared for the habitation of man; only certain small portions are prepared for him,—the houses, as it were, of the human race, from which they are to look abroad upon the rest of the world; not to wonder or complain that it is not all house, but to be grateful for the kindness of the admirable building, in the house itself, as compared with the rest. It would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit, as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is. As much as we shall ever need is evidently assigned to us for our dwelling-place; the rest, covered with rolling waves or drifting sands, fretted with ice or crested with fire, is set before us for contemplation in an uninhabitable magnificence. And that part which we are enabled to inhabit owes its fitness for human life chiefly to its mountain ranges, which, throwing the superfluous rain off as it falls, collect it in streams or lakes, and guide it into given places, and in given directions; so that men can build their cities in the midst of fields which they know will be always fertile, and establish the lines of their commerce upon streams which will not fail.

Nor is this giving of motion to water to be considered as confined only to the surface of the earth. A no less important function of the hills is in directing the flow of the fountains and springs from subterranean reservoirs. There is no miraculous springing up of water out of the ground at our feet; but every fountain and well is supplied from reservoirs among the hills, so placed as to involve some slight fall or pressure enough to secure the constant flowing of the stream; and the incalculable blessing of the power given to us, in most valleys, of reaching by excavation some point whence

the water will rise to the surface of the ground in perennial flow, is entirely owing to the concave dispositions of the beds of clay or rock raised from beneath the bosom of the valley into ranks of inclosing hills.

The second great use of mountains is to maintain a constant change in the currents and nature of the *air*. Such change would, of course, have been partly caused by difference in soil and vegetation, even if the earth had been level; but to a far less extent than it is now by the chains of hills which—exposing on one side their masses of rock to the full heat of the sun, (increased by the angle at which the rays strike on the slope,) and on the other casting a soft shadow for leagues over the plains at their feet—divide the earth not only into districts, but into climates; and cause perpetual currents of air to traverse their passes in a thousand different states; moistening it with the spray of their waterfalls, sucking it down and beating it hither and thither in the pools of their torrents, closing it within clefts and caves, where the sunbeams never reach, till it is as cold as November mists; then sending it forth again to breathe lightly across the slopes of velvet fields, or to be scorched among sunburnt shales and grassless crags; then drawing it back in moaning swirls through clefts of ice, and up into dewy wreaths among the snowfields; then piercing it with strange electric darts and flashes of mountain fire, and tossing it high in fantastic storm-cloud, as the dried grass is tossed by the mower, only suffering it to depart at last, when chastened and pure, to refresh the faded air of the far-off plains.

The third great use of mountains is to cause perpetual change in the *soils* of the earth. Without such provision the ground under cultivation would in a series of years become exhausted, and require to be upturned laboriously by the hand of man. But the elevations of the earth's surface provide for it a perpetual renovation. The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments, and to be cast down in sheets of massy rock, full, as we shall see presently, of every substance necessary for the nourishment of

plants; these fallen fragments are again broken by frost, and ground by torrents, into various conditions of sand and clay—materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain's base. Every shower that swells the rivulets enables their waters to carry certain portions of earth into new positions, and exposes new banks of ground to be mined in their turn. That turbid foaming of the angry water,—that tearing down of bank and rock along the flanks of its fury,—are no disturbances of the kind course of nature; they are beneficent operations of laws necessary to the existence of man, and to the beauty of the earth. The process is continued more gently, but not less effectively, over all the surface of the lower undulating country; and each filtering thread of summer rain which trickles through the short turf of the uplands is bearing its own appointed burden of earth to be thrown down on some new natural garden in the dingles beneath.

I have not spoken of the local and peculiar utilities of mountains. I do not count the benefit of the supply of summer streams from the moors of the higher ranges,—of the various medicinal plants which are nested among the rocks,—of the delicate pasturage which they furnish for cattle,—of the forests in which they bear timber for shipping,—the stones they supply for building, or the ores of metal which they collect into spots open to discovery, and easy for working. All these benefits are of a secondary or a limited nature. But the three great functions which I have just described, those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth, are indispensable to human existence; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit, or the seed multiply itself in the earth. And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountain, which in nearly all ages of the world men have looked upon with aversion, or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are in reality sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulness of the

plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our idea of fearlessness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea-wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted toward heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy; and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other unshaken in its faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism:—

“Thy *righteousness* is like the great mountains;

“Thy *judgments* are a great deep.”

33. Mountains are to the rest of the body of the earth, what violent muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountain, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty,—yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This then is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms, and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan heads to Heaven, saying, “I live forever.”

34. Where they are,* they seem to form the world; no mere bank of a river here, or of a lane there, peeping out among the hedges or forests, but from the lowest valley to the highest clouds, all is theirs,—one adamantine dominion

* Passage written after I had got by some years cooler and wiser than when I wrote No. 33, describing however the undulation of the gneiss rocks, which, “where they are, seem to form the world,” in terms more fanciful than I now like.

and rigid authority of rock. We yield ourselves to the impression of their eternal unconquerable stubbornness of strength; their mass seems the least yielding, least to be softened, or in any wise dealt with by external force, of all earthly substance. And behold, as we look further into it, it is all touched and troubled, like waves by a summer breeze; rippled far more delicately than seas or lakes are rippled; *they* only undulate along their surfaces—this rock trembles through its every fiber, like the chords of an Eolian harp, like the stillest air of spring, with the echoes of a child's voice. Into the heart of all those great mountains, through every tossing of their boundless crests, and deep beneath all their unfathomable defiles, flows that strange quivering of their substance. Other and weaker things seem to express their subjection to an Infinite Power only by momentary terrors: as the reeds bow down before the feverish wind, and the sound of the going in the tops of the taller trees passes on before the clouds, and the fitful opening of pale spaces on the dark water, as if some invisible hand were casting dust abroad upon it, gives warning of the anger that is to come, we may well imagine that there is a fear passing upon the grass, and leaves, and waters, at the presence of some great spirit commissioned to let the tempest loose; but the terror passes, and their sweet rest is perpetually restored to the pastures and the waves. Not so to the mountains. They, which at first seem strengthened beyond the dread of any violence or change, are yet also ordained to bear upon them the symbol of a perpetual fear. The tremor which fades from the soft lake and gliding river is sealed to all eternity upon the rock; and while things that pass visibly from birth to death may sometimes forget their feebleness, the mountains are made to possess a perpetual memorial of their infancy—that infancy which the prophet saw in his vision,*—“I beheld the earth, and lo, it was without form, and void;

* Utter misinterpretation of the passage. It is the old age, not the childhood of earth, which Jeremiah describes in this passage. See its true interpretation in “Fors Clavigera,” Letter XLVI.

and the heavens, and they had no light. I beheld the mountains, and lo, they *trembled*, and all the hills moved *lightly*."

35. The longer I stayed among the Alps, and the more closely I examined them, the more I was struck by the one broad fact of there being a vast Alpine plateau, or mass of elevated land, upon which nearly all the highest peaks stood like a child set upon a table, removed, in most cases, far back from the edge of the plateau,—as if for fear of their falling; while the most majestic scenes in the Alps are produced, not so much by any violation of this law, as by one of the great peaks having apparently walked to the edge of the table to look over, and thus showing itself suddenly above the valley in its full height. This is the case with the Wetterhorn and Eiger at Grindelwald, and with the Grand Jorasse above the Col de Ferret. But the raised bank or table is always intelligibly in existence, even in these apparently exceptional cases; and for the most part, the great peaks are not allowed to come to the edge of it, but remain like the keeps of castles far withdrawn, surrounded, league beyond league, by comparatively level fields of mountain, over which the lapping sheets of glacier writhe and flow, foaming about the feet of the dark central crests like the surf of an enormous sea breaker hurled over a rounded rock, and islanding some fragment of it in the midst. And the result of this arrangement is a kind of division of the whole of Switzerland into an upper and lower mountain world,—the lower world consisting of rich valleys, bordered by steep, but easily accessible, wooded banks of mountain, more or less divided by ravines, through which glimpses are caught of the higher Alps; the upper world, reached after the first banks of 3000 or 4000 feet in height have been surmounted, consisting of comparatively level but most desolate tracts of moor and rock, half covered by glacier, and stretching to the feet of the true pinnacles of the chain. It can hardly be necessary to point out the perfect wisdom and kindness of this arrangement, as a provision for the safety of the inhabitants of the high moun-

tain regions. If the great peaks rose at once from the deepest valleys, every stone which was struck from their pinnacles, and every snow-wreath which slipped from their ledges, would descend at once upon the inhabitable ground, over which no year would pass without recording some calamity of earth-slip or avalanche; while in the course of their fall both the stones and the snow would strip the woods from the hillsides, leaving only naked channels of destruction where there are now the sloping meadow and the chestnut glade. Besides this, the masses of snow, cast down at once into the warmer air, would all melt rapidly in the spring, causing furious inundation of every great river for a month or six weeks. The snow being then all thawed, except what lay upon the highest peaks in regions of nearly perpetual frost, the rivers would be supplied during the summer only by fountains, and the feeble tricklings on sunny days from the high snows. The Rhone, under such circumstances, would hardly be larger, in summer, than the Severn, and many Swiss valleys would be left almost without moisture. All these calamities are prevented by the peculiar Alpine structure which has been described. The broken rocks and the sliding snow of the high peaks, instead of being dashed at once to the vales, are caught upon the desolate shelves, or shoulders, which everywhere surround the central crests. The soft banks which terminate these shelves, traversed by no falling fragments, clothe themselves with richest wood, while the masses of snow heaped upon the ledge above them, in a climate neither so warm as to thaw them quickly in the spring, nor so cold as to protect them from all the power of the summer sun, either form themselves into glaciers, or remain in slowly wasting fields even to the close of the year,—in either case supplying constant, abundant, and regular streams to the villages and pastures beneath, and to the rest of Europe, noble and navigable rivers.

Now, that such a structure is the best and wisest possible,* is indeed sufficient reason for its existence, and to many

* Of course I had seen every other tried before giving this favorable judgment.

people it may seem useless to question farther respecting its origin. But I can hardly conceive anyone standing face to face with one of these towers of central rock, and yet not also asking himself, Is this indeed the actual first work of the Divine Master, on which I gaze? Was the great precipice shaped by His finger, as Adam was shaped out of the dust? Were its clefts and ledges carved upon it by its Creator, as the letters were on the tables of the law, and was it thus left to bear its eternal testimony to His beneficence among these clouds of Heaven? Or is it the descendant of a long race of mountains, existing under appointed laws of birth and endurance, death and decrepitude? There can be no doubt as to the answer. The rock itself answers audibly by the murmur of some falling stone or rending pinnacle. It is *not* as it was once. Those waste leagues around its feet are loaded with the wrecks of what it was. On these perhaps, of all mountains, the characters of decay are written most clearly; around these are spread most gloomily the memorials of their pride, and the signs of their humiliation.

What then were they once? The only answer is yet again—"Behold the cloud!"

36. There are many spots among the inferior ridges of the Alps, such as the Col de Ferret, the Col d'Anterne, and the associated ranges of the Buet, which, though commanding prospects of great nobleness, are themselves very nearly types of all that is most painful to the human mind. Vast wastes of mountain ground,* covered here and there with dull gray grass or moss, but breaking continually into black banks of shattered slate, all glistening and sodden with slow tricklings of clogged, incapable streams; the snow-water oozing through them in a cold sweat, and spreading itself in creeping stains among their dust; ever and anon a shaking here and there, and a handful or two of their particles or flakes trembling

* This is a fourth volume passage,—and I will venture to say of it, as Albert Dürer, when he was pleased with his work—that for what it has to do, it cannot be much better done. It is a study on the Col de Bon Homme.

down, one sees not why, into more total dissolution, leaving a few jagged teeth, like the edges of knives eaten away by vinegar, projecting, through the half-dislodged mass, from the inner rock; keen enough to cut the hand or foot that rests on them, yet crumbling as they wound, and soon sinking again into the smooth, slippery, glutinous heap; looking like a beach of black scales of dead fish cast ashore from a poisonous sea, and sloping away into foul ravines, branched down immeasurable slopes of barrenness, where the winds howl and wander continually, and the snow lies in wasted and sorrowful fields covered with sooty dust, that collects in streaks and stains at the bottom of all its thawing ripples.

I know of no other scenes so appalling as these in storm, or so woeful in sunshine. Where, however, these same rocks exist in more favorable positions—that is to say, in gentler banks and at lower elevations—they form a ground for the most luxuriant vegetation; and the valleys of Savoy owe to them some of their loveliest solitudes—exquisitely rich pastures, interspersed with arable and orchard land, and shaded by groves of walnut and cherry. Scenes of this kind, and of that just described, so singularly opposed, and apparently brought together as foils to each other, are however peculiar to certain beds of the slaty coherents, which are both vast in elevation, and easy of destruction. In Wales and Scotland the same groups of rocks possess far greater hardness, while they attain less elevation; and the result is a totally different aspect of scenery. The severity of the climate, and the comparative durableness of the rock, forbid the rich vegetation; but the exposed summits, though barren, are not subject to laws of destruction so rapid and fearful as in Switzerland, and the natural color of the rock is oftener developed in the purples and grays which, mingled with the heather, form the principal elements of the deep and beautiful distant blue of the British hills. Their gentler mountain streams also permit the beds of rock to remain in firm, though fantastic, forms along their banks, and the gradual action of the cascades and eddies upon the slaty cleavage produces many

pieces of foreground scenery to which higher hills can present no parallel.

37. Unlike Chamouni Aiguilles, there is no aspect of destruction about the Matterhorn cliffs. They are not torn remnants of separating spires, yielding, flake by flake, and band by band, to the continual process of decay. They are, on the contrary, an unaltered monument, seemingly sculptured long ago, the huge walls retaining yet the forms into which they were first engraven, and standing like an Egyptian temple;—delicately fronted, softly colored, the suns of uncounted ages rising and falling upon it continually, but still casting the same line of shadows from east to west; still, century after century, touching the same purple stains on the lotus pillars; while the desert sand ebbs and flows about their feet, as those autumn leaves of rock lie heaped and weak about the base of the Cervin.

Is not this a strange type in the very heart and height of these mysterious Alps—these wrinkled hills in their snowy, cold, gray-haired old age, at first so silent, then, as we keep quiet at their feet, muttering and whispering to us garrulously in broken and dreaming fits, as it were, about their childhood,—is it not a strange type of the things which “out of weakness are made strong”? If one of these little flakes of mica sand, hurried in tremulous spangling along the bottom of the ancient river, too light to sink, too faint to float, almost too small for sight, could have had a mind given to it as it was at last borne down with its kindred dust into the abysses of the stream, and laid, (might it not have been thought?) for a hopeless eternity, in the dark ooze, the most despised, forgotten, and feeble of all earth’s atoms; incapable of any use or change; not fit, down there in the diluvial darkness, so much as to help an earth wasp to build its nest, or feed the first fiber of a lichen; what would it have thought, had it been told that one day, knitted into a strength as of imperishable iron, rustless by the air, infusible by the flame, out of the substance of it, with its fellows, the ax of God

should hew that Alpine tower?—that against *it*—poor, helpless mica flake!—the wild north winds should rage in vain; beneath *it*—low-fallen mica flake!—the snowy hills should lie bowed like flocks of sheep, and the kingdoms of the earth fade away in unregarded blue; and around *it*—weak, wave-drifted mica flake!—the great war of the firmament should burst in thunder and yet stir it not; and the fiery arrows and angry meteors of the night fall blunted back from it into the air; and all the stars in the clear heaven should light, one by one as they rose, new cressets upon the points of snow that fringed its abiding-place on the imperishable spire?

SECTION VI.

ILLUSTRATIVE: STONES.

38. THERE are no natural objects out of which more can be learned than out of stones. They seem to have been created especially to reward a patient observer. Nearly all other objects in nature can be seen to some extent without patience, and are pleasant even in being half seen. Trees, clouds, and rivers are enjoyable even by the careless; but the stone under his foot has, for carelessness, nothing in it but stumbling; no pleasure is languidly to be had out of it, nor food, nor good of any kind; nothing but symbolism of the hard heart, and the unfatherly gift. And yet, do but give it some reverence and watchfulness, and there is bread of thought in it, more than in any other lowly feature of all the landscape. For a stone, when it is examined, will be found a mountain in miniature. The fineness of Nature's work is so great, that into a single block, a foot or two in diameter, she can compress as many changes of form and structure, on a small scale, as she needs for her mountains on a large one; and taking moss for forests, and grains of crystal for crags, the surface of a stone in by far the plurality of instances is more interesting

than the surface of an ordinary hill; more fantastic in form, and incomparably richer in color.

39. On a Highland hillside are multitudinous clusters of fern and heather; on an Alpine one, multitudinous groves of chestnut and pine. The number of the things may be the same, but the sense of infinity is in the latter case far greater, because the number is of nobler things. Indeed, so far as mere magnitude of space occupied on the field of the horizon is the measure of objects, a bank of earth ten feet high may, if we stoop to the foot of it, be made to occupy just as much of the sky as that bank of mountain at Villeneuve; nay, in many respects, its little ravines and escarpments, watched with some help of imagination, may become very sufficiently representative to us of those of the great mountain; and in classing all water-worn mountain ground under the general and humble term of Banks, I mean to imply this relationship of structure between the smallest eminences and the highest. But in this matter of superimposed *quantity*, the distinctions of rank are at once fixed. The heap of earth bears its few tufts of moss, or knots of grass; the Highland or Cumberland mountain, its honeyed heathers or scented ferns; but the mass of the bank at Martigny or Villeneuve has a vineyard in every cranny of its rocks, and a chestnut grove on every crest of them. . . . The minute mounds and furrows scattered up the side of that great promontory, when they are actually approached after three or four hours' climbing, turn into independent hills, with true *parks* of lovely pastureland inclosed among them, and avenue after avenue of chestnuts, walnuts and pines bending round their bases; while in the deeper dingles, populous villages, literally bound down to the rock by enormous trunks of vine, which, first trained lightly over the loose stone roofs, have in process of years cast their fruitful net over the whole village, and fastened it to the ground under their purple weight and wayward coils as securely as ever human heart was fastened to earth by the net of the Flatterer.

40. When a rock of any kind has lain for some time exposed to the weather, Nature finishes it in her own way. First she takes wonderful pains about its forms, sculpturing it into exquisite variety of dent and dimple, and rounding or hollowing it into contours which for fineness no human hand can follow; then she colors it; and every one of her touches of color, instead of being a powder mixed with oil, is a minute forest of living trees, glorious in strength and beauty, and concealing wonders of structure.

41. On the broken rocks in the foreground in the crystalline groups, the mosses seem to set themselves consentfully and deliberately to the task of producing the most exquisite harmonies of color in their power. They will not conceal the form of the rock, but will gather over it in little brown bosses, like small cushions of velvet, made of mixed threads of dark ruby silk and gold, rounded over more subdued films of white and gray, with lightly crisped and curled edges like hoarfrost on fallen leaves, and minute clusters of upright orange stalks with pointed caps, and fibers of deep green, and gold, and faint purple passing into black, all woven together, and following with unimaginable fineness of gentle growth the undulation of the stone they cherish, until it is charged with color so that it can receive no more; and instead of looking rugged, or cold, or stern, or anything that a rock is held to be at heart, it seems to be clothed with a soft dark leopard's skin, embroidered with arabesque of purple and silver.

42. The color of the white varieties of marble is of exquisite delicacy, owing to the partial translucency of the pure rock; and it has always appeared to me a most wonderful ordinance—one of the most *marked* pieces of purpose in the creation—that all the variegated kinds should be comparatively opaque, so as to set off the color on the surface, while the white, which, if it had been opaque, would have looked somewhat coarse, (as for instance, common chalk does,) is rendered just translucent enough to give an impression of

extreme purity, but not so translucent as to interfere in the least with the distinctness of any forms into which it is wrought. The colors of variegated marbles are also for the most part very beautiful, especially those composed of purple, amber, and green, with white; and there seems something notably attractive to the human mind in the *vague* and veined labyrinths of their arrangements.

43. I have often had occasion to allude to the apparent connection of brilliancy of color with vigor of life or purity of substance. This is pre-eminently the case in the mineral kingdom. The perfection with which the particles of any substance unite in crystallization, corresponds in that kingdom to the vital power in organic nature; and it is a universal law, that according to the purity of any substance, and according to the energy of its crystallization, is its beauty or brightness. Pure earths are white when in powder; and the same earths, which are the constituents of clay and sand, form, when crystallized, the emerald, ruby, sapphire, amethyst, and opal.

44. As we pass between the hills which have been shaken by earthquake and torn by convulsion, we find that periods of perfect repose succeed those of destruction. The pools of calm water lie beneath their fallen rocks, the water-lilies gleam, and the reeds whisper among their shadows; the village rises again over the forgotten graves, and its church tower, white through the storm-light, proclaims a renewed appeal to His protection in whose hand "are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also." There is no loveliness of Alpine valley that does not teach the same lesson. It is just where "the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place," that in process of years the fairest meadows bloom between the fragments, the clearest rivulets murmur from between their crevices among the flowers, and the clustered cottages, each sheltered beneath some strength of mossy stone, now to be

removed no more, and with their pastured flocks around them, safe from the eagle's stoop and the wolf's ravin, have written upon their fronts, in simple words, the mountaineer's faith in the ancient promise,—“Neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction, when it cometh; for thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beasts of the field shall be at peace with thee.”

SECTION VII.

ILLUSTRATIVE: PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

45. WONDERFUL, in universal adaptation to man's need, desire, and discipline, God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First, a carpet, to make it soft for him; then a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage; easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft, or plow-handle, according to his temper); useless it had been if harder; useless if less fibrous; useless if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service; cold juice, or flowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm; and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, or unguided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistance of rigid arm and limb to

the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer streamlet; roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting films the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering, at cottage doors, to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.

46. If ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us, as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged in arch and aisle, the avenues of the valleys, the fringes of the hills! so stately,—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth,—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, without our understanding their last counsel and example: that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where we died, but where we lived.

47. THE PINE.—Magnificent! nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, tufting crag or hill, yield to the form and sway of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, are partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever without awe stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companions of pines, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other, dumb forever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them: those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen

leaf of theirs: all comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them,—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life, and monotony of enchanted pride—unnumbered, unconquerable.

Then note farther their perfectness. The impression on most people's minds must have been received more from pictures than reality, so far as I can judge, so ragged they think the pine; whereas its chief character in health is green and full *roundness*. It stands compact, like one of its own cones, slightly curved on its sides, finished and quaint as a carved tree in some Elizabethan garden; and instead of being wild in expression, forms the softest of all forest scenery, for other trees show their trunks and twisting boughs; but the pine, growing either in luxuriant mass, or in happy isolation, allows no branch to be seen. Summit behind summit rise its pyramidal ranges, or down to the very grass sweep the circlets of its boughs; so that there is nothing but green cone, and green carpet. Nor is it only softer, but in one sense more cheerful than other foliage, for it casts only a pyramidal shadow. Lowland forest arches overhead, and checkers the ground with darkness; but the pine, growing in scattered groups, leaves the glades between emerald-bright. Its gloom is all its own; narrowing into the sky, it lets the sunshine strike down to the dew. And if ever a superstitious feeling comes over me among the pine glades, it is never tainted with the old German forest fear, but it is only a more solemn tone of the fairy enchantment that haunts our English meadows; so that I have always called the prettiest pine-glade in Chamouni, "Fairies' Hollow." It is in the glen beneath the steep ascent above Pont Pelissier, and may be reached by a little winding path which goes down from the top of the hill *—being indeed not truly a glen, but a broad

* The new road to Chamouni has been carried right through it. A cascade on the right, as you ascend, marks the place spoken of in the text,—once as lonely as Corrienan-shian.

ledge of moss and turf, leaning in a formidable precipice (which, however, the gentle branches hide) over the Arve. An almost isolated rock promontory, many colored, rises at the end of it. On the other sides it is bordered by cliffs, from which a little cascade falls, literally, down among the pines, for it is so light, shaking itself into mere showers of seed pearl in the sun, that the pines don't know it from mist, and grow through it without minding. Underneath, there is only the mossy silence; and above, forever, the snow of the nameless Aiguille,

Other trees rise against the sky in dots and knots, but this, in fringes. You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they: and for this reason,—it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery change which has been noticed by Shakespeare. When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine, provided the ridge be at a distance of about two miles, and seen clear, all the trees, for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun, become trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself. I thought at first this was owing to the actual luster of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the cloud-dew upon them—every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them; and themselves, the darkest of vegetation, could yet add splendor to the sun itself.

48. The Swiss have certainly no feelings respecting their mountains in anywise correspondent with ours. It was rather as fortresses of defense, than as spectacles of splendor, that the cliffs of the Rothstock bare rule over the destinies of those who dwelt at their feet; and the training for which the mountain children had to thank the slopes of the Muotta-Thal, was in soundness of breath, and steadiness of limb, far more than in elevation of idea. But the point which I desire the reader to note is, that the character of the scene which, if any, appears to have been impressive to the inhabitants, is not that which we ourselves feel when we enter

the district. It was not from their lakes, nor their cliffs, nor their glaciers—though these were all peculiarly their possessions—that the three venerable cantons received their name. They were not called the States of the Rock, nor the States of the Lake, but the States of the *Forest*. And the one of three which contains the most touching record of the spiritual power of Swiss religion, in the name of the convent of the “Hill of Angels,” has, for its own, none but the sweet childish name of “Under the Woods.”

And indeed you may pass under them if, leaving the most sacred spot in Swiss history, the Meadow of the Three Fountains, you bid the boatman row southward a little way by the shore of the Bay of Uri. Steepest there on its western side, the walls of its rocks ascend to heaven. Far in the blue of evening, like a great cathedral pavement, lies the lake in its darkness; and you may hear the whisper of innumerable falling waters return from the hollows of the cliff, like the voices of a multitude praying under their breath. From time to time the beat of a wave, slow lifted where the rocks lean over the black depth, lies heavily as the last note of a requiem. Opposite, green with steep grass, and set with ch[^]alet villages, the Fron-Alp rises in one solemn glow of pastoral light and peace; and above, against the clouds of twilight, ghostly on the gray precipice, stand, myriad by myriad, the shadowy armies of the Unterwalden pine.

49. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches, like the bridge of Chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban Mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano, and graceful darkness of its ilex grove, rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain-cloud in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noonday sun came

slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it, as with rain. I cannot call it color,—it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's Tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect, or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their banks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke, and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock, dark though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and, over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose—the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine—were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbéd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding luster of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

50. Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity: children love them; quiet, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered; they are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose hearts rests the covenant peace.

51. Yet few people really care about flowers. Many, indeed, are fond of finding a new shape of blossom, caring for it as a child cares about a kaleidoscope. Many, also, like a fair service of flowers in the greenhouse, as a fair service of plate on the table. Many are scientifically interested in them, though even these in the nomenclature, rather than the flowers; and a few enjoy their gardens. . . . But, the blossoming time of the year being principally spring, I perceive it to be the mind of most people, during that period, to stay in towns. A year or two ago a keen-sighted and eccentrically-minded friend of mine, having taken it into his head to violate this national custom, and go to the Tyrol in spring, was passing through a valley near Landeck with several similarly headstrong companions. A strange mountain appeared in the distance, belted about its breast with a zone of blue, like our English Queen. Was it a blue cloud, or blue horizontal bar of the air that Titian breathed in youth, seen now far away, which mortal might never breathe again? Was it a mirage—a meteor? Would it stay to be approached—(ten miles of winding road yet between them and the foot of the mountain)—such questioning had they concerning it. My keen-sighted friend, alone, maintained it to be substantial;—whatever it might be, it was not air, and would not vanish. The ten miles of road were overpast, the carriage left, the mountain climbed. It stayed patiently, expanding still into richer breath and heavenlier glow—a belt of gentians. Such things may verily be seen among the Alps in spring, and in spring only; which being so, I observe most people prefer going in autumn.

52. Perhaps few people have ever asked themselves why they admire a rose so much more than all other flowers. If they consider, they will find, first, that red is, in a delicately gradated state, the loveliest of all pure colors; and, secondly, that in the rose there is *no shadow*, except what is composed of color. All its shadows are fuller in color than its lights, owing to the translucency and reflective power of the leaves.

53. Has the reader ever considered the relations of commonest forms of volatile substance? The invisible particles which cause the scent of a rose-leaf, how minute, how multitudinous, passing richly away into the air continually!

54. In the range of inorganic nature I doubt if any object can be found more perfectly beautiful, than a fresh, deep snow-drift, seen under warm light. Its curves are of inconceivable perfection and changefulness; its surface and transparency alike exquisite; its light and shade of inexhaustible variety and inimitable finish,—the shadows sharp, pale, and of heavenly color, the reflected lights intense and multitudinous, and mingled with the sweet occurrences of transmitted light. . . . If, passing to the edge of a sheet of it upon the lower Alps, early in May, we find, as we are nearly sure to find, two or three little round openings pierced in it; and through these, emergent, a slender, pensive, fragile flower,* whose small dark purple-fringed bell hangs down and shudders over the icy cleft that it has cloven, as if partly wondering at its own recent grave, and partly dying of very fatigue after its hard-won victory; we shall be, or we ought to be, moved by a totally different impression of loveliness from that which we receive among the dead ice and the idle clouds: there is now uttered to us a call for sympathy, now offered to us an image of moral purpose and achievement, which, however unconscious or senseless the creature may indeed be that so seems to call, cannot be heard without affection, nor contemplated without worship, by any of us whose heart is rightly turned, or whose mind is clearly and surely sighted.

55. It has been well shown by Dr. Herbert, that many plants are found alone on a certain soil or sub-soil in a wild

* *Soldanella Alpina*. I think it is the only Alpine flower which actually pierces snow, though I have seen many gentians filling thawed hoof-prints. Crocuses are languid till they have had sun for a day or two. But the soldanella enjoys its snow, at first, and afterwards its fields. I have seen it make a pasture look like a large lilac silk gown.

state, not because such soil is favorable to them, but because they alone are capable of existing on it, and because all dangerous rivals are by its inhospitality removed. Now if we withdraw the plant from this position, which it hardly endures, and supply it with the earth and maintain about it the temperature that it delights in; withdrawing from it, at the same time, all rivals, which in such conditions Nature would have thrust upon it, we shall indeed obtain a magnificently developed example of the plant, colossal in size, and splendid in organization; but we shall utterly lose in it that moral ideal which is dependent on its right fulfillment of its appointed functions. It was intended and created by the Deity for the covering of those lonely spots where no other plant would live. It has been thereto endowed with courage and strength, and capacities of endurance; its character and glory are not therefore in the gluttonous and idle feeding of its own over luxuriance, at the expense of other creatures utterly destroyed and rooted out for its good alone; but in its right doing of its hard duty, and forward climbing into those spots of forlorn hope where it alone can bear witness to the kindness and presence of the Spirit that cutteth out rivers among the rocks, as He covers the valleys with corn; and there, in its vanward place, and only there, where nothing is withdrawn for it, nor hurt by it, and where nothing can take part of its honor, nor usurp its throne, are its strength and fairness, and price, and goodness in the sight of God to be truly esteemed. The first time I saw the *Soldanella Alpina*, before spoken of, it was growing of magnificent size on a sunny Alpine pasture, among bleating of sheep, and lowing of cattle, associated with a profusion of *Geum Montanum*, and *Ranunculus Pyrenæus*. I noticed it only because new to me—nor perceived any peculiar beauty in its cloven flower. Some days after, I found it alone, among the rack of the higher clouds, and howling of glacier winds; and, as I descried it, piercing through an edge of avalanche which in its retiring had left the new ground brown and lifeless, and as if burnt by recent fire. The plant was poor and

feeble, and seemingly exhausted with its efforts,—but it was then that I comprehended its ideal character, and saw its noble function and order of glory among the constellations of the earth.

56. GRASSES.—Minute, granular, feathery, or downy seed-vessels, mingling quaint brown punctuation, and dusty tremors of dancing grain, with the bloom of the nearer fields; and casting a gossamered grayness and softness of plummy mist along their surfaces far away; mysterious evermore, not only with dew in the morning, or mirage at noon, but with the shaking threads of fine arborescence, each a little belfry of grainbells, all a-chime.

57. Gather a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute quietly its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of Nature's workmanship, made, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven,—and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibers of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether, of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes, or good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. And well does it fulfill its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful stars. The fields! Follow forth but for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognize in these words. All spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noonday heat,—the joy

of herds and flocks,—the power of all shepherd life and meditation,—the life of sunlight upon the world falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows where else it would have struck upon the dark mold, or scorching dust. Pastures beside the pacing brooks, soft banks and knolls of lowly hills, thymy slopes of down, overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea, crisp lawns, all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices,—all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift in our own land, though still as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakespeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more; yet we have it but in part. Go out in the springtime among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians, and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain path, beneath arching boughs, all veiled with blossom—paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may perhaps at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, “He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

Assembling the images we have traced, and adding the simplest of all, from Isaiah xl. 6, we find the grass and flowers are types, in their passing, of the passing of human life, and in their excellence, of the excellence of human life; and this in twofold way: first by their beneficence, and then by their endurance—the grass of the earth, in giving the seed of corn, and in its beauty under tread of foot and stroke of scythe; and the grass of the waters, in giving its freshness for our rest, and in its bending before the wave. But, understood

in the broad human and Divine sense, the "*herb yielding seed*"—(as opposed to the fruit tree yielding fruit)—includes a third family of plants, and fulfills a third office to the human race. It includes the great family of the lints and flaxes, and fulfills thus the *three* offices of giving food, raiment, and rest. Follow out this fulfillment; consider the association of the linen garment and the linen embroidery with the priestly office and the furniture of the tabernacle, and consider how the rush has been to all time the first natural carpet thrown under the human foot. Then next observe the three virtues definitely set forth by the three families of plants—not arbitrarily or fancifully associated with them, but in all the three cases marked for us by Scriptural words: 1st. Cheerfulness, or joyful serenity; in the grass for food and beauty—"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin." 2nd. Humility; in the grass for rest—"A bruised reed shall he not break." 3rd. Love; in the grass for clothing, (because of its swift kindling,)—"The smoking flax shall he not quench." And then finally observe the confirmation of these last two images in, I suppose, the most important prophecy, relating to the future state of the Christian Church, which occurs in the Old Testament, namely that contained in the closing chapters of Ezekiel. The measures of the Temple of God are to be taken; and because it is only by charity and humility that those measures ever can be taken, the angel has "a line of *flax* in his hand, and a measuring reed." The use of the line was to measure the land, and of the reed to take the dimensions of the buildings; so the buildings of the church, or its labors, are to be measured by humility; and its territory, or land, by love.

58. LEAVES motionless. The strong pines wave above them, and the weak grasses tremble beside them; but the blue stars rest upon the earth with a peace as of heaven; and far along the ridges of iron rock, moveless as they, the rubied crests of Alpine rose flush in the low rays of morning.

59. **MOSESSES.**—Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green,—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the rock spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass,—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fiber into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet, or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us: when all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time; but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

60. **LICHENS.**—As in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in loveliness, they neither blanch in heat, nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold,—far above among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, star-like,

on the stone: and the gathering orange stain, upon the edge of yonder western peak, reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

SECTION VIII.

• EDUCATION.

61. THE most helpful and sacred work which can at present be done for humanity, is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how “to better themselves,” but how to “satisfy themselves.” It is the curse of every evil nature and evil creature to eat and *not* be satisfied. The words of blessing are, that they shall eat and be satisfied; and as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger—the bread of justice or righteousness; which hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of Heaven; but hungering after the bread or wages of unrighteousness, shall not be filled, that being the bread of Sodom. And in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art of joy and humble life—this, at present, of all arts or sciences, being the one most needing study. Humble life; that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance: not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days; so also not excluding the idea of providence or provision, but wholly of accumulation;—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure;—therefore chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world.

62. We shall find that the love of nature, wherever it has existed, has been a faithful and sacred element of feeling; that is to say, supposing all the circumstances otherwise the

same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will be always found to have more capacity for *faith* in God than the other. Nature-worship will be found to bring with it such a sense of the presence and power of a Great Spirit as no mere reasoning can either induce or controvert; and where that nature-worship is innocently pursued—*i. e.*, with due respect to other claims on time, feeling, and exertion, and associated with the higher principles of religion,—it becomes the channel of certain sacred truths, which by no other means can be conveyed.

63. Instead of supposing the love of nature necessarily connected with the faithlessness of the age, I believe it is connected properly with the benevolence and liberty * of the age; that it is precisely the most healthy element which distinctively belongs to us; and that out of it, cultivated no longer in levity or ignorance, but in earnestness and as a duty, results will spring of an importance at present inconceivable; and lights arise, which, for the first time in man's history, will reveal to him the true nature of his life, the true field for his energies, and the true relations between him and his Maker.

64. To any person who has all his senses about him, a quiet walk, over not more than ten or twelve miles of road a day, is the most amusing of all traveling; and all traveling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity.

Going by railroad I do not consider as traveling at all; it is merely "being sent" to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel.

65. I believe an immense gain in the bodily health and happiness of the upper classes would follow on their steadily

* I forget, now, what I meant by "liberty" in this passage; but I often used the word in my first writings, in a good sense, thinking of Scott's moorland rambles and the like. It is very wonderful to me, now, to see what hopes I had once: but Turner was alive, then; and the sun used to shine, and rivers to sparkle.

endeavoring, however clumsily, to make the physical exertion they now necessarily exert in amusements, definitely serviceable. It would be far better, for instance, that a gentleman should mow his own fields, than ride over other people's.

66. In order to define what is fairest, you must delight in what is fair; and I know not how few or how many there may be who take such delight. Once I could speak joyfully about beautiful things, thinking to be understood; now I cannot, any more, for it seems to me that no one regards them. Wherever I look or travel, in England or abroad, I see that men, wherever they can reach, destroy all beauty. They seem to have no other desire or hope but to have large houses, and be able to move fast. Every perfect and lovely spot which they can touch, they defile. Thus the railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen, and that round the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva, have destroyed the power of two pieces of scenery of which nothing can ever supply the place, in appeal to the higher ranks of European mind.

67. The first thing which I remember as an event in life, was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwentwater. The intense joy, mingled with awe, that I had in looking through the hollows in the mossy roots, over the crag into the dark lake, has associated itself more or less with all twining roots of trees ever since. Two other things I remember as, in a sort, beginnings of life;—crossing Shapfells, being let out of the chaise to run up the hills; and going through Glenfarg, near Kinross, on a winter's morning, when the rocks were hung with icicles; these being culminating points in an early life of more traveling than is usually indulged to a child. In such journeyings, whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure, as early as I can remember, and continuing till I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than any which has been since possible to me in anything.

68. A fool always wants to shorten space and time; a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them.

69. I suspect that system-makers in general are not of much more use, each in his own domain, than, in that of Pomona, the old women who tie cherries upon sticks, for the more portableness of the same. To cultivate well, and choose well, your cherries, is of some importance; but if they can be had in their own wild way of clustering about their crabbed stalks, it is a better connection for them than any others; and if they cannot, then so that they be not bruised, it makes to a boy of practical disposition not much difference whether he gets them by handfuls, or in beaded symmetry on the exalting stick.

70. Every great man is always being helped by everybody, for his gift is to get good out of all things and all persons.

71. God appoints to every one of His creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men, and faithfully follow the light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of luster there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race forever.

72. There is not any matter, nor any spirit, nor any creature, but it is capable of a unity of some kind with other creatures; and in that unity is its perfection and theirs, and a pleasure also for the beholding of all other creatures that can behold. So the unity of spirits is partly in their sympathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love; and these are their delight and their strength;

for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in their giving and receiving of alternate and perpetual good; their inseparable dependency on each other's being, and their essential and perfect depending on their Creator's. And so the unity of earthly creatures is their power, and their peace; not like the dead and cold peace of undisturbed stones and solitary mountains, but the living peace of trust, and the living power of support; of hands that hold each other and are still.*

73. It is good to read of that kindness and humbleness of St. Francis of Assisi, who spoke never to bird, nor to cicada, nor even to wolf and beasts of prey, but as his brother;—and so we find are moved the minds of all good and mighty men, as in the lesson that we have from the “Mariner” of Coleridge, and yet more truly and rightly taught in the “Hart-leap Well”—

“Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels,”—

and again in the “White Doe” of Rylstone, with the added teaching, that anguish of our own

“Is tempered and allayed by sympathies
Aloft ascending, and descending deep,
Even to the inferior kinds;”—

so that I know not of anything more destructive of the whole theoretic faculty, not to say of the Christian character and human intellect,† than those accursed sports in which man makes of himself cat, tiger, leopard, and alligator in one;

* A long, affected, and obscure second volume sentence, written in imitation of Hooker. One short sentence from Ecclesiastes is the sum of it: “How can one be warm alone?”

† I am more and more grieved, as I re-read this and other portions of the most affected and weak of all my books, (written in a moulting time of my life,)—the second volume of “Modern Painters,”—at its morbid violence of passion and narrowness of thought. Yet, at heart, the book was, like my others, honest; and in substance it is mostly good; but all boiled to rags.

and gathers into one continuance of cruelty, for his amusement, all the devices that brutes sparingly and at intervals use against each other for their necessities.

74. He who loves not God, nor his brother, cannot love the grass beneath his feet, nor the creatures which live not for his uses, filling those spaces in the universe which he needs not: while, on the other hand, none can love God, nor his human brother, without loving all things which his Father loves; nor without looking upon them every one as in that respect his brethren also, and perhaps worthier than he, if, in the under concords they have to fill, their part is touched more truly.*

75. Things may always be seen truly by candid people, though never *completely*. No human capacity ever yet saw the whole of a thing; but we may see more and more of it the longer we look. Every individual temper will see something different in it; but supposing the tempers honest, all the differences are there. Every advance in our acuteness of perception will show us something new; but the old and first-discerned thing will still be there, not falsified, only modified and enriched by the new perceptions, becoming continually more beautiful in its harmony with them, and more approved as a part of the infinite truth.

SECTION IX.

MORALITIES.

76. WHEN people read, "The law came by Moses, but grace and truth by Christ," do they suppose it means that the

* Morbidly Franciscan, again! and I am really compelled to leave out one little bit my friend liked,—as all kindly and hopeful women would,—about everything turning out right, and being to some good end. For we have no business whatever with the ends of things, but with their beings; and their beings are often entirely bad.

law was ungracious and untrue? The law was given for a foundation; the grace (or mercy) and truth for fulfillment;—the whole forming one glorious Trinity of judgment, mercy, and truth.* And if people would but read the text of their Bibles with heartier purpose of understanding it, instead of superstitiously, they would see that throughout the parts which they are intended to make most personally their own, (the Psalms,) it is always the Law which is spoken of with chief joy. The Psalms respecting mercy are often sorrowful, as in thought of what it cost; but those respecting the Law are always full of delight. David cannot contain himself for joy in thinking of it,—he is never weary of its praise: “How love I Thy law! it is my meditation all the day. Thy testimonies are my delight and my counselors; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.”

77. I suppose there is no event in the whole life of Christ to which, in hours of doubt or fear, men turn with more anxious thirst to know the close facts of it, or with more earnest and passionate dwelling upon every syllable of its recorded narrative, than Christ's showing Himself to His disciples at the Lake of Galilee. There is something pre-eminently open, natural, full fronting our disbelief, in this manifestation. The others, recorded after the resurrection, were sudden, phantom-like, occurring to men in profound sorrow and wearied agitation of heart; not, it might seem, safe judges of what they saw. But the agitation was now over. They had gone back to their daily work, thinking still their business lay net-wards, unmeshed from the literal rope and drag. “Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a-fishing. They say unto him, We also go with thee.” True words

* A great deal of the presumption and narrowness caused by my having been bred in the Evangelical schools, and which now fill me with shame and distress in re-reading “Modern Painters,” is, to my present mind, atoned for by the accurate thinking by which I broke my way through to the great truth expressed in this passage, which all my later writings, without exception, have been directed to maintain and illustrate.

enough, and having far echo beyond those Galilean hills. That night they caught nothing; but when the morning came, in the clear light of it, behold! a figure stood on the shore. They were not thinking of anything but their fruitless hauls. They had no guess who it was. It asked them simply if they had caught anything. They say, No, and it tells them to cast again. And John shades his eyes from the morning sun with his hand to look who it is; and though the glistening of the sea, too, dazzles him, he makes out who it is at last; and poor Simon, not to be outrun this time, tightens his fisher's coat about him, and dashes in over the nets. One would have liked to see him swim those hundred yards, and stagger to his knees upon the beach.

Well, the others get to the beach, too, in time, in such slow way as men in general do get in this world to its true shore, much impeded by that wonderful "dragging the net with fishes"; but they get there—seven of them in all; first the Denier, and then the slowest believer, and then the quickest believer, and then the two throne-seekers, and two more, we know not who.

They sit down on the shore, face to face with Him, and eat their broiled fish as He bids. And then to Peter, all dripping still, shivering, and amazed, staring at Christ in the sun, on the other side of the coal-fire,—thinking a little perhaps of what happened by another coal-fire, when it was colder, and having had no word changed with him by his Master, since that look of His,—to him so amazed, comes the question, "Simon, lovest thou Me?" Try to feel that a little; and think of it till it is true to you: and then take up that infinite monstrosity and hypocrisy—Raphael's cartoon of the charge to Peter. Note first the bold fallacy—the putting *all* the apostles there, a mere lie to serve the Papal heresy of the Petric supremacy, by putting them all in the background while Peter receives the charge, and making them all witnesses to it. Note the handsomely curled hair and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea mists, and on the slimy decks; note their convenient dresses

for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes—all made to match;—an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter especially, (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him, and naked limbs,) is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of Apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line, that they may be shown. The simple truth is, that the moment we look at the picture we feel our belief of the whole thing taken away. There is visibly no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place, or on any occasion. It is all a mere mythic absurdity, and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads of Greek philosophers.

78. Among the children of God, there is always that fearful and bowed apprehension of His majesty, and that sacred dread of all offense to Him which is called the Fear of God; yet of real and essential fear there is not any, but clinging of confidence to Him as their Rock, Fortress, and Deliverer; and perfect love, and casting out of fear; so that it is not possible that, while the mind is rightly bent on Him, there should be dread of anything earthly or supernatural; and the more dreadful seems the height of His majesty, the less fear they feel that dwell in the shadow of it. “Of whom shall I be afraid?”

79. If for every rebuke that we utter of men’s vices, we put forth a claim upon their hearts; if for every assertion of God’s demands from them, we could substitute a display of His kindness to them; if side by side with every warning of death, we could exhibit proofs and promises of immortality; if, in fine, instead of assuming the being of an awful Deity, which men, though they cannot, and dare not deny, are always unwilling, sometimes unable to conceive, we were

to show them a near, visible, inevitable, but all beneficent Deity, whose presence makes the earth itself a heaven, I think there would be fewer deaf children sitting in the marketplace.

80. If not by sympathy discovered, it is not in words explicable with what divine lines and light the exercise of godliness and charity will mold and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features.

81. The love of the human race is increased by their individual differences, and the unity of the creature, made perfect by each having something to bestow and to receive, bound to the rest by a thousand various necessities and various gratitudes; humility in each rejoicing to admire in his fellow that which he finds not in himself, and each being in some respect the complement of his race.

82. They who are as the angels of God in heaven, yet cannot be conceived as so assimilated that their different experiences and affections upon earth shall then be forgotten and effectless: the child, taken early to his place, cannot be imagined to wear there such a body, nor to have such thoughts, as the glorified apostle who had finished his course and kept the faith on earth. And so, whatever perfections and likeness of love we may attribute to either the tried or the crowned creatures, there is the difference of the stars in glory among them yet; differences of original gifts, though not of occupying till their Lord come; different dispensations of trial and of trust, of sorrows and support, both in their own inward, variable hearts, and in their positions of exposure or of peace; of the gourd shadow and the smiting sun, of calling at heat of day, or eleventh hour, of the house unroofed by faith, or the clouds opened by revelation; differences in warn-

ing, in mercies, in sickness, in signs, in time of calling to account; alike only they all are by that which is not of them, but the gift of God's unchangeable mercy: "I will give unto this last even as unto thee."

83. The desire of rest planted in the heart is no sensual, no unworthy one; but a longing for renovation, and for escape from a state whose every phase is mere preparation for another equally transitory, to one in which permanence shall have become possible through perfection. Hence the great call of Christ to men, that call on which St. Augustine fixed as the essential expression of Christian hope, is accompanied by the promise of rest; and the death bequest of Christ to men, is peace.

84. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent, there, are the wild love, and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit, for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that death to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lessons which men receive as individuals, they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and had thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they had not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes, which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay.

85. In the Cathedral of Lucca, near the entrance door of the north transept, there is a monument by Jacopo della Quercia to Ilaria di Caretto, the wife of Paolo Guinigi. I

name it not as more beautiful or perfect than other examples of the same period; but as furnishing an instance of the exact and right mean between the rigidity and rudeness of the earlier monumental effigies, and the morbid imitation of life, sleep, or death, of which the fashion has taken place in modern times. She is lying on a simple couch, with a hound at her feet; not on the side, but with the head laid straight and simply on the hard pillow, in which, let it be observed, there is no effort at deceptive imitation of pressure.—It is understood as a pillow, but not mistaken for one. The hair is bound in a flat braid over the fair brow, the sweet and arched eyes are closed, the tenderness of the loving lips is set and quiet; there is that about them which forbids breath; something which is not death nor sleep, but the pure image of both. The hands are not lifted in prayer, neither folded, but the arms are laid at length upon the body, and the hands cross as they fall. The feet are hidden by the drapery, and the form of the limbs concealed, but not their tenderness.

86. I do not know any district possessing a more pure or uninterrupted fullness of mountain character, (and that of the highest order,) or which appears to have been less disturbed by foreign agencies, than that which borders the course of the Trient between Valorsine and Martigny. The paths which lead to it out of the valley of the Rhone, rising at first in steep circles among the walnut trees, like winding stairs among the pillars of a Gothic tower, retire over the shoulders of the hills into a valley almost unknown, but thickly inhabited by an industrious and patient population. Along the ridges of the rocks, smoothed by old glaciers into long, dark, billowy swellings, like the backs of plunging dolphins, the peasant watches the slow coloring of the tufts of moss and roots of herb, which little by little gather a feeble soil over the iron substance; then, supporting the narrow slip of clinging ground with a few stones, he subdues it to the spade; and in a year or two a little crest of corn is seen waving upon the rocky casque. The irregular meadows run in and out

like inlets of lake among these harvested rocks, sweet with perpetual streamlets that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down for the sake of the leaps, scattering their handfuls of crystal this way and that, as the wind takes them with all the grace, but with none of the formalism, of fountains; dividing into fanciful change of dash and spring, yet with the seal of their granite channels upon them, as the lightest play of human speech may bear the seal of past toil, and closing back out of their spray to lave the rigid angles, and brighten with silver fringes and glassy films each lower and lower step of sable stone; until at last, gathered altogether again,—except perhaps some chance drops caught on the apple blossom, where it has budded a little nearer the cascade than it did last spring,—they find their way down to the turf, and lose themselves in that, silently; with quiet depth of clear water furrowing among the grass-blades, and looking only like their shadows but presently emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries, as if they had remembered suddenly that the day was too short for them to get down the hill. Green field, and glowing rock, and glancing streamlet, all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of ravines, where the pines take up their own dominion of saddened shade; and with everlasting roar, in the twilight, the stronger torrents thunder down, pale from the glaciers, filling all the chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing way beneath their ghastly poise. The mountain paths stoop to those glens in forked zigzags, leading to some gray and narrow arch, all fringed under its shuddering curve with the ferns that fear the light; a cross of rough-hewn pine, iron-bound to its parapet, standing dark against the lurid fury of the foam. Far up the glen, as we pause beside the cross, the sky is seen through the openings in the pines thin with excess of light; and, in its clear consuming flame of white space, the summits of the rocky mountains are gathered into solemn crowns and circlets, all flushed in that strange faint silence of possession by the sunshine,

which has in it so deep a melancholy, full of power, yet as frail as shadows; lifeless, like the walls of a sepulcher, yet beautiful in tender fall of crimson folds, like the veil of some sea spirit, that lives and dies as the foam flashes; fixed on a perpetual throne, stern against all strength, lifted above all sorrows, and yet effaced and melted utterly into the air by that last sunbeam that has crossed to them from between the two golden clouds.

High above all sorrow? Yes; but not unwitnessing to it. The traveler on his happy journey, as his foot springs from the deep turf, and strikes the pebbles gayly over the edge of the mountain road, sees with a glance of delight the clusters of nut-brown cottages that nestle along those sloping orchards, and glow beneath the boughs of the pines. Here, it may well seem to him, if there be sometimes hardship, there must be at least innocence and peace, and fellowship of the human soul with nature. It is not so. The wild goats that leap along those rocks have as much passion of joy in all that fair work of God as the men that toil among them,—perhaps more. Enter the street of one of those villages, and you will find it foul with that gloomy foulness that is suffered only by torpor, or by anguish of soul. Here, it is torpor—not absolute suffering—not starvation or disease; but darkness of calm enduring: the spring, known only as the time of the scythe, and the autumn as the time of the sickle, and the sun only as a warmth, the wind as a chill, and the mountains as a danger. They do not understand so much as the name of beauty, or of knowledge. They understand dimly that of virtue. Love, patience, hospitality, faith—these things they know. To glean their meadows side by side, so happier; to bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank unmurmuringly; to bid the stranger drink from their vessel of milk; to see at the foot of their low death-beds a pale figure upon a cross, dying, also patiently;—in this they are different from the cattle and from the stones; but, in all this, unrewarded, as far as concerns the present life. For them, there is neither hope nor passion of spirit; for them, neither advancement

nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments, no rest,—except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church wall, as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air; a pattering of a few prayers, not understood, by the altar-rails of the dimly-gilded chapel,—and so, back to the somber home, with the cloud upon them still unbroken—that cloud of rocky gloom, born out of the wild torrents and ruinous stones, and unlightened even in their religion, except by the vague promise of some better thing unknown, mingled with threatening, and obscured by an unspeakable horror—a smoke, as it were, of martyrdom, coiling up with the incense; and amidst the images of tortured bodies and lamenting spirits in hurtling flames, the very cross, for them, dashed more deeply than for others with gouts of blood.

87. A Highland scene is beyond doubt pleasant enough in its own way; but, looked close at, has its shadows.* Here, for instance, is the very fact of one—as pretty as I can remember,—having seen many. It is a little valley of soft turf, inclosed in its narrow oval by jutting rocks, and broad flakes of nodding fern. From one side of it to the other winds, serpentine, a clear brown stream, drooping into quicker ripple as it reaches the end of the oval field, and then, first islanding a purple and white rock with an amber pool, it dashes away into a narrow fall of foam under a thicket of mountain ash and alder. The autumn sun, low, but clear, shines on the scarlet ash-berries and on the golden birch-leaves, which, fallen here and there, when the breeze has not caught them, rest quiet in the crannies of the purple rock. Beside the rock, in the hollow under the thicket, the carcass of a ewe, drowned in the last flood, lies nearly bare to the bone, its

* Passage written to be opposed to an exuberant description, by an amiable Scottish pastor, of everything flattering to Scotchmen in the Highlands. I have put next to it, a little study of the sadness of Italy.

white ribs protruding through the skin, raven-torn; and the rags of its wool still flickering from the branches that first stayed it as the stream swept it down. A little lower, the current plunges, roaring, into a circular chasm like a well, surrounded on three sides by a chimney-like hollowness of polished rock, down which the foam slips in detached snow-flakes. Round the edges of the pool beneath, the water circles slowly like black oil; a little butterfly lies on its back, the wings glued to one of the eddies, its limbs feebly quivering; a fish arises, and it is gone. Lower down the stream, I can see over a knoll the green and damp turf roofs of four or five hovels, built at the edge of a morass, which is trodden by the cattle into a black Slough of Despond at their doors, and traversed by a few ill-set stepping stones, with here and there a flat slab on the tops, where they have sunk out of sight;—and at the turn of the brook I see a man fishing, with a boy and a dog—a picturesque and pretty group enough certainly, if they had not been there all day starving. I know them, and I know the dog's ribs also, which are nearly as bare as the dead ewe's; and the child's wasted shoulders, cutting his old tartan jacket through, so sharp are they.

88. Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for a moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of moldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep. Scattered blocks of black stone, four-square remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple

poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veining its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars; the blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave.

89. I was coming down one evening from the Rochers de Naye, above Montreux, having been at work among the limestone rocks, where I could get no water, and both weary and thirsty. Coming to a spring at the turn of the path, conducted, as usual, by the herdsmen, into a hollowed pine trunk, I stooped to it, and drank deeply. As I raised my head, drawing breath heavily, someone behind me said, "*Celui qui boira de cette eau-ci, aura encore soif.*" I turned not understanding for a moment what was meant, and saw one of the hill peasants, probably returning to his *châlet* from the market place at Vevay or Villeneuve. As I looked at him with an uncomprehending expression, he went on with the verse: "*Mais celui qui boira de l'eau que je lui donnerai, n'aura jamais soif.*"

90. It may perhaps be permitted me* to mark the significance of the earliest mention of mountains in the Mosaic books; at least of those in which some Divine appointment or Command is stated respecting them. They are first brought before us as refuges for God's people from the two judgments of water and fire. The Ark rests upon the mountains of Ararat; and man, having passed through the great Baptism unto death, kneels upon the earth first where it is nearest heaven, and mingles with the mountain clouds the smoke of his sacrifice of thanksgiving. Again; from the

* With reference to the choice of mountain dwellings by the greater monastic orders.

midst of the first judgment by fire, the command of the Deity to His Servant is, "Escape to the mountain;" and the morbid fear of the hills, which fills any human mind after long stay in places of luxury and sin, is strangely marked in Lot's complaining reply, "I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me." The third mention, in way of ordinance, is a far more solemn one: "Abraham lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off." "The Place," the mountain of myrrh, or of bitterness, chosen to fulfill to all the seed of Abraham, far off and near, the inner meaning of promise regarded in that vow: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh mine help." And the fourth is the delivery of the law on Sinai. It seemed then to the monks that the mountains were appointed by their Maker to be to man refuges from judgment, signs of redemption, and altars of sanctification and obedience; and they saw them afterwards connected, in the manner the most touching and gracious, with the death, after his task had been accomplished, of the first anointed Priest; the death, in like manner, of the first inspired Lawgiver; and lastly, with the assumption of His office, by the Eternal Priest, Lawgiver, and Saviour.

Observe the connection of these three events. Although the *time* of the deaths of Aaron and Moses was hastened by God's displeasure, we have not, it seems to me, the slightest warrant for concluding that the *manner* of their deaths was intended to be grievous or dishonorable to them. Far from this, it cannot, I think, be doubted that in the denial of the permission to enter the Promised Land, the whole punishment of their sin was included; and that, as far as regarded the manner of their deaths, it must have been appointed for them by their Master, in all tenderness and love, and with the full purpose of ennobling the close of their service upon the earth. It might have seemed to *us* more honorable that both should have been permitted to die beneath the shadow of the Tabernacle, the congregation of Israel watching by their side; and all whom they loved gathered together to receive that last message from the lips of the meek lawgiver, and the

last blessing from the prayer of the anointed priest. But it was not thus they were permitted to die. Try to realize that going forth of Aaron from the midst of the congregation. He who had so often done sacrifice for their sin, going forth now to offer up his own spirit. He who had stood among them between the dead and the living, and had seen the eyes of all that great multitude turned to him, that by his intercession their breath might yet be drawn a moment more, going forth now to meet the angel of death face to face, and deliver himself into his hand. Try if you cannot walk in thought with those two brothers, and the son, as they passed the outmost tents of Israel, and turned, while yet the dew lay roundabout the camp, towards the slopes of Mount Hor; talking together for the last time, as step by step they felt the steeper rising of the rocks, and hour after hour, beneath the ascending sun, the horizon grew broader as they climbed, and all the folded hills of Idumea, one by one subdued, showed, amidst their hollows in the haze of noon, the windings of that long desert journey, now at last to close. But who shall enter into the thoughts of the High Priest as his eye followed those paths of ancient pilgrimage; and through the silence of the arid and endless hills, stretching even to the dim peak of Sinai, the whole history of those forty years was unfolded before him, and the mystery of his own ministries revealed to him; and that other Holy of Holies, of which the mountain peaks were the altars, and the mountain clouds the veil, the firmament of his Father's dwelling, opened to him still more brightly and infinitely as he drew nearer his death?—until at last, on the shadeless summit, from him on whom sin was to be laid no more, from him on whose heart the names of sinful nations were to press their graven fire no longer, the brother and the son took breastplate and ephod, and left him to his rest. There is indeed a secretness in this calm faith, and deep restraint of sorrow, into which it is difficult for us to enter; but the death of Moses himself is more easily to be conceived, and had in it circumstances still more touching as regards the influence of the external scene. For forty

years Moses had not been alone. The care and burden of all the people, the weight of their woe, and guilt, and death, had been upon him continually. The multitude had been laid upon him as if he had conceived them; their tears had been his meat night and day, until he had felt as if God had withdrawn His favor from him, and he had prayed that he might be slain, and not see his wretchedness. And now at last the command came, "Get thee up into this mountain." The weary hands, that had been so long stayed up against the enemies of Israel, might lean again upon the shepherd's staff, and fold themselves for the shepherd's prayer—for the shepherd's slumber. Not strange to his feet, though forty years unknown, the roughness of the bare mountain path, as he climbed from ledge to ledge of Abarim; not strange to his aged eyes the scattered clusters of the mountain herbage, and the broken shadows of the cliffs, indented far across the silence of uninhabited ravines; scenes such as those among which, as now, with none beside him but God, he had led his flocks so often; and which he had left, how painfully! taking upon him the appointed power to make of the fenced city a wilderness, and to fill the desert with songs of deliverance. It was not to embitter the last hours of his life that God restored to him for a day the beloved solitudes he had lost, and breathed the peace of the perpetual hills around him, and cast the world in which he had labored, and sinned, far beneath his feet in that mist of dying blue;—all sin; all wandering, soon to be forgotten forever. The Dead Sea—a type of God's anger understood by him, of all men, most clearly, who had seen the earth open her mouth, and the sea his depth, to overwhelm the companies of those who contended with his Master—laid waveless beneath him; and beyond it the fair hills of Judah, and the soft plains and banks of Jordan, purple in the evening light as with the blood of redemption, and fading in their distant fullness into mysteries of promise and of love. There, with his unabated strength, his undimmed glance, lying down upon the utmost rocks, with angels waiting near to contend for the spoils of his

spirit, he put off his earthly armor. We do deep reverence to his companion prophet, for whom the chariot of fire came down from heaven; but was his death less noble whom His Lord Himself buried in the vales of Moab, keeping, in the secrets of the eternal counsels, the knowledge of a sepulcher, from which he was to be called in the fullness of time, to talk with that Lord upon Hermon of the death that he should accomplish at Jerusalem?

And lastly, let us turn our thoughts for a few moments to the cause of the resurrection of these two prophets. We are all of us too much in the habit of passing it by, as a thing mystical and inconceivable, taking place in the life of Christ for some purpose not by us to be understood, or, at the best, merely as a manifestation of His divinity by brightness of heavenly light, and the ministering of the spirits of the dead, intended to strengthen the faith of His three chosen apostles. And in this, as in many other events recorded by the Evangelists, we lose half the meaning, and evade the practical power upon ourselves, by never accepting in its fullness the idea that our Lord was "perfect man,"—"tempted in all things like as we are." Our preachers are continually trying, in all manner of subtle ways, to explain the union of the Divinity with the Manhood—an explanation which certainly involves first their being able to describe the nature of Deity itself, or, in plain words, to comprehend God. They never can explain, in any one particular, the union of the natures; they only succeed in weakening the faith of their hearers as to the entireness of either. The thing they have to do is precisely the contrary of this—to insist upon the entireness of both. We never think of Christ enough as God, never enough as Man; the instinctive habit of our minds being always to miss of the Divinity, and the reasoning and enforced habit to miss of the humanity. We are afraid to harbor in our own hearts, or to utter in the hearing of others, any thought of our Lord as hungering, tired, sorrowful, having a human soul, a human will, and affected by events of human life, as a finite creature is: and yet one-half of the efficiency

of His atonement, and the whole of the efficiency of his example, depend on His having been this to the full. Consider, therefore, the Transfiguration as it relates to the human feelings of our Lord. It was the first definite preparation for his death. He had foretold it to his disciples six days before; then takes with Him the three chosen ones into "an high mountain apart." From an exceeding high mountain, at the first taking on Him the ministry of life, He had beheld and rejected the kingdoms of the earth, and their glory: now, on a high mountain, He takes upon Him the ministry of death. Peter and they that were with him, as in Gethsemane, were heavy with sleep. Christ's work had to be done alone.

The tradition is that the Mount of Transfiguration was the summit of Tabor; but Tabor is neither a high mountain, nor was it in any sense a mountain "*apart*," being in those years both inhabited and fortified. All the immediately preceding ministries of Christ had been at Cesarea Philippi. There is no mention of travel southward in the six days that intervened between the warning given to His disciples and the going up into the hill. What other hill could it be than the southward slope of that goodly mountain, Hermon, which is indeed the center of all the Promised Land, and from the entering in of Hamath unto the river of Egypt; the mount of fruitfulness, from which the springs of Jordan descended to the valleys of Israel? Along its mighty forest avenues, until the grass grew fair with the mountain lilies, His feet dashed in the dew of Hermon, He must have gone to pray His first recorded prayer about death; and from the steep of it, before He knelt, could see to the south all the dwellings of the people that had sat in darkness, and seen the great light, the land of Zabulon and of Naphthali, Galilee of the nations,—could see, even with His human sight, the gleam of that lake by Capernaum and Chorazin, and many a place loved by Him, and vainly ministered to, whose house was now left unto them desolate; and chief of all, far in the utmost blue, the hills above Nazareth, sloping down to His old home; hills on

which yet the stones lay loose that had been taken up to cast at Him when He left them forever.

“And as He prayed, two men stood by Him.” Among the many ways in which we miss the help and hold of Scripture, none is more subtle than our habit of supposing that, even as man, Christ was free from the fear of death. How could he then have been tempted as we are?—since among all the trials of the earth, none spring from the dust more terrible than that fear. It had to be borne by Him, indeed, in a unity which we can never comprehend, with the foreknowledge of victory,—as His sorrow for Lazarus with the consciousness of his power to restore him; but it *had* to be borne, and that in its full earthly terror; and the presence of it is surely marked for us enough by the rising of those two at His side. When, in the desert, He was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered to Him; now in the fair world, when he is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants come to Him from the grave. But from the grave, conquered. One from that tomb under Abarim, which his own hand had sealed long ago; the other, from the rest into which he had entered without seeing corruption. “There stood by Him Moses and Elias, and spake of His decease.” Then, when the prayer is ended, the task accepted, first, since the star paused over Him at Bethlehem, the full glory falls upon Him from heaven, and the testimony is borne to His everlasting Sonship and power. “Hear ye Him.”

If, in their remembrance of these things, and in their endeavor to follow in the footsteps of their Master, religious men of bygone days, closing themselves in the hill solitudes, forgot sometimes, and sometimes feared, the duties they owed to the active world, we may perhaps pardon them more easily than we ought to pardon ourselves, if we neither seek any influence for good, nor submit to it unsought, in scenes to which thus all the men whose writings we receive as inspired, together with their Lord, retired whenever they had any task or trial laid upon them needing more than their usual strength of spirit. Nor perhaps should we have unprofitably entered into the

mind of the earlier ages, if among our other thoughts, as we watch the chains of the snowy mountains rise on the horizon, we should sometimes admit the memory of the hour in which their Creator, among their solitudes, entered on His travail for the salvation of our race; and indulge the dream, that as the flaming and trembling mountains of the earth seem to be the monuments of the manifesting of His terror on Sinai, these pure and white hills, near to the heaven, and sources of all good to the earth, are the appointed memorials of that light of His mercy, that fell, snowlike, on the Mount of Transfiguration.

IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS.

*STUDIES OF MOUNTAIN FORM
AND OF ITS VISIBLE CAUSES.*

COLLECTED AND COMPLETED OUT OF
“MODERN PAINTERS.”

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PREFACE.

I RECEIVE at present with increasing frequency requests or counsels from people whose wishes and advice I respect, for the reprinting of "Modern Painters." When I formerly stated my determination not to republish that work in its original form, it was always with the purpose of giving its scientific sections with farther illustration in "Deucalion" and "Proserpina," and extracts from those relating to art and education in my Oxford Lectures. But finding, usually, for these last, subjects more immediately interesting; and seeing that Deucalion and Proserpina have quite enough to do in their own way—for the time they have any chance of doing it in—I am indeed minded now to reprint the three scientific sections of "Modern Painters" in their original terms, which, very thankfully I find, cannot much be bettered, for what they intend or attempt. The scientific portions, divided prospectively, in the first volume, into four sections, were meant to define the essential forms of sky, earth, water, and vegetation; but finding that I had not the mathematical knowledge required for the analysis of wave-action, the chapters on Sea-painting were never finished, the materials for them being partly used in the "Harbors of England," and the rest of the design remitted till I could learn more dynamics. But it was never abandoned, and the corrections already given in "Deucalion" of the errors of Agassiz and Tyndall on the glacier theory are based on studies of wave-motion which I hope still to complete the detail of in that work.

My reprints from "Modern Painters" will therefore fall only into three divisions, on the origin of form in clouds, mountains, and trees. They will be given in the pages and type now chosen for my Oxford Lectures; and the two lec-

tures on existing Storm-cloud already published will form a proper introduction to the cloud-studies of former times, of which the first number is already in the press. In like manner, the following paper, prepared to be read before the Mineralogical Society on the occasion of their meeting in Edinburgh, this year, and proposing, in brief abstract, the questions which are at the root of rock-science, may not unfitly introduce the chapters of geological inquiry, begun at the foot of the Matterhorn thirty years ago, inquiries which were the proper sequel of those instituted by Saussure, and from which the fury of investigation in extinct zoölogy has since so far diverted the attention of mineralogists, that I have been virtually left to pursue them alone; not without some results, for which, fortified as they are by the recent advance of rock-chemistry, I might claim, did I care to claim, the dignity of Discoveries. For the separate enumeration of these, the reader is referred to the postscript to the opening paper.

The original wood-cuts will all be used in this edition, but in order not to add to the expense of the republished text, I have thought it best that such of the steel plates as are still in a state to give fair impressions, should be printed and bound apart; purchasable either collectively or in separate parts, illustrative of the three several sections of text. These will be advertised when ready.

The text of the old book, as in the already reprinted second volume, will be in nothing changed, and only occasionally explained or amplified by notes in brackets.

It is also probable that a volume especially devoted to the subject of Education may be composed of passages gathered out of the entire series of my works; and since the parts of "Modern Painters" bearing on the principles of art will be incorporated in the school lectures connected with my duty at Oxford, whatever is worth preservation in the whole book will be thus placed at the command of the public.

BRANTWOOD,

16th September, 1884.

IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS

CHAPTER I.

OF THE DISTINCTIONS OF FORM IN SILICA.*

As this paper, by the courtesy of the secretaries, stands first on the list of those to be read at the meeting, I avail myself of the privilege thus granted me of congratulating the Society on this occasion of its meeting in the capital of a country which is itself one magnificent mineralogical specimen, reaching from Cheviot to Cape Wrath; thus gathering into the most convenient compass, and presenting in the most instructive forms, examples of nearly every mineralogical process and phenomenon which have taken place in the construction of the world.

May I be permitted, also, to felicitate myself, on the permission thus given me, to bring before the Mineralogical Society a question which, in Edinburgh, of all cities of the world, it should be easiest to solve, namely, the methods of the construction and painting of a Scotch pebble?

I am the more happy in this unexpected privilege, because, though an old member of the Geological Society, my geological observations have always been as completely ignored by that Society, as my remarks on political economy by the Directors of the Bank of England; and although I have repeatedly solicited from them the charity of their assistance in so small a matter as the explanation of an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman, they still, as I stated the case in closing my first volume of "Deucalion," discourse on the catastrophes of chaos, and the processes of creation, without

* Read before the Mineralogical Society, July 24, 1884.

being able to tell why a slate splits, or how a pebble is colored.

Pebble—or crystal; here in Scotland the main questions respecting these two main forms of silica are put to us, with a close solicitude, by the beautiful conditions of agate, and the glowing colors of the Cairngorm, which have always variegated and illuminated the favorite jewelry of Scottish laird and lassie.

May I hope, with especial reference to the

“ favorite gem
Of Scotland’s mountain diadem,”

to prevail on some Scottish mineralogist to take up the hitherto totally neglected subject of the relation of color in minerals to their state of substance: why, for instance, large and well-developed quartz crystals are frequently topaz color or smoke color,—never rose-color; while massive quartz may be rose-color, and pure white or gray, but never smoke color;—again, why amethyst quartz may continually, as at Schemnitz and other places, be infinitely complex and multiplex in crystallization, but never warped; while smoky quartz may be continually found warped, but never, in the amethystine way, multiplex;—why, again, smoky quartz and Cairngorm are continually found in short crystals, but never in long slender ones,—as, to take instance in another mineral, white beryl is usually short or even tabular, and green beryl long, almost in proportion to its purity?

And, for the better solution, or at least proposition, of the many questions, such as these, hitherto undealt with by science, might I also hope that the efforts of the Mineralogical Society may be directed, among other quite feasible objects not yet attained, to the formation of a museum of what might be called mineral-geology, showing examples of all familiar minerals in association with their native rocks, on a sufficiently large and intelligible scale. There may be, perhaps, by this time, in the museum of Edinburgh,—but there is not in the British Museum, nor have I ever myself seen,—

either a specimen of pure Cairngorm in the gangue, or a block of trap containing agates of really high quality, whether from Scotland, Germany, or India.

Knowing the value of time to the meeting, I leave this, to my thinking, deeply important subject of the encouragement of geognostic mineralogy, to their own farther consideration; and pass to a point of terminology which is of extreme significance in the study of siliceous minerals, namely, the desirableness, and I should myself even say the necessity, of substituting the term "spheroidal" for "reniform" in mineralogical description. Every so-called "kidney-shaped" mineral is an aggregate of spheroidal crystallizations, and it would be just as rational and elegant to call sea-foam kidney-shaped, as to call chalcedony so. The word "Botryoidal" is yet more objectionable, because it is wholly untrue. There are many minerals that resemble kidneys; but there is no substance in the whole mineral kingdom that resembles a bunch of grapes. The pisolitic aggregations which a careless observer might think grape-like, are only like *grape-shot*, and lie in heaps, not clusters.

But the change I would propose is not a matter of mere accuracy or elegance in description. For want of observing that the segmental surfaces of so-called reniform and botryoidal minerals are spheroidal, the really crystalline structure producing that external form has been overlooked, and, in consequence, minerals have been continually described either as amorphous, or as mixtures of different substances, which are neither formless nor mingled, but are absolutely defined in structure, and absolutely homogeneous in substance.

There are at least six states of siliceous substance which are thus entirely distinct,—flint, jasper, chalcedony, hyalite, opal, and quartz. They are only liable to be confused with each other in bad specimens; each has its own special and separate character, and needs peculiar circumstances for its production and development. The careful history of the forms of these six minerals, and the careful collection of the facts respecting the mode of their occurrence, would require

a volume as large as any that are usually issued by way of complete systems of mineralogy. Whereas, sufficient account is usually supposed to be rendered of them in a few sentences, and, moreover, every sentence of these concise abstracts usually contains, or implies, an unchallenged fallacy.

I take, for example, from the account of "chalcedonic varieties of quartz" given in Dana's octavo of 456 close-printed pages (Trübner, 1879),—the entire account occupies no more than a page and three lines,—the following sentences:

"Chalcedony oftens occurs lining or filling cavities in amygdaloidal rocks, and sometimes in other kinds. These cavities are nothing but little caverns, into which siliceous waters have filtrated at some period. The stalactites are 'icieles' of chalcedony, hung from the roof of the cavity.

"Agate, a variegated chalcedony. The colors are distributed in clouds, spots, or concentric lines. These lines take straight, circular, or zigzag forms, and when the last, it is called fortification agate, so named from the resemblance to the angular outlines of a fortification. These lines are the edges of layers of chalcedony, and these layers are successive deposits during the process of its formation.

"Mocha stone, or moss agate, is a brownish agate, consisting of chalcedony with dentritic or moss-like delineations, of an opaque yellowish-brown color."

Now, with respect to the first of these statements, it is true that cavities in amygdaloidal rocks are nothing but little caverns, just as caverns in any rocks are nothing but large cavities. But the rocks are called "amygdaloidal," because their cavities are in the shape of almonds, and there must be a reason for this almond shape, which will bear on the structure of their contents. It is also true that in the rocks of Iceland there are cavities lined with stalactites of chalcedony. But I believe no member of this Society has ever seen a cavity in Scotch trap lined with stalactites of chalcedony; nor a Scotch pebble which gave the slightest evidence of the direction of its infiltration.

The second sentence is still more misleading, for in no

sense is it true that agate is a "variegated chalcedony." It is chalcedony separated into bands of various consistence, and associated with parallel bands of jasper and quartz. And whether these bands are successive deposits during the process of formation or not, must be questionable until we produce the resemblance of an agate by a similar operation, which I would very earnestly request some of the members of the Mineralogical Society to do, before allowing statements of this positive kind to be made on the subject in popular text-books.

The third sentence confounds Mocha stone with moss agate, they being entirely different minerals. The delineations in Mocha stone are dendritic, and produced by mechanical dissemination of metallic oxides, easily imitable by dropping earthy colors into paste. But moss agates are of two kinds, brown and green, the one really like moss, the other filiform and like seaweed; and neither of them is at present explicable or imitable.

The inaccuracy of the statements thus made in so elaborate a work on mineralogy as Dana's, may, I think, justify me in asking the attention of the Mineralogical Society to the distinctions in the forms of silica which they will find illustrated by the chosen examples from my own collection, placed on the table for their inspection. I place, first, side by side, No. 1, the rudest, and No. 7, the most delicate, conditions of pure chalcedony; the first, coarsely spheroidal, and associated with common flint; the second, filiform, its threads and rods combining into plates,—each rod, on close examination, being seen to consist of associated spheroidal concretions.

Next to these I place No. 2, a common small-globed chalcedony formed on the common quartzite of South England, with opaque concentric zones developing themselves subsequently over its translucent masses. I have not the slightest idea how any of these three specimens can have been formed, and simply lay them before the Society in hope of receiving some elucidatory suggestions about them.

My ignorance need not have remained so abject, had my

other work left me leisure to follow out the deeply interesting experiments instituted by Mr. E. A. Pankhurst and Mr. J. I'Anson, of which the first results, being indeed the beginning of the true history of silica, were published by those gentlemen in the *Mineralogical Magazine* for 1882. I have laid their paper, kindly then communicated to me, on the table, for immediate comparison of its plates with the specimens, and I have arranged the first two groups of these, adopting from that paper the terms exogenous and endogenous, for the two great families of agates, so as to illustrate the principal statements made in its pages.

It would materially facilitate the pursuit of their discoveries if some of the members of the Society would register and describe the successive phenomena of crystallization in any easily soluble or fusible minerals. The history of a mineral is not given by ascertainment of the number or the angles of the planes of its crystals, but by ascertaining the manner in which those crystals originate, increase, and associate. The ordinary mineralogist is content to tell us that gold, silver, and diamond are all cubic;—it is for the mineralogist of the future to say why gold associates its countless cubes into arborescent laminae, and silver into capillary wreaths; while diamond condemns its every octahedron to monastic life, and never, except by accident, permits one of them to crystallize beside another.

At pages 5 and 6 of Mr. J. I'Anson's paper will be found explanations, more or less complete, of the forms which I have called folded "agates" and "lake" agates, reaching to No. 40. The specimens from 40 to 60 then illustrate the conditions of siliceous action which I am still alone among modern mineralogists in my mode of interpreting.

The minor points of debate concerning them are stated in the descriptions of each in the catalogue; but there are some examples among them from which branch lines of observation leading far beyond the history of siliceous pebbles. To these I venture here to direct your special attention.

No. 3 is a fragment of black flint on which blue chalcedony

is deposited as a film extending itself in circles, exactly like the growth of some lichens. I have never seen this form of chalcedony solidify from circles into globes, and it is evident that for this condition we must use the term "cycloidal," instead of "spheroidal." I need not point out that "reniform" would be here entirely absurd.

This apparently common specimen (and, as far as regards frequency of occurrence, indeed common enough) is nevertheless one of the most profoundly instructive of the whole series. It is, to begin with, a perfect type of the finest possible *flint*, properly so called. Its surface, eminently characteristic of the forms of flint-concretion, is literally a white dust of organic fragments, while the narrow fissure which has opened in it, apparently owing to the contraction of its mass, is besprinkled and studded, as closely, with what might not unfitly be called pearl-chalcedony, or seed-chalcedony, or hail-chalcedony; for seen through the lens it exactly resembles the grains of minute hail, sticking together as they melt; in places, forming very solid crests—in others, and especially in the rifted fissure, stalactites, possibly more or less vertical to the plane in which the flint lay.

In No. 5 the separation into concentric films is a condition peculiar to flint-chalcedony, and *never found in true agates*.

In No. 6 (chalcedony in stalactitic coats, on amethyst) the variation of the stalactites in direction, and their modes of agglutination, are alike unintelligible.

No. 8 is only an ordinary specimen of chalcedony on hæmatite, in short, closely combined vertical stalactites, each with a central stalactite of black iron-oxide; but it is to be observed, in comparing it with No. 6, that when chalcedony is thus formed on rods of hæmatite, the stalactites are almost unexceptionally vertical, and quite straight. The radiate ridge at one side of this example is, however, entirely anomalous.

No. 9. The succeeding specimen, though small, is a notable one, consisting of extremely minute and delicate shells or crusts of spheroidal hæmatite, establishing themselves in the

heart of quartz. I have no idea of the method, or successions in time, of this process. These I leave to the consideration of the Society, but I point to the specimen as exquisitely exhibiting the laws of true spheroidal crystallization, in a mineral which both in its massive and crystalline state is continually associated with quartz. And it cannot but be felt that this spheroidal structure of hæmatite could as little be explained by calling or supposing it a mixture of micaceous hæmatite with amorphous hæmatite, as that of chalcedony by calling it a mixture of hexagonal with amorphous quartz.

No. 10. Next follows a beautiful and perfectly characteristic example of massively spheroidal agate, in which first gray and then white chalcedony, peculiarly waved and faulted by a tendency to become quartz, surrounds earthy centers, and is externally coated with pure quartz. And here I must ask the Society to ratify for me the general law, that in all solid globular or stalactitic conditions of chalcedony, if any foreign substance occurs mixed with them, it is thrown to their centers, while the pure quartz is always found on the outside.* On the other hand, the usual condition of geodes of chalcedony found in the cavities of rocks, is to purify themselves toward the interior, and either coat themselves with quartz on the interior surface, or entirely fill the central cavity with quartz.

No. 46 is a most literally amygdaloidal—almond-shaped—mass of silica; only, not poured into an almond-shaped cavity in basalt, but gathered into a knot out of Jurassic limestone, as flint is out of chalk.

It is, however, banded quite otherwise than flint, the bands giving occasion to its form, and composed of different substances. Whereas those of flint are of the flint itself in different states, and always independent of external form.

Secondly. It seems to me a question of considerable interest, why the coarse substance of flint and of this dull hornstone can be stained with black, but not chalcedony, nor

* It is to be noticed also that often in stalactite or tubular concretions the purest chalcedony immediately surrounds the center.

quartz. The blackest so-called quartz is only a clear umber, and opaque quartz is never so stained at all. Natural black onyx is of extreme rarity, the onyx of commerce being artificially stained; the black band in the lake agate, No. 32, is probably bituminous. And in connection with this part of the inquiry, it seems to be the peculiar duty of the mineralogist to explain the gradual darkening of the limestones toward the central metamorphic chains.

Thirdly, and principally. This stone gives us an example of waved or contorted strata which are unquestionably produced by concretion and partial crystallization, not compression, or any kind of violence. I shall take occasion, in concluding, to insist farther on the extreme importance of this character.

The specimen was found by my good publisher, Mr. Allen, on the southern slope of the Salève; and it is extremely desirable that geologists in Savoy should obtain and describe more pebbles of the same sort, this one being, as far as my knowledge goes, hitherto unique.

71-77. These seven examples of opal have been chosen merely to illustrate farther the modes of siliceous solution and segregation, not with that of illustrating opal itself,—every one of the seven examples presenting phenomena more or less unusual. The two larger blocks, 71, 72 (Australian), give examples in one or two places of obscurely nodular and hollow concretion, before unknown in opal, but of which a wonderful specimen, partly with a vitreous superficial glaze, has been sent me by Mr. Henry Willett, of Arnold House, Brighton, a most accurate investigator of the history of silica. It is to be carefully noted, however, that the moment the opal shows a tendency to nodular concretion, its colors vanish.

No. 73 is sent only as an example of the normal state of Australian opal, disseminated in a rock of which it seems partly to have opened for itself the shapeless spaces it fills. In No. 71, it may be observed, there is a tendency in them to become tabular. No. 74, an apparently once fluent state of opal in veins, shows in perfection the arrangement in straight

zones *transverse* to the vein, which I pointed out in my earliest papers on silica as a constant distinctive character in opal-crystallization. No. 75 is the only example I ever saw of stellar crystallization in opal. No. 76, from the same locality, is like a lake agate associated with brecciate condition of the gangue; while No. 77, though small, will be found an extremely interesting example of hydrophane. The blue bloom seen in some lights on it, when dry, as opposed to the somewhat vulgar vivacity of its colors when wet, is a perfect example of the opal's faculty of *selecting* for its luster the most lovely combinations of the separated rays. A diamond, or a piece of fissured quartz, reflects indiscriminately all the colors of the prism; an opal, only those which are most delightful to human sight and mental association.

78-80. These three geological specimens are placed at the term of the series, that the importance of the structure already illustrated by No. 46 may be finally represented to the Society; No. 46 being an undulated chalcedony; No. 78 an undulated jasper; No. 79, a hornstone; and No. 80 a fully developed gneiss.

I have no hesitation in affirming,—though it is not usual with me to affirm anything I have not seen, and seen close,—that every one of these types of undulated structure has been produced by crystallization only, and absolutely without compression or violence. But the transition from the contorted gneiss which has been formed by crystallization only, to that which has been subjected to the forces of upheaval, or of lateral compression, is so gradual and so mysterious, that all the chemistry and geology of modern science is hitherto at fault in its explanation; and this meeting would confer a memorable benefit on future observers by merely determining for them the *conditions* of the problem. Up to a certain point, however, these were determined by Saussure, from whose frequent and always acutely distinct descriptions of contorted rocks I select the following, because it refers to a scene of which the rock structure was a subject of constant interest to the painter Turner; the ravine, namely, by which,

on the Italian side of the St. Gothard, the Ticino escapes from the valley of Airolo.

“At a league from Faido the traveler ascends by a road carried on a cornice above the Ticino, which precipitates itself between the rocks with the greatest violence. I made the ascent on foot, in order to examine with care the beautiful rocks, worthy of all the attention of a rock-lover. The veins of that granite form in many places redoubled zigzags, precisely like the ancient tapestries known as point of Hungary, and there it is impossible to say whether the veins of the stone are, or are not, parallel to the beds; while finally I observed several beds which in the middle of their thickness appeared filled with veins in zigzag, while near their borders they were arranged all in straight lines. This observation proves that the zigzags are the effect of crystallization, and not that of a compression of the beds when they were in a state of softness. In effect, the middle of a bed could not be pushed together (‘*refoulé*’) unless the upper and lower parts of it were pushed at the same time.”

This conclusive remark of Saussure renders debate impossible respecting the cause of the contortions of gneiss on a small scale; and a very few experiments with clay, dough, or any other ductile substance, such as those of which I have figured the results in the VIth plate of “*Deucalion*,” will prove, what otherwise is evident on sufficient reflection, that minutely rhythmic undulations of beds cannot be obtained by compression on a large scale. But I am myself prepared to go much farther than this. During half a century of various march among the Alps, I never saw the gneiss yet, which I could believe to have been wrinkled by pressure, and so far am I disposed to carry this denial of external force, that I live in hopes of hearing the Matterhorn itself, whose contorted beds I engraved thirty years ago in the fourth volume of “*Modern Painters*” (the book is laid on the table, open at the plate), pronounced by the Mineralogical Society to be nothing else than a large gneissitic crystal, curiously cut!

Whether this hope be vain or not, I believe it will soon be felt by the members of this Society, that an immense field of observation is opened to them by recent chemistry, peculiarly their own: and that mineralogy, instead of being merely the servant of geology, must be ultimately her guide. No movement of rocks on a large scale can ever be explained until we understand rightly the formation of a quartz vein, and the growth, to take the most familiar of fusible minerals, of an ice-crystal.*

And I would especially plead with the younger members of the Society, that they should quit themselves of the idea that they need large laboratories, fine microscopes, or rare minerals, for the effective pursuit of their science. A quick eye, a candid mind, and an earnest heart, are all the microscopes and laboratories which any of us need; and with a little clay, sand, salt, and sugar a man may find out more of the methods of geological phenomenon than ever were known to Sir Charles Lyell. Of the interest and entertainment of such unpretending science I hope the children of this generation may know more than their fathers, and that the study of the Earth, which hitherto has shown them little more than the monsters of a chaotic past, may at last interpret for them the beautiful work of the creative present, and lead them day by day to find a loveliness, till then unthought of, in the rock, and a value, till then uncounted, in the gem.

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER I.

I believe that one of the causes which has prevented my writings on subjects of science from obtaining the influence with the public which they have accorded to those on art, though precisely the same faculties of eye and mind are concerned in the analysis of natural and of pictorial forms, may have been my constant practice of teaching by question rather than assertion. So far as I am able, I will henceforward mend this fault as I best may; beginning

* A translation into English of Dr. Schumacher's admirable essay, *Die Krystallisation des Eises*, Leipzig, 1844, is extremely desirable.

here with the assertion of the four facts for which, being after long observation convinced of them, I claim now, as I said in the Preface, the dignity of Discoveries.

I. That a large number of agates, and other siliceous substances, hitherto supposed to be rolled pebbles in a conglomerate paste, are in truth crystalline secretions out of that paste in situ, as garnets out of mica-slate.

II. That a large number of agates, hitherto supposed to be formed by broken fragments of older agate, cemented by a gelatinous chalcedony, are indeed secretions out of a siliceous fluid containing miscellaneous elements, and their apparent fractures are indeed produced by the same kind of tranquil division which terminates the bands in banded flints.

III. That the contortions in gneiss and other metamorphic rocks, constantly ascribed by geologists to pressure, are only modes of crystallization.

And IV. That many of the faults and contortions produced on a large scale in metamorphic rocks are owing to the quiet operation of similar causes.

These four principles, as aforesaid, I have indeed worked out and discovered for myself, not in hasty rivalry with other mineralogists, but continually laying before them what evidence I had noted, and praying them to carry forward the inquiry themselves. Finding they would not, I have given much time this year to the collection of the data in my journals, and to the arrangement of various collections of siliceous and metallic minerals, illustrating such phenomena, of which the primary one is that just completed and catalogued in the British Museum (Nat. Hist.), instituting there, by the permission of the Trustees, the description of specimens by separate numbers; the next in importance is that at St. George's Museum in Sheffield; the third is one which I presented this spring to the Museum of Kirkcudbright; the fourth that placed at St. David's School, Reigate; and a fifth is in course of arrangement for the Mechanics' Institute here at Coniston; the sixth, described in the preceding chapter, may probably, with some modification, be placed at Edinburgh, but remains for the present at Brantwood, with unchanged numbers.

The six catalogues describing these collections will enable any student to follow out the history of siliceous minerals with reference to the best possible cabinet examples; but for a guide to their localities and the modes of their occurrence, he will find the following extracts from Pinkerton's "Petralogy," * more useful than

* Two vols. 8vo, Cochrane & Co., Fleet Street, 1811. A quite invaluable book for clearness of description, usefulness of suggestion, and extent of geognostic

anything in modern books; and I am entirely happy to find that my above-claimed discoveries were all anticipated by him, and are, by his close descriptions, in all points confirmed. His general term "Glutenites," for stones apparently formed of cemented fragments, entirely deserves restoration and future acceptance.

"The division of glutenites into bricias and pudding-stones, the former consisting of angular fragments, the latter of round or oval pebbles, would not be unadvisable, were it in strict conformity with nature. But there are many rocks of this kind; as, for example, the celebrated Egyptian bricia, in which the fragments are partly round and partly angular; while the term glutenite is liable to no such objections, and the several structures identify the various substances.

"The celebrated English pudding-stone, found nowhere in the world but in Hertfordshire, appears to me to be rather an original rock, formed in the manner of amygdalites, because the pebbles do not seem to have been rolled by water, which would have worn off the substances in various directions; while, on the contrary, the white, black, brown, or red circlelets, are always entire, and parallel with the surface, like those of agates. Pebbles, therefore, instead of being united to form such rocks, may, in many circumstances, proceed from their decomposition; the circumjacent sand also arising from the decomposition of the cement.

"Mountains or regions of real glutenite often, however, accompany the skirts of extensive chains of mountains, as on the northwest and southeast sides of the Grampian mountains in Scotland, in which instance the cement is affirmed by many travelers to be ferruginous, or sometimes argillaceous. The largeness or minuteness of the pebbles or particles cannot be said to alter the nature of the substance; so that a fine sandstone is also a glutenite, if viewed by the microscope. They may be divided into two structures: the large-grained, comprising bricias and pudding-stones; and the small-grained, or sandstones.

"At Dunstaffnage, in Scotland,* romantic rocks of a singularly abrupt appearance, in some parts resembling walls, are formed by glutenite, in which the kernels consist of white quartz, with green or black trap porphyries, and basalts.

"In the glutenite from the south of the Grampians, from Ayrshire, from Inglestone Bridge, on the road between Edinburgh and

reference. It has twenty beautiful little vignettes also, which are models of steel engraving.

* For convenience in quotation, I occasionally alter Pinkerton's phrases—but, it will be found by reference to the original, without the slightest change in, or loss of, their meaning.

Lanark, the cement is often siliceous, as in those at the foot of the Alps observed by Saussure.

“Another glutenite consists of fragments of granite, cemented by trap.

“Siderous glutenite, or pudding-stone of the most modern formation, is formed around cannon, pistols, and other instruments of iron, by the sand of the sea.

“Glutenite of small quartz pebbles, in a red ferruginous cement, is found in the coal mines near Bristol, etc.

“Porphyritic bricia (*Linn. u Gmelin.* 247), from Dalecarlia in Sweden, and Saxony. Calton-hill, Edinburgh?

“The entirely siliceous glutenites will comprehend many important substances of various structures, from the celebrated Egyptian bricia, containing large pebbles of jasper, granite, porphyry, to the siliceous sandstone of Stonehenge. These glutenites are of various formations; and the pudding-stone of England would rather seem, as already mentioned, to be an original rock, the pebbles or rather kernels having no appearance of having been rolled in water. Patrin* has expressed the same idea concerning those pudding-stones which so much embarrassed Saussure, as he found their beds in a vertical position, while he argues that they could only have been formed on a horizontal level. This curious question might, as would seem, be easily decided by examining if the kernels had been rolled, or if, on the contrary, they retain their uniform concentric tints observable in the pudding-stone of England, and well represented in the specimen which Patrin has engraved. But the same idea had arisen to me before I had seen Patrin's ingenious system of mineralogy. In like manner rocks now universally admitted to consist of granular quartz, or that substance crystallized in the form of sand, were formerly supposed to consist of sand agglutinated. Several primitive rocks contain glands of the same substance, and that great observer, Saussure, has called them Glandulites, an useful denomination when the glands are of the same substance with the rock; while Amygdalites are those rocks which contain kernels of quite a different nature. He observes, that in such a rock a central point of crystallization may attract the circumjacent matter into a round or oval form, perfectly defined and distinct; while other parts of the substance, having no point of attraction, may coalesce into a mass. The agency of iron may also be suspected, that metal, as appears from its ores, often occurring in detached round and oval forms of many sizes, and even a small proportion having a great power.

“On the other hand, many kinds of pudding-stone consist merely of rounded pebbles. Saussure describes the Rigiberg, near the Lake of Lucerne, a mountain not less than 5,800 feet in height above

the sea, and said to be eight leagues in circumference, which consists entirely of rolled pebbles, and among them some of pudding-stone, probably original, disposed in regular layers, and embedded in a calcareous cement. The pudding rocks around the great lake Baikal, in the center of Asia, present the same phenomenon; but it has not been observed whether the fragments be of an original or derivative rock.

"The siliceous sandstones form another important division of this class. They may sometimes, as already mentioned, be confounded with granular quartz, which must be regarded as a primary crystallization. The sand, which has also been found in micaceous schistus, and at a vast depth in many mines, may be well regarded as belonging to this formation; for it is well known that, if the crystallization be much disturbed, the substance will descend in small irregular particles.

"Siliceous sandstones are far more uncommon than the calcareous or argillaceous. The limits of the chalk country in England are singularly marked by large masses of siliceous sandstone, irregularly dispersed. Those of Stonehenge afford remarkable examples of the size and nature of those fragments, but the original rock has not been discovered. Trap or basaltin often reposes on siliceous sandstone.

"But the most eminent and singular pudding-stones are those occurring in Egypt, in the celebrated bricia of the Valley of Cosseir, and in the siliceous bricia of the same chain, in which are embedded those curious pebbles known by the name of Egyptian jasper; and which also sometimes contain agates. Bricias, with red jasper, also occur in France, Switzerland, and other countries; but the cement is friable, and they seldom take a good polish. All these rocks present both round and angular fragments, which shows that the division into bricias and pudding-stones cannot be accepted: a better division, when properly ascertained, would be into original and derivative glutenites. In a geological point of view, the most remarkable pudding-stones, which might more classically be called Kollanites, from the Greek,* are those which border the chains of primitive mountains, as already mentioned. The English Hertfordshire pudding-stone is unique, and beautiful specimens are highly valued in France, and other countries. It is certainly an original rock, arising from a peculiar crystallization, being composed of round and oval kernels of a red, yellow, brown, or gray tint, in a base consisting of particles of the same, united by a siliceous cement.

"Of small-grained argillaceous glutenite, the most celebrated rock is the Grison, or Bergmanite, just mentioned, being composed

* Κολλα, cement; the more proper, as it also implies iron, often the chief agent.

of grains of sand, various in size, sometimes even kernels of quartz; which, with occasional bits of hard clay slate, are embedded in an argillaceous cement, of the nature of common gray clay slate. When the particles are very fine, it assumes the slaty structure, and forms the grauwack slate of the Germans. It is the chief of Werner's transitive rocks, nearly approaching to the primitive; while at the same time it sometimes contains shells and other petrifications.

"This important rock was formerly considered as being almost peculiar to the Hartz, where it contains the richest mines; but has since been observed in many other countries. The slaty grison, or Bergmanite, has been confounded with a clay slate, and we are obliged to Mr. Jameson for the following distinctions: 1. It is commonly of a bluish, ash, or smoke gray, and rarely presents the greenish or light yellowish-gray color of primitive clay slate. 2. Its luster is sometimes glimmering from specks of mica, but it never shows the silky luster of clay slate. 3. It never presents siderite nor garnets. 4. It alternates with massive grauwack. But is not the chief distinction its aspect of a sandstone, which has led to the trivial French name of *grès-gris*, and the English *rubble-stone*, which may imply that it was formed of rubbed fragments, or of the rubbish of other rocks? The fracture is also different; and three specimens of various fineness, which I received from Daubuisson, at Paris, could never be confounded with clay slate.

"This rock is uncommonly productive of metals, not only in beds but also in veins, which latter are frequently of great magnitude. Thus almost the whole of the mines in the Hartz are situated in graywacke. These mines afford principally argentiferous lead-glance, which is usually accompanied with blend, fahl ore, black silver ore, and copper pyrites. A more particular examination discloses several distinct venigenous formations that traverse the mountains of the Hartz. The graywacke of the Saxon Erzgebirge, of the Rhine at Rheinbreidenbach, Andernach, etc., of Leogang in Salzburg, is rich in ores, particularly those of lead and copper. At Vorospatak and Facebay, in Transylvania, the graywacke is traversed by numerous small veins of gold."

These passages from Pinkerton, with those translated at p. 9 from Saussure, are enough to do justice to the clear insight of old geologists, respecting matters still at issue among younger ones; and I must therefore ask the reader's patience with the hesitating assertions in the following chapters of many points on which a wider acquaintance with the writings of the true Fathers of the science might have enabled me to speak with grateful confidence.

CHAPTER II.

THE DRY LAND.*

“And God said, Let the waters which are under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear.”

WE do not, perhaps, often enough consider the deep significance of this sentence. We are too apt to receive it as the description of an event vaster only in its extent, not in its nature, than the compelling the Red Sea to draw back, that Israel might pass by. We imagine the Deity in like manner rolling the waves of the greater ocean together on an heap, and setting bars and doors to them eternally.

But there is a far deeper meaning than this in the solemn words of Genesis, and in the correspondent verse of the Psalm, “His hands prepared the dry land.” Up to that moment the earth had been *void*, for it had been *without form*. The command that the waters should be *gathered*, was the command that the earth should be *sculptured*. The sea was not driven to his place in suddenly restrained rebellion, but withdrawn to his place in perfect and patient obedience. The dry land appeared, not in level sands, forsaken by the surges, which those surges might again claim for their own; but in range beyond range of swelling hill and iron rock, forever to claim kindred with the firmament, and be companioned by the clouds of heaven.

2. What space of time was in reality occupied by the “day” of Genesis, is not, at present, of any importance for us to consider. By what furnaces of fire the adamant was melted, and by what wheels of earthquake it was torn, and by what teeth of glacier† and weight of sea-waves it was en-

* “Modern Painters,” Vol. IV., chap. vii.

† Though I had already learned from James Forbes the laws of glacier motion, I still fancied that ice could drive embedded blocks

graven and finished into its perfect form, we may perhaps hereafter endeavor to conjecture; but here, as in few words the work is summed by the historian, so in few broad thoughts it should be comprehended by us; and as we read the mighty sentence, "Let the dry land appear," we should try to follow the finger of God, as it engraved upon the stone tables of the earth the letters and the law of its everlasting form; as, gulf by gulf, the channels of the deep were plowed; and, cape by cape, the lines were traced, with Divine foreknowledge, of the shores that were to limit the nations; and, chain by chain, the mountain walls were lengthened forth, and their foundations fastened forever; and the compass was set upon the face of the depth, and the fields, and the highest part of the dust of the world were made; and the right hand of Christ first strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary.

3. It is not, I repeat, always needful, in many respects it is not possible, to conjecture the manner, or the time, in which this work was done; but it is deeply necessary for all men to consider the magnificence of the accomplished purpose, and the depth of the wisdom and love which are manifested in the ordinances of the hills. For observe, in order to bring the world into the form which it now bears, it was not mere *sculpture* that was needed; the mountains could not stand for a day unless they were formed of materials altogether different from those which constitute the lower hills, and the surfaces of the valleys. A harder substance had to be prepared for every mountain chain; yet not so hard but that it might be capable of crumbling down into earth fit to nourish the Alpine forest and the Alpine flower; not so hard but that, in the midst of the utinost majesty of its enthroned strength, there should be seen on it the seal of death, and the writing of the same sentence that had gone forth against the human frame, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." *

and wear down rock surfaces. See for correction of this error, *Arrows of the Chace*, vol. i., and *Deucalion*, *passim*.

* "Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock

And with this perishable substance the most majestic forms were to be framed that were consistent with the safety of man; and the peak was to be lifted, and the cliff rent, as high and as steeply as was possible, in order yet to permit the shepherd to feed his flocks upon the slope, and the cottage to nestle beneath their shadow.

4. And observe, two distinct ends were to be accomplished in the doing this. It was, indeed, absolutely necessary that such eminences should be created, in order to fit the earth in any wise for human habitation; for without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained, and the earth must have become for the most part desert plain, or stagnant marsh. But the feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment—are their higher missions. They are as a great and noble architecture; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend. It is impossible to examine in their connected system the features of even the most ordinary mountain scenery, without concluding that it has been prepared in order to unite, as far as possible, and in the closest compass, every means of delighting and sanctifying the heart of man. "As far as *possible*;" that is, as far as is consistent with the fulfillment of the sentence of condemnation on the whole earth. Death must be upon the hills; and the cruelty of the tempests smite them, and the brier and thorn spring up upon them: but they so smite, as to bring their rocks into the fairest forms; and so spring, as to make the very desert blossom as the rose. Even among our own hills of Scotland and Cumberland, though often too barren to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how many deep sources of delight are

is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones: thou washest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth, and thou destroyest the hope of man."—*Job* xiv. 18, 19.

gathered into the compass of their glens and vales; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her everlasting beneficence with a profusion so patient, so passionate, that our utmost observance and thankfulness are but, at last, neglect of her nobleness, and apathy to her love.

But among the true mountains of the greater orders the Divine purpose of appeal at once to all the faculties of the human spirit becomes still more manifest. Inferior hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet; the gray downs of southern England, and treeless coteaux of central France, and gray swells of Scottish moor, whatever peculiar charm they may possess in themselves, are at least destitute of those which belong to the woods and fields of the lowlands. But the great mountains *lift* the lowlands *on their sides*. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all

its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change: the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree: the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plow, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.

5. And although this beauty seems at first, in its wildness, inconsistent with the service of man, it is in fact more necessary to his happy existence than all the level and easily subdued land which he rejoices to possess. It seems almost an insult to the reader's intelligence to ask him to dwell (as if they could be doubted) on the uses of the hills, and yet so little until lately have those uses been understood that, in the seventeenth century, one of the most enlightened of the religious men of his day (Fleming), himself a native of a mountain country, casting about for some reason to explain to himself the existence of mountains, and prove their harmony with the providential government of creation, can light upon this reason only, "They are inhabited by the beasts."

6. It may not, therefore, even at this day, be profitless to review briefly the nature of the three great offices which mountain ranges are appointed to fulfill, in order to preserve the health and increase the happiness of mankind.

I. Their first use is of course *to give motion to* (fresh) *water.*

Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play and purity and power to the ordained elevations of the Earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary, before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage; and how seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign; that the dew and rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find *no* resting-place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests down which they roar in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture, round which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies; paths prepared for them, by which, at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, but never pausing; the daily portion of the earth they have to glide over marked for them at each successive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from far off, the great heart of the sea calling them to itself! Deep calleth unto deep.

I know not which of the two is the more wonderful,—that calm, gradated, invisible slope * of the champaign land, which gives motion to the stream; or that passage cloven for it through the ranks of hill, which, necessary for the health of

* (Only true on a large scale. I have perhaps not allowed enough for the mere secession of flowing water, supplying the evaporation of the sea, whether the plains be level or not;—it must find its way to the place where there *is* a fall, as through a mill pond to the weir.)

the land immediately around them, would yet, unless so supernaturally divided, have fatally intercepted the flow of the waters from far-off countries. When did the great spirit of the river first knock at those adamantine gates? When did the porter open to it, and cast his keys away forever, lapped in whirling sand? I am not satisfied—no one should be satisfied with that vague answer—the river *cut* its way. Not so. The river *found* its way.* I do not see that rivers, in their own strength, can do much in cutting their way; they are nearly as apt to choke their channels up, as to carve them out. Only give a river some little sudden power in a valley, and see how it will use it. Cut itself a bed? Not so, by any means, but fill up its bed, and look for another, in a wild, dissatisfied, inconsistent manner. Any way, rather than the old one, will better please it; and even if it is banked up and forced to keep to the old one, it will not deepen, but do all it can to raise it, and leap out of it. And although, wherever water has a steep fall, it will swiftly cut itself a bed deep into the rock or ground, it will not, when the rock is hard, cut a wider channel than it actually needs; so that if the existing river beds, through ranges of mountain, had in reality been cut by the streams, they would be found, wherever the rocks are hard, only in the form of narrow and profound ravines—like the well-known channel of the Niagara, below the fall; not in that of extended valleys. And the actual work of true mountain rivers, though often much greater in proportion to their body of water than that of the Niagara, is quite insignificant when compared with the area and depth of the valleys through which they flow; so that, although in many cases it appears that those larger valleys have been excavated at earlier periods by more powerful streams, or by the existing stream in a more powerful condition, still the great fact remains always equally plain, and equally admirable, that,

* (It is very delightful to me,—at least to the proud spirit in me,—to find myself thus early perceiving and clearly announcing a fact of which modern geology is still incognizant; see the postscript to this chapter.)

whatever the nature and duration of the agencies employed, the earth was so shaped at first as to direct the currents of its rivers in the manner most healthy and convenient for man. The valley of the Rhone may, though it is not likely, have been in great part excavated in early time by torrents a thousand times larger than the Rhone; but it could not have been excavated at all, unless the mountains had been thrown at first into two chains, between which the torrents were set to work in a given direction. And it is easy to conceive how, under any less beneficent dispositions of their masses of hill, the continents of the earth might either have been covered with enormous lakes, as parts of North America actually are covered; or have become wildernesses of pestiferous marsh; or lifeless plains, upon which the water would have dried as it fell, leaving them for great part of the year desert. Such districts do exist, and exist in vastness; the *whole* earth is not prepared for the habitation of man; only certain small portions are prepared for him—the houses, as it were, of the human race, from which they are to look abroad upon the rest of the world, not to wonder or complain that it is not all house, but to be grateful for the kindness of the admirable building, in the house itself, as compared with the rest. It would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit, as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is. As much as we shall ever need is evidently assigned to us for our dwelling-place; the rest, covered with rolling waves or drifting sands, fretted with ice, or crested with fire, is set before us for contemplation in an uninhabitable magnificence; and that part which we are enabled to inhabit owes its fitness for human life chiefly to its mountain ranges, which, throwing the superfluous rain off as it falls, collect it in streams or lakes, and guide it into given places, and in given directions; so that men can build their cities in the midst of fields which they know will be always fertile, and establish the lines of their commerce upon streams which will not fail.

7. Nor is this giving of motion to water to be considered

as confined only to the *surface* of the earth. A no less important function of the hills is in directing the flow of the fountains and springs, from subterranean reservoirs. There is no miraculous springing up of water out of the ground at our feet; but every fountain and well is supplied from a reservoir among the hills, so placed as to involve some slight fall or pressure, enough to secure the constant flowing of the stream. And the incalculable blessing of the power given to us in most valleys, of reaching by excavation some point whence the water will rise to the surface of the ground in perennial flow, is entirely owing to the concave disposition of the beds of clay or rock raised from beneath the bosom of the valley into ranks of inclosing hills.

8. II. The second great use of mountains is to maintain a constant change in the currents and nature of the *air*. Such change would, of course, have been partly caused by differences in soils and vegetation, even if the earth had been level; but to a far less extent than it is now by the chains of hills, which, exposing on one side their masses of rock to the full heat of the sun (increased by the angle at which the rays strike on the slope), and on the other casting a soft shadow for leagues over the plains at their feet, divide the earth not only into districts, but into climates, and cause perpetual currents of air to traverse their passes,* and ascend or descend their ravines, altering both the temperature and nature of the air as it passes, in a thousand different ways; moistening it with the spray of their waterfalls, sucking it down and beating it hither and thither in the pools of their torrents, closing it within clefts and caves, where the sunbeams never reach, till it is as cold as November mists, then sending it forth again to breathe softly across the slopes of velvet fields, or to be scorched among sunburnt shales and grassless crags; then drawing it back in moaning swirls through clefts of ice, and up into dewy wreaths above the snow-fields; then piercing it

* This second division of my subject, compressed into one paragraph, is treated with curious insufficiency. See again postscript to this chapter

with strange electric darts and flashes of mountain fire, and tossing it high in fantastic storm-cloud, as the dried grass is tossed by the mower, only suffering it to depart at last, when chastened and pure, to refresh the faded air of the far-off plains.

9. III. The third great use of mountains is to cause perpetual change in the *soils* of the earth. Without such provision, the ground under cultivation would in a series of years become exhausted, and require to be upturned laboriously by the hand of man. But the elevations of the earth's surface provide for it a perpetual renovation. The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments and to be cast down in sheets of massy rock, full, as we shall see presently, of every substance necessary for the nourishment of plants; these fallen fragments are again broken by frost, and ground by torrents, into various conditions of sand and clay—materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain's base. Every shower which swells the rivulets enables their waters to carry certain portions of earth into new positions, and exposes new banks of ground to be mined in their turn. That turbid foaming of the angry water—that tearing down of bank and rock along the flanks of its fury—are no disturbances of the kind course of nature; they are beneficent operations of laws necessary to the existence of man and to the beauty of the earth. The process is continued more gently, but not less effectively, over all the surface of the lower undulating country; and each filtering thread of summer rain which trickles through the short turf of the uplands is bearing its own appointed burden of earth to be thrown down on some new natural garden in the dingles below.

And it is not, in reality, a degrading, but a true, large, and ennobling view of the mountain ranges of the world, if we compare them to heaps of fertile and fresh earth, laid up by a prudent gardener beside his garden beds, whence, at intervals, he casts on them some scattering of new and virgin ground. That which we so often lament as convulsion or

destruction is nothing else * than the momentary shaking of the dust from the spade. The winter floods, which inflict a temporary devastation, bear with them the elements of succeeding fertility; the fruitful field is covered with sand and shingle in momentary judgment, but in enduring mercy; and the great river, which chokes its mouth with marsh, and tosses terror along its shore, is but scattering the seeds of the harvests of futurity, and preparing the seats of unborn generations.

10. I have not spoken of the local and peculiar utilities of mountains; I do not count the benefit of the supply of summer streams from the moors of the higher ranges—of the various medicinal plants which are nested among their rocks—of the delicate pasturage which they furnish for cattle †—of the forests in which they bear timber for shipping—the stones they supply for building, or the ores of metal which they collect into spots open to discovery, and easy for working. All these benefits are of a secondary or a limited nature. But the three great functions which I have just described—those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth—are indispensable to human existence; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit, or the seed multiply itself in the earth. And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountains, which, in nearly all ages of the world, men have looked upon with aversion or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are, in reality, sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulness of the plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea;

* (I should call it a good deal else, now! but must leave the text untouched; being, in its statements of pure fact—putting its theology aside for the moment—quite one of the best pieces I have ever done.)

† The *highest* pasturages (at least so say the Savoyards) being always the best and richest.

but we associate them unjustly. The sea wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted toward heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy; and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other, unshaken in its faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism,

“THY JUSTICE IS LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS:
 THY JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP.”

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER II.

The subject of erosion by water, referred to in the note at p. 178, is treated of at length in the 12th chapter of “Deucalion,” of which the conclusions may be summed in the warning to young geologists not to suppose that because Shanklin Chine was “chined” by its central gutter, therefore Salisbury Craigs were cut out by the Water of Leith—Ingleborough by the Ribble, or Monte Rosa by the Rhone.

The subject has since been farther illustrated by the admirable drawings and sections given by Mr. Collingwood in his “Limestone Alps of Savoy,” 1884.

The paragraph at p. 180 is chiefly, and enormously, defective in speaking only of the changes effected by mountains in the nature of air, and not following out their good offices in lifting the mountaineer nations to live in the air they purify, or rise into, already pure.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE MATERIALS OF MOUNTAINS.*

IN the early days of geological science the substances which composed the crust of the earth, as far as it could be examined, were supposed to be referable to three distinct classes: the first consisting of rocks which not only supported

* “Modern Painters.” Part V., the beginning of chap. viii.

all the rest, but from which all the rest were derived, therefore called "Primary;" the second class consisting of rock formed of the broken fragments or altered substance of the primary ones, therefore called "Secondary;" and, thirdly, rocks or earthly deposits formed by the ruins and detritus of both primary and secondary rocks, called therefore "Tertiary." This classification was always, in some degree, uncertain; and has been lately superseded by more complicated systems, founded on the character of the fossils contained in the various deposits, and on the circumstances of position, by which their relative ages are more accurately ascertainable. But the original rude classification, though of little, if any, use for scientific purposes, was based on certain broad and conspicuous phenomena, which it brought clearly before the popular mind. In this way it may still be serviceable, and ought, I think, to be permitted to retain its place, as an introduction to systems more defined and authoritative.*

2. For the fact is, that in approaching any large mountain range, the ground over which the spectator passes, if he examine it with any intelligence, will almost always arrange itself in his mind under three great heads. There will be, first, the ground of the plains or valleys he is about to quit, composed of sand, clay, gravel, rolled stones, and variously mingled soils; which, when there is opportunity, at the banks of a stream, or the sides of a railway cutting, to examine to any depth, he will find arranged in beds exactly resembling those of modern sandbanks or sea-beaches, and appearing to have been formed under natural laws such as are in operation daily around us. At the outskirts of the hill district, he may, perhaps, find considerable eminences, formed of these beds of loose gravel and sand; but, as he enters into it farther, he will soon discover the hills to be composed of some harder

* I am still entirely of this opinion. See postscript to chapter. These opening paragraphs are to my mind extremely well put, and should be read to young people by their tutors as an introduction to geological study. I have here and there retouched a loose sentence, and leave them as good as I could do now.

substance, properly deserving the name of rock, sustaining itself in picturesque forms, and appearing, at first, to owe both its hardness and its outlines to the action of laws such as do not hold at the present day. He can easily explain the nature, and account for the distribution, of the banks which overhang the lowland road, or of the dark earthy deposits which enrich the lowland pasture; but he cannot so distinctly imagine how the limestone hills of Derbyshire and Yorkshire were hardened into their stubborn whiteness, or raised into their cavernous cliffs. Still, if he carefully examine the substance of these more noble rocks, he will, in nine cases out of ten, discover them to be composed of fine calcareous dust, or closely united particles of sand; and will be ready to accept as possible, or even probable, the suggestion of their having been formed, by slow deposit, at the bottom of deep lakes and ancient seas, and then gradually consolidated under such laws of Nature as are still in operation.

3. But, as he advances yet farther into the hill district, he finds the rocks around him assuming a gloomier and more majestic condition. Their tint darkens; their outlines become wild and irregular; and whereas before they had only appeared at the roadside in narrow ledges among the turf, or glanced out from among the thickets above the brooks in white walls and fantastic towers, they now rear themselves up in solemn and shattered masses far and near; softened, indeed, with strange harmony of clouded* colors, but possessing the whole scene with their iron spirit; and rising, in all probability, into eminences as much prouder in actual elevation than those of the intermediate rocks, as more powerful in their influence over every minor feature of the landscape.

* "*Clouded*" referring to the peculiar softness and richness of the dark lichens on many primitive rocks, as opposed to the whiteness or gray yellow of many among the secondaries. "*Iron spirit*," just after, meaning a strength having the toughness of iron in it, unassailable; but I find with pleasant surprise in extremely "*Old English*" geology, a large family of these rocks called "*siderous*," from the quantity of latent iron they contain.

4. And when the traveler proceeds to observe closely the materials of which these nobler ranges are composed, he finds also a complete change in their internal structure. They are no longer formed of delicate sand or dust—each particle of that dust the same as every other, and the whole mass depending for its hardness merely on their closely cemented unity; but they are now formed of several distinct substances visibly unlike each other; and not *pressed*, but *crystallized* into one mass—crystallized into a unity far more perfect than that of the dusty limestone, but yet without the least mingling of their several natures with each other. Such a rock, freshly broken, has a spotty, granulated, and, in almost all instances, sparkling, appearance; it requires a much harder blow to break it than the limestone or sandstone; but when once thoroughly shattered, it is easy to separate from each other the various substances of which it is composed, and to examine them in their individual grains or crystals; of which each variety will be found to have a different degree of hardness, a different shade of color, a different character of form, and a different chemical composition.

But this examination will not enable the observer to comprehend the method either of their formation or aggregation, at least by any process such as he now sees taking place around him; he will at once be driven to admit that some strange and powerful operation has taken place upon these rocks, different from any of which he is at present cognizant.*

5. Now, although these three great groups of rocks do indeed often pass into each other by imperceptible gradations, and although their peculiar aspect is never a severe indication of their relative ages, yet their characters are for the most part so defined as to make a strong impression on the mind

* The original text proceeded thus—"and farther inquiry will probably induce him to admit, as more than probable, the supposition that their structure is in great part owing to the action of enormous heat prolonged for indefinite periods"—which sentence I remove into this note to prevent the lucidity and straightforward descriptive truth of these paragraphs to be soiled with conjecture.

of an ordinary observer; and their age is also for the most part approximately indicated by their degrees of hardness and crystalline aspect. It does, indeed, sometimes * happen that a soft and slimy clay will pass into a rock like Aberdeen granite by transitions so subtle that no point of separation can be determined; and it very often happens that rocks like Aberdeen granite are of more recent formation than certain beds of sandstone and limestone. But in spite of all these uncertainties and exceptions, I believe that unless actual pains be taken to efface from the mind its natural impressions, the idea of three great classes of rocks and earth will maintain its ground in the thoughts of the generally intelligent observer; that, whether he desire it or not, he will find himself throwing the soft and loose clays and sands together under one head; placing the hard rocks, of a dull, compact, homogeneous substance, under another head; and the hardest rocks, of a crystalline, glittering, and various substance, under a third head; and having done this, he will also find that, with certain easily admissible exceptions, these three classes of rocks are, in every district which he examines, of three different ages; that the softest are the youngest, the hard and homogeneous ones are older, and the crystalline are the oldest; and he will, perhaps, in the end, find it a somewhat inconvenient piece of respect to the complexity and accuracy of modern geological science, if he refuse to the three classes, thus defined in his imagination, their ancient titles of Tertiary, Secondary, and Primary.

6. But however this may be, there is one lesson evidently intended to be taught by the different characters of these rocks, which we must not allow to escape us. We have to observe, first, the state of perfect powerlessness, and loss of all beauty, exhibited in those beds of earth in which the separated pieces or particles are entirely independent of each other, more especially in the gravel whose pebbles have all been *rolled into one shape*; secondly, the greater degree of

* Very rarely! I forget what instance I was thinking of—*anyhow* the sentence is too strongly put.

permanence, power, and beauty possessed by the rocks whose component atoms have some affection and attraction for each other, though all of one kind; and, lastly, the utmost form and highest beauty of the rocks in which the several atoms have all *different shapes, characters, and offices*; but are inseparably united by some fiery, or baptismal,* process which has purified them all.

It can hardly be necessary to point out how these natural ordinances seem intended † to teach us the great truths which are the basis of all political science; how the polishing friction which separates, the affection that binds, and the affliction that fuses and confirms, are accurately symbolized by the processes to which the several ranks of hills appear to owe their present aspect; and how, even if the knowledge of those processes be denied to us, that present aspect may in itself seem no imperfect image of the various states of mankind: first, that which is powerless through total disorganization; secondly, that which, though united, and in some degree powerful, is yet incapable of great effort, or result, owing to the too great similarity and confusion of offices, both in ranks and individuals, and finally, the perfect state of brotherhood and strength in which each character is clearly distinguished, separately perfected, and employed in its proper place and office.

7. I shall not, however, so oppose myself to the views of our leading geologists as to retain here the names of Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary rocks. But as I wish the reader to keep the ideas of the three classes clearly in his mind, I will ask his leave to give them names which involve no theory, and can be liable, therefore, to no grave objections. We will call the hard, and (generally) central, masses, Crystalline Rocks, because they almost always present an appearance of

* The words "or baptismal" now inserted.

† Most people being unable to imagine intention under the guise of fixed law, I should have said now, rather than "seem intended to teach us," "*do*, if we will consider them, teach us." See however, below, the old note to § 9. This 6th paragraph is the germ, or rather bulb, of Ethics of the Dust.

crystallization.* The less hard substances, which appear compact and homogeneous, we will call Coherent Rocks, and for the scattered débris we will use the general term Diluvium.

8. All these orders of substance agree in one character, that of being more or less frangible or soluble. One material, indeed, which enters largely into the composition of most of them, *flint*, is harder than iron; but even this, their chief source of strength, is easily broken by a sudden blow; and it is so combined in the large rocks with softer substances, that time and the violence or chemical agency of the weather invariably produce certain destructive effects on their masses. Some of them become soft, and molder away; others break, little by little, into angular fragments or slaty sheets; but all yield in some way or other; and the problem to be solved in every mountain range appears to be, that under these conditions of decay, the cliffs and peaks may be raised as high and thrown into as noble forms, as is possible, consistently with an effective, though not perfect, permanence, and a general, though not absolute, security.

9. Perfect permanence and absolute security were evidently in nowise intended.† It would have been as easy for the Creator to have made mountains of steel as of granite, of adamant as of stone; but this was clearly no part of the Di-

* Not strongly enough put, this time. They always are crystalline, whether they present the appearance of it or not.

† I am well aware that to the minds of many persons nothing bears a greater appearance of presumption than any attempt at reasoning respecting the purposes of the Divine Being; and that in many cases it would be thought more consistent with the modesty of humanity to limit its endeavor to the ascertaining of physical causes than to form conjectures respecting Divine intentions. But I believe this feeling to be false and dangerous. Wisdom can only be demonstrated in its ends, and goodness only perceived in its motives. He who in a morbid modesty supposes that he is incapable of apprehending any of the purposes of God renders himself also incapable of witnessing His wisdom; and he who supposes that favors may be bestowed without intention will soon learn to receive them without gratitude.

vine counsels: mountains were to be destructible and frail—to melt under the soft lambency of the streamlet, to shiver before the subtle wedge of the frost, to wither with untraceable decay in their own substance—and yet, under all these conditions of destruction, to be maintained in magnificent eminence before the eyes of men.

Nor is it in anywise difficult for us to perceive the beneficent reasons for this appointed frailness of the mountains. They appear to be threefold: the first, and the most important, that successive soils might be supplied to the plains, in the manner explained in the last chapter, and that men might be furnished with a material for their works of architecture and sculpture, at once soft enough to be subdued, and hard enough to be preserved; the second, that some sense of danger might always be connected with the most precipitous forms, and thus increase their sublimity; and the third, that a subject of perpetual interest might be opened to the human mind in observing the changes of form brought about by time on these monuments of Creation.

10. In order, therefore, to understand the method in which these various substances break, so as to produce the forms which are of chief importance in landscape, as well as the exquisite adaptation of all their qualities to the service of men, it will be well that I should take some note of them in their order; not with any far-followed mineralogical detail, but with care enough to enable me hereafter to explain, without obscurity, any phenomena dependent upon such peculiarities of substance.

(I have cut the eighth chapter of the old book in half here, for better arrangement of subject. The reader will perhaps forego, once in a way, without painful sense of loss, my customary burst of terminal eloquence.)

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER III.

For many reasons, which will appear one by one in the course of this work, I think it well to give, for postscript to this chapter, a

translation of Saussure's introductory account of granite, published in 1803, at Neuchatel, chez Louis Fauche-Borel, imprimeur *du Roi* (King of Prussia), "*Voyages dans les Alpes*," vol. i., chap. v. *Les Roches Composées. Granit.*

"Granites belong to that class of stones which naturalists name composed stones, or rocks, or living rock, *roc vif*,* the *saxa mixta* of Wallerius. This class includes stones which are composed of two, three, or four different species of stones, intermixed under the form of angular grains, or *folia* (feuilletés) *united by the intimacy of their contact, without the help of any stronger gluten.*

"Those which divide themselves by *folia* are called schistous rocks, or foliated rocks (*Roches schisteuses* ou *Roches feuilletées*). *Saxa fissilia*, Wall. Those which appear composed of grains, and which present neither *folia* nor sensible veins, are named Rocks in mass. *Saxa solida*, Wall. Such are the granites.

"It is these two species of rocks which form the matter of the most elevated mountains, such as the central chains of the Alps, the Cordillera, the Ural, Caucasus, and Altaic mountains. One never finds them seated upon (*assises sur*) mountains of slate (*ardoise*) or of calcareous stone; they serve, on the contrary, for base to these, and have consequently existed before them. They bear then, by just claim, the name of primitive mountains, while those of slate and calcareous stone are qualified as secondary."

The young reader will do well to fix these simple statements in his head, and by no means let them be shaken in it. Modern geologists will tell him that Mont Blanc is young; but the date of a mountain's elevation is not that of its substance. Granite no more becomes a secondary rock in lifting a bed of chalk than an old man becomes a boy in throwing off his bedclothes. All modern geologists will tell you that granite and basalt are pretty much the same thing, that each may become the other, and any come to the top. Recollect simply, to begin with, that granite forms delightful and healthy countries, basalt gloomy and oppressive ones, and that, if you have the misfortune to live under Etna or Hecla, you and your house may both be buried in basalt to-morrow morning; but that nobody was ever buried in granite, unless somebody paid for his tomb. Recollect farther, that granite is for the most part visibly composed of three substances, always easily recognizable—quartz, felspar, and mica; but basalt may be made of anything on the face or in the stomach of the Earth. And recollect

* The modern reader passes as merely poetical the words "*living rock*" of former good writers. But living rock is as distinct from dead, as heart of oak from dry rot. In accuracy, "*living*" is the word used by the natural human sense to express the difference between a crystalline rock and one of mere coagulated sand or slime.

finally, that there was assuredly a time when the Earth had no animals upon it; another time when it had only nasty and beastly animals upon it; and at this time it has a great many beautiful and angelic animals upon it, tormented out of their lives by one extremely foolish two-legged one. To these three periods, the first of chaotic solitude, the second of rampant monstrosity, and the third of ruthless beauty, the names of Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary may justly hold forever—be the fourth age what it may.

CÆLI ENARRANT.

*STUDIES OF CLOUD FORM
AND OF ITS VISIBLE CAUSES.*

COLLECTED AND COMPLETED OUT OF

“MODERN PAINTERS.”

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PREFACE.

THE studies of the nature and form of clouds, reprinted in the following pages from the fourth and fifth volumes of "Modern Painters," will be in this series third in order, as they are in those volumes, of the treatises on natural history which were there made the foundation of judgment in landscape art. But the essay on trees will require more careful annotation than I have at present time for, and I am also desirous of placing these cloud studies quickly in the hands of anyone who may have been interested in my account of recent storms.

I find nothing to alter,* and little to explain, in the following portions of my former work, in which such passages as the eighth and ninth paragraphs of the opening chapter—usually thought of by the public merely as word-painting, but which are in reality accurately abstracted, and finally concentrated, expressions of the general laws of natural phenomena†—are indeed among the best I have ever written, and in their way, I am not ashamed to express my conviction, unlikely to be surpassed by any other author. But it may be necessary

* Sometimes a now useless reference to other parts of the book is omitted, or one necessary to connect the sentence broken by such omission; otherwise I do not retouch the original text.

† Thus the sentence "murmuring only when the winds raise them, or rocks divide," does not describe, or word-paint, the sound of waters, but (with only the admitted art of a carefully reiterated "r") sums the general *causes* of it; while, again, the immediately following one, defining the limitations of sea and river, "restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels," attempts no word-painting either of coast or burnside; but states, with only such ornament of its simplicity as could be got of the doubled "t" and doubled "ch," the fact of the stability of existing rock structure which I was, at that time, alone among geologists in asserting.

to advise the student of these now isolated chapters not to interpret any of their expressions of awe or wonder as meaning to attribute any supernatural, or in any special sense miraculous, character to the phenomena described, other than that of their adaptation to human feeling or need. I did not in the least mean to insinuate, because it was not easy to explain the buoyancy of clouds, that they were supported in the air as St. Francis in his ecstasy; or because the forms of a thunder-cloud were terrific, that they were less natural than those of a diamond; but in all the forms and actions of non-sentient things, I recognized (as more at length explained in the conclusion of my essay on the plague cloud) constant miracle, and according to the need and deserving of man, more or less constantly manifest Deity. Time, and times, have since passed over my head, and have taught me to hope for more than this—nay, perhaps so much more as that in English cities, where two or three are gathered in His name, such vision as that recorded by the sea-king Dandolo * might again be seen, when he was commanded that in the midst of the city he should build a church, “in the place above which he should see a red cloud rest.”

J. RUSKIN.

OXFORD, *November 8th*, 1884.

* St. Mark's.

CÆLI ENARRANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRMAMENT.

“Modern Painters,” Vol. IV., Part V., Chap. VI.

1. THE task which we now enter upon, as explained in the close of the preceding chapter, is the ascertaining as far as possible what the proper effect of the natural beauty of different objects *ought* to be on the human mind, and the degree in which this nature of theirs, and true influence, have been understood and transmitted by Turner.

I mean to begin with the mountains, for the sake of convenience in illustration, but, in the proper order of thought, the clouds ought to be considered first; and I think it will be well, in this intermediate chapter, to bring to a close that line of reasoning by which we have gradually, as I hope, strengthened the defenses around the love of mystery, which distinguishes our modern art; and to show, on final and conclusive authority, what noble things these clouds are, and with what feeling it seems to be intended by their Creator that we should contemplate them.

2. The account given of the stages of creation in the first chapter of Genesis is in every respect clear and intelligible to the simplest reader, except in the statement of the work of the second day. I suppose that this statement is passed over by careless readers as a sublime mystery which was not intended to be understood. But there is no mystery in any other part of the chapter, and it seems to me unjust to conclude that any was intended here.

And the passage ought to be peculiarly interesting to us, as

being the first in the Bible in which the *heavens* are named, and the only one in which the word "Heaven," all-important as that word is to our understanding of the most precious promises of Scripture, receives a definite explanation.

Let us, therefore, see whether by a careful comparison of the verse with other passages in which the word occurs, we may not be able to arrive at as clear an understanding of this portion of the chapter as of the rest.

3. In the first place the English word "Firmament" itself is useless, because we never employ it but as a synonym of heaven; it conveys no other distinct idea to us; and the verse, though from our familiarity with it we imagine that it possesses meaning, has in reality no more point or value than if it were written, "God said, Let there be a something in the midst of the waters, and God called the something Heaven."

But the marginal reading, "Expansion," has definite value; and the statement that "God said, Let there be an expansion in the midst of the waters, and God called the expansion Heaven," has an apprehensible meaning.

4. Accepting this expression as the one intended, we have next to ask what expansion there is between two waters, describable by the term Heaven. Milton adopts the term "expanse;" * but he understands it of the whole volume of the air which surrounds the earth. Whereas, so far as we can tell, there is no water beyond the air, in the fields of space; and the whole expression of division of waters from waters is thus rendered valueless.

5. Now, with respect to this whole chapter, we must remember always that it is intended for the instruction of all mankind, not for the learned reader only; and that, therefore, the most simple and natural interpretation is the likeliest in

* "God made

The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round."

—*Paradise Lost*, Book VII.

general to be the true one. An unscientific reader knows little about the manner in which the volume of the atmosphere surrounds the earth; but I imagine that he could hardly glance at the sky when rain was falling in the distance, and see the level line of the bases of the clouds from which the shower descended, without being able to attach an instant and easy meaning to the words "expansion in the midst of the waters." And, if having once seized this idea, he proceeded to examine it more accurately, he would perceive at once, if he had ever noticed *anything* of the nature of clouds, that the level line of their bases did indeed most severely and stringently divide "waters from waters," that is to say, divide water in its collective and tangible state, from water in its divided and ærial state; or the waters which *fall* and *flow*, from those which *rise* and *flow*. Next, if we try this interpretation in the theological sense of the word *Heaven*, and examine whether the clouds are spoken of as God's dwelling-place, we find God going before the Israelites in a pillar of cloud; revealing Himself in a cloud on Sinai; appearing in a cloud on the mercy seat; filling the Temple of Solomon with the cloud when its dedication is accepted; appearing in a great cloud to Ezekiel; ascending into a cloud before the eyes of the disciples on Mount Olivet, and in like manner returning to Judgment. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." "Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory."* While farther, the "clouds" and "heavens" are used as interchangeable words in those Psalms which most distinctly set forth the power of God: "He bowed the heavens also, and came down; He made darkness pavilions around about Him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies." And again: "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." And again:

* The reader may refer to the following texts, which it is needless to quote:—Exod. xiii. 21, xvi. 10, xix. 9, xxiv. 16, xxxiv. 5; Levit. xvi. 2; Num. x. 34; Judges v. 4; 1 Kings viii. 10; Ezek. i. 4; Dan. vii. 13; Matt. xxiv. 30; 1 Thess. iv. 17; Rev. i. 7.

“His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the clouds.” Again: “The clouds poured out water, the skies sent out a sound, the voice of Thy thunder was in the heaven.” Again: “Clouds and darkness are roundabout Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne; the heavens declare His righteousness, and all the people see His glory.”

6. In all these passages the meaning is unmistakable, if they possess definite meaning at all. We are too apt to take them merely for sublime and vague imagery, and therefore gradually to lose the apprehension of their life and power. The expression, “He bowed the heavens,” for instance, is, I suppose, received by most readers as a magnificent hyperbole, having reference to some peculiar and fearful manifestation of God’s power to the writer of the Psalm in which the words occur. But the expression either has plain meaning, or it has *no* meaning. Understand by the term “Heavens” the compass of infinite space around the earth, and the expression, “bowed the Heavens,” however sublime, is wholly without meaning; infinite space cannot be bent or bowed. But understand by the “Heavens” the veil of clouds above the earth, and the expression is neither hyperbolical nor obscure; it is pure, plain, and accurate truth, and it describes God, not as revealing Himself in any peculiar way to David, but doing what He is still doing before our own eyes day by day. By accepting the words in their simple sense, we are thus led to apprehend the immediate presence of the Deity, and His purpose of manifesting Himself as near us whenever the storm-cloud stoops upon its course; while by our vague and inaccurate acceptance of the words we remove the idea of His presence far from us, into a region which we can neither see nor know; and gradually, from the close realization of a living God who “maketh the clouds His chariot,” we refine and explain ourselves into dim and distant suspicion of an inactive God, inhabiting inconceivable places, and fading into the multitudinous formalisms of the laws of Nature.

7. All errors of this kind—and in the present day we are

in constant and grievous danger of falling into them—arise from the originally mistaken idea that man can, “by searching, find out God—find out the Almighty to perfection;” that is to say, by help of courses of reasoning and accumulations of science, apprehend the nature of the Deity in a more exalted and more accurate manner than in a state of comparative ignorance; whereas it is clearly necessary, from the beginning to the end of time, that God’s way of revealing Himself to His creatures should be a *simple* way, which *all* those creatures may understand. Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the Deity has stooped from His throne, and has not only, in the person of the Son, taken upon Him the veil of our human *flesh*, but, in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human *thoughts*, and permitted *us*, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him simply and clearly as a loving Father and Friend;—a being to be walked with and reasoned with; to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labor; and finally, to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation.

This conception of God, which is the child’s, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and therefore, the only one which *for us* can be true. The moment that, in our pride of heart, we refuse to accept the condescension of the Almighty, and desire Him, instead of stooping to hold our hands, to rise up before us into His glory—we, hoping that by standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows, we may behold the Creator as He rises—God takes us at our word; He rises, into His own invisible and inconceivable Majesty; He goes forth upon the ways which are not our ways, and retires into the thoughts

which are not our thoughts; and we are left alone. And presently we say in our vain hearts, "There is no God."

8. I would desire, therefore, to receive God's account of His own creation as, under the ordinary limits of human knowledge and imagination, it would be received by a simple-minded man; and finding that the "heavens and the earth" are spoken of always as having something like equal relation to each other ("thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them"), I reject at once all idea of the term "Heavens" being intended to signify the infinity of space inhabited by countless sand, with which space though we measured not the earth only, but the sun itself, with all the solar system, no relation of equality or comparison could be inferred. But I suppose the heavens to mean that part of the creation which holds equal companionship with our globe; I understand the "rolling of those heavens together as a scroll" to be an equal and relative destruction with the "melting of the elements in fervent heat;" * and I understand the making the firmament to signify that, so far as man is concerned, most magnificent ordinance of the clouds—the ordinance, that as the great plain of waters was formed on the face of the earth, so also a plain of waters should be stretched

* Compare also Job xxxvi. 29. "The spreading of the clouds, and the noise of His *tabernacle*;" and xxxviii. 33, "Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds?"

Observe that in the passage of Addison's well-known hymn—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim"—

the writer has clearly the true distinctions in his mind; he does not use his words, as we too often accept them, in vain tautology. By the *spacious* firmament he means the clouds, using the word "spacious" to mark the true meaning of the Hebrew term; the blue *ethereal* sky is the real air or ether, blue above the clouds; the heavens are the starry space, for which he uses this word, less accurately indeed than the others, but as the only one available for his meaning.

along the height of air, and the face of the cloud answer the face of the ocean; and this upper and heavenly plain should be of waters, as it were, glorified in their nature, no longer quenching the fire, but now bearing fire in their own bosoms; no longer murmuring only when the winds raise them or rocks divide, but answering each other with their own voices from pole to pole; no longer restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels, but going forth at their pleasure like the armies of the angels, and choosing their encampments upon the heights of the hills; no longer hurried downward forever, moving but to fall, nor lost in the lightless accumulation of the abyss, but covering the east and west with the waving of their wings, and robing the gloom of the farther infinite with a vesture of divers colors, of which the threads are purple and scarlet, and the embroideries flame.

9. This, I believe, is the ordinance of the firmament; and it seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God." "He doth set His bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, His promises of everlasting love. "In them hath He set a *tabernacle* for the sun," whose burning ball, which, without the firmament, would be seen but as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of

the dayspring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the inhabiter of eternity, we cannot behold Him; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling-place. "Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, "Our Father, which art in heaven."

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOUD-BALANCINGS.

"Modern Painters," Vol. V., Part VII., Chap. I.

1. WE have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth, and the passion and perishing of mankind.

But the heavens, also, had to be prepared for his habitation.

Between their burning light—their deep vacuity, and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance, and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being; which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude.

Between the earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapor.

2. Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps thought their nature, though at that time not clear to us, would be easily enough understandable when we put ourselves seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one or two easiest questions?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is *it* so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are *they* so light—their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will these melt away, not as the sun *rises*, but as he *descends*, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet, slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and waves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow—nowhere touching it, the clear sky

seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire; how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning; the sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace?—what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?

3. I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. “Knowest thou the balancings of the clouds?” Is the answer ever to be one of pride? “The wondrous works of Him which is *perfect* in knowledge?” Is *our* knowledge ever to be so?

It is one of the most discouraging consequences of the varied character of this work of mine, that I am wholly unable to take note of the advance of modern science. What has conclusively been discovered or observed about clouds I know not; but by the chance inquiry possible to me I find no book which fairly states the difficulties of accounting for even the ordinary aspects of the sky. I shall, therefore, be able in this section to do little more than suggest inquiries to the reader, putting the subject in a clear form for him. All men accustomed to investigation will confirm me in saying that it is a great step when we are personally quite certain what we do *not* know.

4. First, then, I believe we do not know what makes clouds float. Clouds are water, in some fine form or another; but water is heavier than air, and the finest form you can give a

heavy thing will not make it float in a light thing.* On it, yes, as a boat; but *in* it, no. Clouds are not boats, nor boat-shaped, and they float in the air, not on the top of it. "Nay, but though unlike boats, may they not be like feathers? If out of quill substance there may be constructed eider-down, and out of vegetable tissue, thistle-down, both buoyant enough for a time, surely of water-tissue may be constructed also water-down, which will be buoyant enough for all cloudy purposes." Not so. Throw out your eider plumage in a calm day, and it will all come settling to the ground—slowly indeed, to aspect; but practically so fast that all our finest clouds would be here in a heap about our ears in an hour or two, if they were only made of water feathers. "But may they not be quill feathers, and have air inside them? May not all their particles be minute little balloons?"

A balloon only floats when the air inside it is either specifically, or by heating, lighter than the air it floats in. If the cloud-feathers had warm air inside their quills, a cloud would be warmer than the air about it, which it is not (I believe). And if the cloud-feathers had hydrogen inside their quills, a cloud would be unwholesome for breathing, which it is not—at least so it seems to me.

"But may they not have nothing inside their quills?" Then they would rise, as bubbles do through water, just as certainly as, if they were solid feathers, they would fall. All our clouds would go up to the top of the air, and swim in eddies of cloud-foam.

"But is not that just what they do?" No. They float at different heights, and with definite forms, in the body of the air itself. If they rose like foam, the sky on a cloudy day would look like a very large flat glass of champagne seen from

* [Compare the old note to § 6: but I had not, when I wrote it, enough reflected on the horrible buoyancy of smoke, nor did I know over what spaces volcanic ashes were diffusible. Will any of my scientific friends now state for me the approximate weight and bulk of a particle of dust of any solid substance which would be buoyant in air of given density?]

below, with a stream of bubbles (or clouds) going up as fast as they could to a flat foam-ceiling.

“But may they not be just so nicely mixed out of something and nothing, as to float where they are wanted?”

Yes: that is just what they not only may, but must be; only this way of mixing something and nothing is the very thing I want to explain or have explained, and cannot do it, nor get it done.

5. Except thus far. It is conceivable that minute hollow spherical globules might be formed of water, in which the inclosed vacuity just balanced the weight of the inclosing water, and that the arched sphere formed by the watery film was strong enough to prevent the pressure of the atmosphere from breaking it in. Such a globule would float like a balloon at the height in the atmosphere where the equipoise between the vacuum it inclosed, and its own excess of weight above that of the air, was exact. It would, probably, approach its companion globules by reciprocal attraction, and form aggregations which might be visible.

This is, I believe, the view usually taken by meteorologists. I state it as a possibility, to be taken into account in examining the question—a possibility confirmed by the scriptural words which I have taken for the title of this chapter.

6. Nevertheless, I state it as a possibility only, not seeing how any known operation of physical law could explain the formation of such molecules. This, however, is not the only difficulty. Whatever shape the water is thrown into, it seems at first improbable that it should lose its property of wetness. Minute division of rain, as in “Scotch mist,” makes it capable of floating farther,* or floating up and down a little, just

* The buoyancy of solid bodies of a given specific gravity, in a given fluid, depends, first on their size, then on their forms.

First, on their size; that is to say, on the proportion of the magnitude of the object (irrespective of the distribution of its particles) to the magnitude of the particles of the air.

Thus, a grain of sand is buoyant in wind, but a large stone is not; and pebbles and sand are buoyant in water in proportion to their smallness, fine dust taking long to sink, while a large stone sinks at

as dust will float, though pebbles will not; or gold-leaf, though a sovereign will not; but minutely divided rain wets as much as any other kind, whereas a cloud, partially always, sometimes entirely, loses its power of moistening. Some low clouds look, when you are in them, as if they were made of specks of dust, like short hair; and these clouds are entirely dry. And also many clouds will wet some substances, but not others. So that we must grant further, if we are to be happy in our theory, that the spherical molecules are held together by an attraction which prevents their adhering to any foreign body, or perhaps ceases only under some peculiar electric conditions.

7. The question remains, even supposing their production accounted for—What intermediate states of water may exist between these spherical hollow molecules and pure vapor?

Has the reader ever considered the relations of commonest forms of volatile substance? The invisible particles which cause the scent of a rose-leaf, how minute, how multitudinous, passing richly away into the air continually! The visible cloud of frankincense—why visible? Is it in

once. Thus we see that water may be arranged in drops of any magnitude, from the largest rain-drop about the size of a large pea, to an atom so small as not to be separately visible, the smallest rain passing gradually into mist. Of these drops of different sizes (supposing the strength of the wind the same), the largest falls fastest, the smaller drops are more buoyant, and the small misty rain floats about like a cloud, as often up as down, so that an umbrella is useless in it; though in a heavy thunderstorm, if there is no wind, one may stand gathered up under an umbrella without a drop touching the feet.

Secondly, buoyancy depends on the amount of surface which a given weight of the substance exposes to the resistance of the substance it floats in. Thus, gold-leaf is in a high degree buoyant, while the same quantity of gold in a compact grain would fall like a shot; and a feather is buoyant, though the same quantity of animal matter in a compact form would be as heavy as a little stone. A slate blows far from a house-top, while a brick falls vertically, or nearly so.

consequence of the greater quantity, or larger size, of the particles, and how does the heat act in throwing them off in this quantity, or of this size?

Ask the same questions respecting water. It dries, that is, becomes volatile, invisibly, at (any?) temperature. Snow dries, as water does. Under increase of heat, it volatilizes faster, so as to become dimly visible in large mass, as a heat-haze. It reaches boiling-point, then becomes entirely visible. But compress it, so that no air shall get between the watery particles—it is invisible again. At the first issuing from the steam-pipe the steam is transparent; but opaque, or visible, as it diffuses itself. The water is indeed closer, because cooler, in that diffusion; but more air is between its particles. Then this very question of visibility is an endless one, wavering between form of substance and action of light. The clearest (or least visible) stream becomes brightly opaque by more minute division in its foam, and the clearest dew in hoarfrost. Dust, unperceived in shade, becomes constantly visible in sunbeam; and watery vapor in the atmosphere, which is itself opaque, when there is promise of fine weather, becomes exquisitely transparent; and (questionably) blue, when it is going to rain.

8. Questionably blue; for besides knowing very little about water, we know what, except by courtesy, must, I think, be called Nothing—about air. Is it the watery vapor, or the air itself, which is blue? Are neither blue, but only white, producing blue when seen over dark spaces? If either blue, or white, why, when crimson is their commanded dress, are the most distant clouds crimsonest? Clouds close to us may be blue, but far off, golden—a strange result, if the air is blue.

And again, if blue, why are rays that come through large spaces of it red; and that Alp, or anything else that catches far-away light, why colored red at dawn and sunset? No one knows, I believe. It is true that many substances, as opal, are blue, or green, by reflected light, yellow by transmitted; but air, if blue at all, is blue always by transmitted

light. I hear of a wonderful solution of nettles, or other unlovely herb, which is green when shallow—red when deep. Perhaps some day, as the motion of the heavenly bodies by help of an apple, their light by help of a nettle, may be explained to mankind.

9. But further: these questions of volatility, and visibility, and hue, are all complicated with those of shape. How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask concerning its material, or its aspect, its loftiness, and luminousness—how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have, in the open air, angles, and wedges, and coils, and cliffs of cold. Yet the vapor stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapor pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?

And, lastly, all these questions respecting substance, and aspect, and shape, and line, and division, are involved with others as inscrutable, concerning action. The curves in which clouds move are unknown—nay, the very method of their motion, or apparent motion, how far it is by change of place, how far by appearance in one place and vanishing from another. And these questions about movement lead partly far away into high mathematics, where I cannot follow them, and partly into theories concerning electricity and infinite space, where I suppose at present no one can follow them.

What, then, is the use of asking the questions?

For my own part, I enjoy the mystery, and perhaps the reader may. I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions; to

which, perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll,* we may find also a syllable or two of answer illuminated here and there.

* There is a beautiful passage in Sartor Resartus concerning this old Hebrew scroll, in its deeper meanings, and the child's watching it, though long illegible for him, yet "with an eye to the gilding." It signifies in a word or two nearly all that is to be said about clouds.—(Not quite. J. R., 1884.)

PAPERS ON ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

NOTES ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF PERSPECTIVE.

A. REMARKS ON THE CONVERGENCE OF PERPENDICULARS.

1. IF Candidus had reflected a little more attentively on the cause of the apparent convergence of retiring lines, he would not have been so witty at Mr. Parsey's expense, and would not have committed the absurdity of supposing that perpendiculars were not subject to the same laws as horizontal or inclined lines.

First. Let Fig. 32 be a space of flat pavement, the checkering lines of which are at right angles to each other; one series going to the point of sight a ; consequently, the others are all at right angles to the line of vision ab . These, therefore, do not retire from the spectator, and will not appear to converge. But the eye is incapable of receiving at once rays of light which enter it converging at a greater angle than 60° . The parallel lines, therefore, $dc, d'c'$, etc., each subtend an angle of 60° , and the eye cannot see farther along them, on either side, without turning. Now, the moment the eye is turned, the lines retire from it, and consequently, appear to converge.

Now, let ab be considered a base line; then the lines $bc, b'c'$, etc., are perpendiculars; but they are subject to the same laws as they were before; and consequently, as long as they subtend an angle less than 60° they will not converge; but the moment the eye has to turn and look up, convergence will commence. So much for theory. Now, Candidus asks why perpendiculars never appear, in fact, to converge. Let him consider that we seldom contemplate any building at a less distance than 40 yards. Before its perpendicular lines, there-

fore, will converge, they must be 200 feet high; if we stand within 20 yards, more than 100 feet, etc. And, to satisfy himself that perpendiculars which subtend a greater angle than 60° do, in fact, appear to converge, let him go to the bottom of the monument, stand 12 yards from its base, and look up; and then let him talk about the non-convergence of perpendiculars, if he can.

Hence it appears that perpendiculars do not, in general, appear to converge, because they are always at right angles to the direction in which the spectator is looking; and they never can be represented as converging, because no picture may subtend a greater angle than 60° , either in breadth or height. Take, for instance, the annexed rude perspective outline of a cathedral nave (Fig. 33).

The height is 100 feet, the distance between the columns 20 feet; consequently, the angular elevation of the roof, between the two nearest columns, is greater than 60° . The head would be turned upwards in looking at it; and it consequently cannot be represented in the drawing, whose upper limit, therefore, must cut off the roof between the second and third column.

2. Secondly. Let it not be supposed that I mean to say that perpendiculars, being right lines, are to be represented by lines which are first parallel, and then converging. Let us go back to Fig. 32. Here, as the line $d c$ subtends an angle of 60° , our distance from its central point b (supposing $d c$ to be 100) is 90 feet, or yards, or anything. But our distance from c or d is the length of the line, or 100. Now, a near line or space, in whatever direction distance is measured, must always appear greater than one more remote. Therefore, the space $b b'$, from which we are distant 90 feet, appears greater than the space $c c'$, from which we are distant 100 feet. Therefore, the parallel lines $b c$, $b' c'$, etc., appear to converge. Similarly, perpendiculars appear to converge; but their apparent convergence is so excessively small, that it escapes the eye, until they subtend a greater angle than 60° ; and, for all practical purposes, may be considered as parallel, particularly

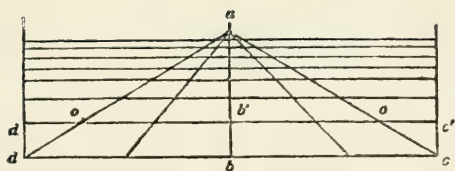


Fig. 32.

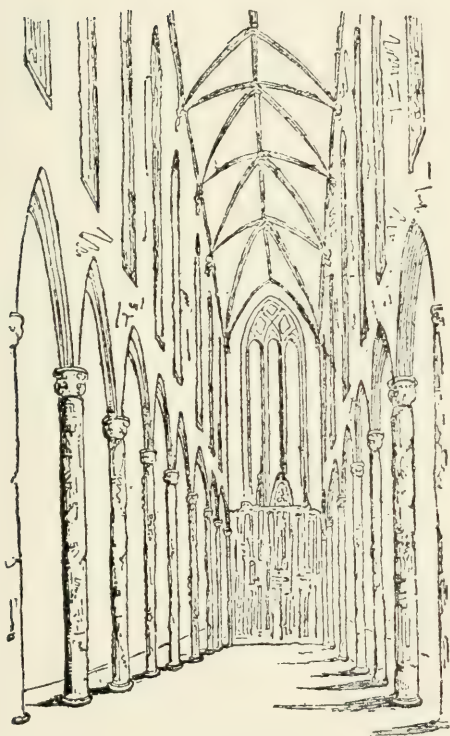


Fig. 33.

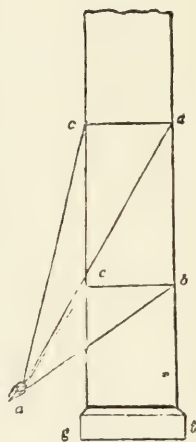


Fig. 34.

as their convergence is infinitely small, when they are distant from the eye, as in the case of the distant lines of Fig. 32.

But, that Candidus may be more perfectly convinced of the truth of this reasoning, applied to perpendiculars, let $d e f g$ in Fig. 34 be a vertical column; let the eye of the spectator be at a . Now, it is evident that the diameter of the column $e d$ is at a greater distance from a than the diameter $c b$; consequently, angle $b a c$ is greater than angle $d a e$: therefore the diameter $c b$, which the eye measures by means of the angle $b a c$, appears greater than the diameter $e d$, which is measured by the angle $d a e$; and consequently, the perpendiculars $g e, f d$, appear to converge. But if a be removed to any moderate distance from the column, the difference between the angles will be so excessively small that the convergence is unperceived, and, in practice, ought to be unexpressed.

3. Thirdly. I have hitherto referred perpendiculars to vertical vanishing points; but, by considering them as the representatives of horizontal lines, they may be referred to vanishing points on the horizon. Let Fig. 35 be a few perpendicular posts in water. Their reflections are, of course, also perpendicular. But let it be considered how these reflections are formed: they are formed by rays of light coming from the object, striking on the water, and reflected from its surface to the eye. But, in order that the rays may meet the eye, the point on the water from which they are reflected must be directly between the object and the eye; and the whole line of points, therefore, must be between the object and the eye. Therefore, all the actual lines of reflection on the surface of the water are lines *diverging* from the spectator to the base of the reflected object. But those lines appear parallel and perpendicular; whence, it is evident that all *perpendiculars are the representatives of lines on a horizontal surface, diverging from the spectator as a center*. As a farther example of this, let us return to Fig. 32. Here, the portion of the line $d' c'$, which is equal to $d c$, is 00 ; therefore, the distance $d' c'$ is greater than $d c$; therefore, the perpendic-

ulars $d d'$, $c c'$, are the representatives of horizontal divergent lines.

Now, since the lines represented by perpendiculars diverge from the spectator, they meet at the spectator; that is, in a point beneath, in his feet. Therefore, perpendiculars which are below the horizon converge to a point beneath his feet; and perpendiculars above the horizon, to a point above his head. These two points, therefore, are points of sight on a vertical horizon, to which all perpendiculars must converge. They correspond to the horizontal point of sight to which horizontal lines converge; and the distance between the spectator and the base of the perpendicular corresponds to the perpendicular distance between his eye and the commencement of the horizontal line. From all this, it appears that perpendiculars only appear to converge under peculiar circumstances, which can never be represented in a drawing.

KATA PHUSIN.

OXFORD, Nov. 17, 1837.

B. CANDIDUS ON MR. PARSEY'S PRINCIPLES, ETC.

4. Candidus is indignant at being accused of disputing Parsey's principles theoretically, and complains that he has been misunderstood. He has just cause of complaint, if he did *not* mean to say that perpendiculars appeared non-convergent to the eye. I believe him to be suffering under a calamity, to which men of talent are peculiarly exposed, that of not knowing exactly what he did, or does, mean. If he first "denies the convergence of vertical lines," and then tells me that "all he meant was, that it was not perceptible," he should not be surprised at my replying to what he *said*, before he told me what he *meant*: and his meaning is no meaning, even now, for the convergence of verticals is as much perceptible as that of any other lines. He ought to mean, and, I believe, does, if he could find it out, that, where such convergence can be represented, it is imperceptible, and where it is perceptible, cannot be represented. And, if Candidus is

anything of a draughtsman, he ought to know that the theory is *not* unimportant because impracticable. None can be daring or dexterous in practice who are not thoroughly acquainted with the most speculative principles of theory; and I believe I could give him several problems, which all his knowledge of perspective could not solve, without the assistance of the principles which he spurns. Here let the subject rest, since it seems we all agree now that we understand each other; and it has occupied several pages of this Magazine already, having itself nothing to do with architecture. Parsey will not turn the world upside down, as Candidus dreads; every true artist being about as well aware of what is right, as that revolutionizing gentleman. And now let Candidus allow (unless he requires to be put in mind of Corydon's warning,

“Quamvis tu Candidus esses,
O formose puer, nimium ne crede colori”)

that he expressed himself obscurely; and Kata Plusin will beg to be permitted to advance *his* name, as an apology for his eagerness in the support of a theory which, he is willing to allow, is not so much *kata technèn*, as it is Kata Plusin.

OXFORD, *March 5* (1838).

C. PARSEY'S NATURAL CONVERGENCE OF PERPENDICULARS.

5. I am much gratified by the gentle and courteous disposition which Mr. Parsey manifests in his reply to the remarks of Mr. Pocock and myself. Had we all such antagonists to contend with, we should be in no danger of forgetting the object of inquiry, in the desire of showing our own powers of sarcasm, as is too frequently the case in such discussions. I am well aware, also, of the disagreeable character of a dispute, in which one party is opposed by another with arguments which, long ago, and at an early period of his investigation, occurred to, and were answered in, his own mind. But Mr. Parsey must excuse me for bringing forward such arguments, inasmuch as the public will never be satisfied until

they have all been answered: he must farther excuse me for doubting, as all disputants do, that they can all be answered. Mr. Pocock and I should certainly consider Mr. Parsey's fear of injury from our remarks as very complimentary, but it is altogether ungrounded. No mind whose opinion is worth anything is biased by the mere assertion of individuals; but its spirit of inquiry is stimulated, and it immediately commences an investigation of the subject which Mr. Parsey, confident as he is of the truth of his practice (of his principles none can doubt the truth), ought not to dread, which, if he did dread, he could not, as the institutor of a new practice in drawing, avoid. However, as he invites us to "fair and courteous discussion," let me hope that he will find neither Mr. Pocock nor me more desirous of proving ourselves right than of arriving at the truth.

6. We all agree in principle: the disputed point is, whether vertical convergence should be represented in a drawing. Now, Mr. Parsey says that I err in affirming convergence is trifling when the object only subtends an angle of elevation of 60° : I do so, on calculating the convergence trigonometrically. I find Mr. Parsey's conclusion quite right, but I do not understand his diagram, owing to the misprinting of the letters: and he has not given us the mode by which he arrived at his conclusion. Perhaps the annexed demonstration is clearer. Let $b c d e$ (Fig. 36) be the front of any building, 100 feet wide, and 176 feet above the level of the eye. Let the eye of the spectator be at a . Let $a b$, $a c$, be each 100 feet; consequently angle $c a b = 60^\circ$, and angles $b a e$, $c a d$, also equal 60° . Therefore $e a = 200$ feet, and $d a = 200$ feet. And as $e d = 100$ feet, angle $e a d =$ about 29° , that is, less than half of angle $c a b$. And therefore the apparent length of $e d$ is rather less than half that of $c b$. It is evident, then, that I was wrong in affirming that this convergence was not to be represented, because it was *nearly imperceptible*. There is another reason for its non-representation, which Mr. Pocock has slightly noticed, but which Mr. Parsey evidently had *not* noticed. It appears strange that this immense convergence

should not show itself by cutting angles with parallel perpendicular lines which are close to us. Does it do so? Let Mr. Parsey look out of *his* window, and I will look out of mine. It is within 3 feet of me, and beyond it, at a distance of about fifty yards, rises one of the most noble buildings in Oxford, to a height of about 72 feet. Its perpendicular lines, therefore, though not quite so convergent as those of the diagram, must be considerably so. Yet the perpendicular lines of the window frame fall *precisely* on those of the distant building. I try them again and again: there is not an angle between them which a mite could measure; and the reason is evident. The argument which applies to the diagram, when $a b$ is 100 feet and $a c$ 200 feet, applies with exactly the same force when $a b$ is 6 feet and $a c$ 12 feet. There is precisely the same difference in the angle, the same in the length of the line; and the convergence of verticals, therefore, *is always the same when they subtend the same angle*, whether they be near or distant, 4 feet or 4000 feet high. The eye, therefore, puts the perpendicular lines of the picture into perspective (when the spectator stands at the point at which alone even the retiring lines can be in true perspective) exactly as much as it does those of nature; and, therefore, were the artist to represent any such convergence, he would be put altogether out by the increased convergence given by the eye.

The same is the case with regard to parallel horizontals which are put into perspective in the picture in the same way; and, indeed, in general, whenever the lines in the painting are in the same place which they are in naturally, no convergence is to be represented.

7. These considerations will free Claude and Canaletto, and the professor of perspective to the Royal Academy, from the charges of desperate error, which Mr. Parsey casts upon them; and we may still look at the works of our favorite masters without being annoyed by their ignorance of perspective.

With regard to what Mr. Parsey says of his spectrometer,

he must put it aside in applying it to the eye. All perpendiculars, near or distant, correspond *exactly* with each other, and are parallel, apparently as well as actually parallel; that is, as far as regularly convergent lines can be parallel. They all meet in the same vanishing points, which are, as I have shown by means of reflections in water, one exactly above the spectator's head, and one below his feet.

I have only to add that, in allowing the angle of 60° to be measured wholly *above* the line of the eye, I have taken a license which Claude sometimes avails himself of, but, I think, Canaletto never. The eye is always to be supposed looking straight forward, and, therefore, can only embrace an angle of 30° above the line of sight, and an equal angle below. I have always found that, in sketching alps, or other precipices, I never made a satisfactory drawing, if the upward angle were more than 30° . However, in architecture, an upward angle of 60° is sometimes allowable. I neglected to say that, if Mr. Parsey will fix his eye at a given point, looking at a landscape through a pane of glass, and will trace on it with a diamond edge lines corresponding to those of the landscape, he will find all his retiring lines convergent, all his verticals vertical and parallel. This is a true test of perspective.

KATA PHUSIN.

OXFORD, *May 1*, 1838.

D. PARSEY'S CONVERGENCE OF PERPENDICULARS.

8. Before proceeding in the investigation with Mr. Parsey (for which pertinacity I offer no other apology than is implied in my belief that, if Mr. Parsey's theory be correct, his most lengthy and tiresome antagonists will not be among the first, but the third-rate, talent of the country; and that, if not correct, it will be left by those whose opposition would overwhelm it at once, to the less influential discussion of such as Kata Phusin), I must submit a few observations to Mr. Chappell Smith. In p. 427, line 8 from the bottom, I would

inquire the full signification of the pronoun "we." If it be an assumption of the editorial "We;" and, if thus, the proposition which it is employed to advance refers only to the intentions of artists towards Mr. Smith in particular, and to his own practice; it appears to me that the fact of which that proposition informs us, though very interesting, is of little importance; but, if the "we" is to be extended to the whole race of mankind, I beg to submit that, in my opinion, Mr. Smith is in error. I will answer for the intentions of the artists of the present day, which are, invariably, that their pictures should be viewed from a given point, and at a given distance; and I will further answer for the practice, not only of the connoisseurs, but of the general public, of all time, which is, has been, and must be, to view every picture from a given point, and at a given distance; that distance being the altitude of an equilateral triangle, of which the greatest dimension of the picture is the base. I will prove this a little farther on, in replying to Mr. Parsey.

9. And, secondly, I would inquire of Mr. Smith (in relation to his search after a theory of approximation), whether it be charitable to the general public, because some persons do not stand in the right place, to give connoisseurs no right place to stand in; and whether he actually believes that the public will prefer a system which presents them with an "approximation" to the true image, where they cannot see it, to that which presents them with the true image, where they can see it. Even supposing that they did prefer universal error to local truth, the approximation system is a mere chimera; for, supposing the proper position of the observer to be 10 feet from the picture, every concession to the eyes of those who stand 15 feet from it is a double infliction upon the eyes of those who stand 5 feet. The rule given by the Jesuit for ascertaining the ratio of apparent diminution is perfectly correct; and enough has been written on all sides to show that this apparent convergence and diminution is immense. I will show, however, by Mr. Smith's own figure, that neither ought to be represented.

10. And now for Mr. Parsey. He says, in p. 425, line 22, "If there be any reason," etc. Certainly there is; but I mean to say that horizontals which are at right angles to the direction in which the spectator is looking* (or, for shortness, parallel horizontals) are no more to be represented as convergent than verticals. After this, we agree perfectly down to "the delusion of the pane of glass:" and here comes the tug of war. There is no delusion in the case, for every picture is to be considered as a vertical pane of glass; through which we behold what is represented on the canvas. Is not the picture always supposed to be as "parallel to the objects seen through it" as the glass? Besides, the lines traced on the glass, being exactly correspondent with the lines of nature, being traced above them, as it were, must also correspond with the image on the retina, that is, must occupy the space of glass through which the pencil of rays coming from the object to the eye is passing. Now, as these lines must correspond with the image on the retina, and we know that image to be one of convergent lines, the perpendiculars traced on the glass are apparently convergent lines, and are convergent to exactly the same degree as the lines of the object over which they have been traced; and, therefore, all the perpendiculars in the picture, drawn parallel and vertical, do appear to converge to exactly the same degree as those actual lines which they represent, provided they subtend the same angle, which if they do not, they cannot represent a building of the same height, and which, in all good pictures, they do.

Mr. Parsey seems to think that the lines being parallel, whether the pane be horizontally direct, etc., is an answer to this argument; whereas it only farther proves that, if we were compelled to look sidewise at all pictures (as we often are in cases of front lights), the verticals should still be drawn non-convergent; though they then represent lines of immense apparent convergence, for they converge as much themselves.

* When I use this expression, I mean actually; no line is so apparently.

And, if Mr. Parsey still considers the pane of glass delusive, let me ask him one question. We will suppose he has traced his picture through glass, over the natural lines. He will find he has a perfect perspective drawing, every retiring line duly convergent. Now, what business have we to change the direction of the verticals in laying this on paper, and to let the horizontals alone? If the retiring lines are to be altered too, what extra convergence is to be given? With regard to the reflections in water, that is merely a proof of apparent convergence, or of the fact, that, if we were to represent verticals on plane *horizontal* surfaces, it must be done by lines converging *to* the spectator. Mr. Parsey's extraordinary diagram of a Turkish hatchet certainly upsets his theory, that "objects present to the sight natural appearances." With it, however, I have nothing to do, farther than remarking that every draughtsman, properly so-called, would represent a cylinder by parallel lines, inasmuch as (as Mr. Parsey justly concludes) "all perpendiculars appear to converge on the principle of the cylinder," and, therefore, the cylinder on the principle of all perpendiculars.

11. But the great bone of contention, in all these cases, seems to be, that the sticklers for represented convergence suppose that the perpendiculars in the picture *do not* subtend the same angle which the natural lines they represent do. I shall therefore endeavor to prove, first, that, when the observer stands in the right place, they do; secondly, that [it] is necessary for, and natural to, every observer to put himself into the right place, and that every observer does so; and, thirdly, that the error which would be an approximation to truth, in *one* wrong place, would be rather more than an approximation to absurdity, in *another* wrong place.

Now, for the first point, I can only refer again to the argument at the bottom of p. 282, which Mr. Parsey passes over without notice. He acknowledges, however, that the lines of his window-frame run into perspective, and in precisely the same degree as the distant verticals on which they fall; and in what do the verticals of a picture differ from those of

a window-frame? They are subject to the same laws, and, of course, converge equally: the prejudice lies with Mr. Parsey, whose eye is evidently not practiced enough to allow him to believe that the near parallel lines of a picture have an apparent convergence exactly as great as the distant lines they represent: yet this is the case. And, if Mr. Parsey thinks that the verticals in a picture do not often subtend the same angle as those they represent, I can assure him that, in any picture of Canaletto's, he may take the angles trigonometrically, and give the elevation of the buildings to within a foot. I suppose he knows that this ought to be the case in every good picture; and, if it were not, the fault could not be remedied by introducing convergent perpendiculars, any more than La Fontaine is said to have mended one of his lines, which was rather too short, by making the next rather too long.

12. Secondly. I say that every spectator naturally takes the true distance. This distance may be, as I said, the altitude of the equilateral, etc.: but it must not be less. In most pictures, the full sweep of the eye is not taken: the side of the equilateral is allowed in the generality; in high pictures, a good deal more. Now, it is impossible to see the handling of any picture at a greater distance than this: for observing dispositions of color, we often retire; but the color has nothing to do with the perspective, and the moment we wish to see the drawing, we approach. In the exhibition room of the Society of Water Colors, the screens are so placed, that the spectator cannot get out of his distance. Paintings, it is true, are often hung above the height of the eye; but only when it cannot be helped, as in exhibition rooms, or when they are mere furniture pictures; and even then, their elevation only increases the apparent convergence of their verticals, and, therefore, would render any actual convergence still more palpably absurd. In the case of vignettes, which are seen at a greater distance, they are only parts of pictures, and allowance is made by the artist.

13. But, thirdly, the approximation system is most absurd,



Fig. 35.

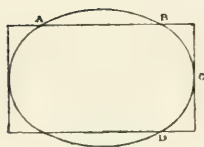


Fig. 38.

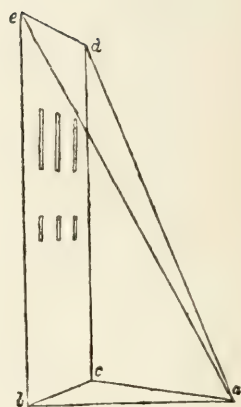


Fig. 36.

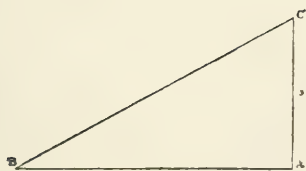


Fig. 39.

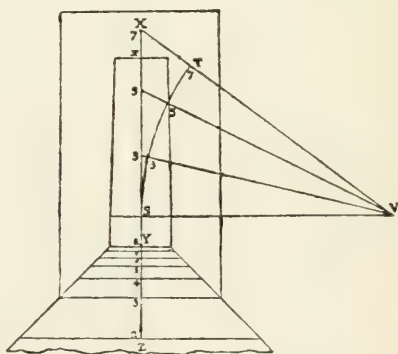


Fig. 37.

inasmuch as the convergence of verticals is *always wrong*, where the rest of the perspective is right; and where it is right, the rest of the perspective *must* be wrong. Taking Mr. Smith's figure, he represents the height $s x$ by the height $s x$. Now $s x$ is the height of which an impression is received by the retina, from the line $s x$: but what impression will the retina receive from the represented line $s x$? If the eye be in the right place, it will receive the impression of a line which will be to $s x$ nearly as $s x$: $s x$; but, if it be a little nearer than it ought to be, it will receive an impression which is less than $s x$ in a greater ratio than that of $s x$ to $s x$; whereas if we represent $s x$, the eye in the right place receives impression $s x$, which is the true one, which shows that the allowance which Mr. Pocock affirms is made by some draughtsmen (but which, I am sure, is made by no artist), of diminishing altitude, is not only unnecessary, but improper.

14. Finally, Mr. Parsey feels confident that something or other would have happened, had Canaletto perceived the natural laws, etc. I rather think, from the peculiar air of the figure in Fig. 161, that Mr. Parsey has very little idea of the constant and intense observation of natural laws with which the life of an artist is occupied; very few draughtsmen (as people call themselves when they have learned to draw straight lines with a rule) have. However, the question is one not to be decided by authority, and so I shall not insist on the point. Mr. Parsey, however, boasts that he is borne out in his confidence by the first talent of the country. Now, I know, as well as he does, that he only includes in this expression men who are good mathematicians, but who know no more about drawing than their compasses. The testimony of one practical man would be worth any fifty of them: and, if Mr. Parsey will request the testimony of J. M. W. Turner to the correctness of his principles, and obtain that testimony, I have done.*

KATA PHUSIN.

September 5 (1838).

* Speaking of Mr. Peter Nicholson's instrument (which, of course,

E. MR. CHAPPELL SMITH ON PARSEY'S CONVERGENCE OF PERPENDICULARS.

15. In answer to Mr. Chappell Smith's observations, I may remark, first, that I never noticed the implied position of Mr. Pocock, or I should have disputed it long ago. The objection based on the minute size of engravings, even were it valid, would only prove that, in designs of such dimensions, certain allowances were to be made in fixing the vanishing points for our habits of contemplation, but it is *not* valid, and I intend the sentence at page 240, referring to vignettes, to anticipate it. Mr. Chappell Smith *must* have observed that, when an engraving less than 6 inches in the greatest diameter is terminated by decided edges, it has a strange, cutting, and harsh effect on the eye, which is totally unfelt as soon as we come to engravings more than 6 inches in diameter. He must also have observed that, in most small engravings, this disadvantage is obviated by losing the edge altogether, and turning them into the light and lovely shapelessness of the vignette. This is done entirely to indicate to the eye that it is not a picture, but part of one, which it contemplates, and, therefore, that it is to choose a much greater distance of position than in the ordinary case. All the small engravings from J. M. W. Turner are executed from water-color drawings of the *same size*, and on this principle.* Le Keux's gems I do not know, but I am perfectly certain that (4 inches being their greatest dimension) they cut the eye if they are terminated by right lines, for this general reason, that the right line termination of the picture is always representative of the natural limit of the cone of rays proceeding to the eyeball, and incloses exactly so much of the scene as would be naturally visible without turning the eye; now the eye always receives rays converging at 60° , therefore, unless the sides is useful when great accuracy is required), I would point out to Mr. Parsey an instrument for perspective drawing with which he may, perhaps, be unacquainted; he will find its brazen voice bear witness against him—Gavard's Diagraphie.

* See Rogers' *Italy* and *Poems*.

of the picture subtend the same angle, the terminations will hurt the eye, will cut distinctly upon the retina; and, therefore, no picture ought to be seen at a greater distance than that of the point where it subtends this angle.

With regard to engravings of six or seven inches in diameter, if they are well executed they cannot be seen farther off than 8 inches, and the artist always makes an allowance for this slight excess of distance. With larger pictures, the fact of the correct distance being the natural one may be verified every day by observation.

16. The distinction which Mr. Smith institutes between the "artist" and mathematical artist is wholly ungrounded. No artist can design any drawing, except under the supposition of a fixed point for the spectator's eye. A perspective drawing, made on such a principle, will not hurt the eye, even when out of its proper place; but a drawing made on the supposition of the eye being anywhere will hurt it everywhere.

I am glad that Mr. Smith has admitted, even for the sake of argument, that the perpendiculars in the picture subtend the same angle, etc., for, if he once convince himself clearly of this fact, every difficulty will vanish on a little consideration.

As for the 5 feet and 6 feet objection, I have yet to learn that Mr. Parsey's system will enable the spectator to place his eye at any *height* he pleases (Mr. Parsey supposes a fixed horizontal), as well as in the old system; and the elevation of different persons must, of course, always affect their idea of the picture in his system, as well as in the old one. This "greater difficulty than any in the approximation system" exists in the approximation system itself. Finally, Mr. Chappell Smith assumes, in concluding, that an approximation *can* be obtained, which I distinctly deny. Mr. Parsey's system differs from the old one, not in allowing the eye to be in any place, but in putting it into the wrong place. For his system, as well as all systems, *must* suppose a fixed spectator; and when the spectator happens to be in the right place,

or in any wrong place except the particular wrong place to which he has been appointed, it subjects him to the perception of error so flagrant and so striking, that I close the present discussion in most perfect confidence that Mr. Parsey's principles will in a short time require no contradiction or dispute, but will have received their tacit condemnation in the steady refusal of artists to admit their truth, and of the public to tolerate their practice.

KATA PHUSIN.

OXFORD, *November 12, 1838.*

PLANTING CHURCHYARDS.

I LIKE your paper on churchyards very much ; but I wonder you have not noticed the weeping willow among your list of trees. In the churchyard which I think the most unaffected and beautiful in Britain, that of Peterborough Cathedral, which, in everything but situation and abstract beauty of sculpture, exceeds Père la Chaise, the pale green of the weeping willow is exquisitely used among the darker tints.

KATA PHUSIN.

ON THE PROPER SHAPES OF PICTURES AND ENGRAVINGS.

1. It has often been a subject of astonishment to casual speculators that the multitudinous objects of an extensive landscape should be painted with accuracy so extreme, and finish so exquisite, as our everyday experience would seem to prove, upon the small space afforded by the retina of the eye. The truth is, however, that, strictly speaking, only one *point* can be clearly and distinctly seen by the fixed eye, at a given moment; and all other points included in the vision, are indistinct exactly in proportion to their distance from this central point; and when this distance has increased till

the line connecting the two points subtends thirty degrees, the receding point becomes invisible. This distance of thirty degrees, therefore, may be considered as the limit of sight.

Now, if the attention be fixed exclusively on the central point, the surrounding points, being indistinct directly as their distance, will, near the limit, be barely visible; consequently the limit will not be a harsh line, but, on the contrary, will be soft and unfelt by the eye.

But this is a mode of vision very rarely employed by the eye in contemplating landscape. We prefer receiving *all* the visual rays partially, to *receiving* one perfectly; and, instead of confining the attention to the central point, distribute it,* as nearly as may be, over the whole field of vision. Partial distribution is usually and instinctively effected; perfect distribution only occasionally, when we wish to become aware of a general effect. The more general the distribution, the more severe the limit; and when the distribution is perfect, the limit is a circle, whose diameter subtends sixty degrees, whose center is opposite the eye, and whose area is a section of the cone of rays by which the landscape is made sensible to the eye.

2. Every picture may be considered as a section of this cone, by a plane perpendicular to the horizon, and, therefore, to the central ray of the cone. Then the question is, should the intersecting plane include more than the area of the cone at the point of intersection, or exactly its area, or less than its area?

If it include more than its area, we shall not be able to see the edge of the picture, if we stand in the proper point for seeing the rest of it. All the artist's labor on the edge will, therefore, be lost on those who know where to stand; and its effect on those who do not, will be to make them stand in a wrong place.

* This operation is partly optical, partly mental. Optical, inasmuch as a slight change takes place in the form of the eyeball; mental, because ideas which the optic nerve was not before permitted to convey to the brain, are now permitted to take their full effect.

If it include exactly the area, the edge of the picture becomes a substitute for the natural limit of sight, and everything takes its true position.

If it include less than its area, we feel that we could see, and should naturally see, more than the artist has given us; the edge of the picture becomes a cutting, interfering, distinct termination, just as the edge of a window is, when the spectator is kept twelve feet back into the room. We wish to get the edge out of our way, and to see what is behind it; and the ease, beauty, and propriety of the painting is entirely disguised or destroyed.

According to this reasoning, then, our pictures should all be circular, and of such a size that the distance of the eye from their center should equal their diameter.

But we see that all artists, as a general principle, make their pictures parallelograms of varied proportion. This is a proof that such a form is desirable, and something very near a proof that it is proper.

3. We have, therefore, to investigate three questions:—

I. What are the causes which render such a form desirable?

II. What are the principles on which such a form is admissible?

III. What are the limitations under which such a form is to be given?

(I.) What are the causes which render such a form desirable?

In the first place, a circle, though in itself agreeable to the eye, is the most monotonous of all figures; there is no change in it; no commencement or termination—no point upon which the eye can rest with decision; the consequence of which is that an assemblage of circles is most fatiguing and wearisome to the eye; and has, in relation to groups of other figures, very much the effect of a countenance utterly without character, and conversation altogether destitute of meaning, compared with marked features and vivid expression. Now, as it is generally very desirable to group pictures, the circle would, on

this account, be a most disagreeable form ; while the parallelogram admits of variety of form as well as of size, according to the proportion of the sides, enters into simple and symmetrical groups, harmonizes with the right lines of walls and roof, and saves a great deal of space.

These, however, are only the upholsterer's reasons for preferring the parallelogram. The artist's are of far more weight. The first great inconvenience is that the line of sight, or horizon, must be the horizontal diameter, and this, as we shall presently see, would take away all power from the artist of indicating the elevation of the spectator ; while perspective retiring lines would incline equally upwards and downwards, producing an artificial and disagreeable impression.

And, in the second place, if, as is very often—we may say generally—the case, there be no positive, continuous, horizontal line in the picture, the eye, in the case of the circle, would have no criterion whatever whereby to judge of the rectitude of the verticals, it would be doubtful about its own position, and uncertain which lines it was to assume as horizontal. Nine times out of ten, therefore, the verticals would appear inclined, and the absence of the parallel terminating lines would thus be embarrassing to the artist, injurious to the drawing, and painful to the spectator.

And, lastly, the laws of composition, as far as relating to shade and color, are very much facilitated by a rectangular form ; the portions of each can be much more accurately estimated and disposed than in the circle ; and the scientific forms of grouping, pyramidal, cruciform, etc., become much more evident, and, therefore, much more agreeable to the spectator. Hence it appears that the circle is practically offensive, though scientifically true ; and, therefore, that if we can, by any modification of design, turn it into the parallelogram, without infringing any law of vision, it will be a most important and valuable alteration. Therefore,

4. (II.) What are the principles on which such a form is admissible ?

First. It is very rarely indeed that the eye contemplates any landscape without elevating or depressing itself. In all mountain and architectural scenery it is raised; in all prospects of distant country, depressed. In this case the cone of rays enters the eye obliquely, upwards or downwards. But the plane of the picture is *always* vertical to the eye. Consequently we have the section, by a vertical plane, of a cone whose axis is inclined. This is an *ellipse* whose major axis is vertical.

Similarly: it is seldom that the eye includes the thirty degrees on *each* side of its legitimate point of sight. There is always something more attractive on one side than on the other, and it directs itself to the attractive side,* including, perhaps, forty degrees on one side; twenty degrees on the other. We have then the section of an oblique cone by a parallel plane, or an ellipse whose major axis is horizontal.

Here, then, we have a most valuable modification of the monotonous circle; we have a figure susceptible of as much variety of form as the rectangle, and whose sides, where they cut the axes, very nearly correspond to straight lines. We have the power of increasing apparent elevation of architecture, by using the vertical ellipse; or of diminishing an overwhelming mass of sky, by taking the horizontal one. All this is of infinite practical advantage.

5. But we may modify the form still farther, by taking the following points into consideration:—

When an artist is *composing* his picture, he supposes the distribution of sight, which may be called, for convenience, the attention of the eye, to be perfect; and considers only that indistinct and undetailed proportion of forms and colors, which is best obtained from the finished drawing by half closing, and thus throwing a dimness over the eye. But, in finishing, he works on quite a different principle. One locality is selected by him, as chiefly worthy of the eye's atten-

* We have not space to prove this more directly; but it is always acknowledged, practically, by the artist's placing his horizontal lines high or low in the picture, as the eye is depressed or elevated.

tion; to that locality he directs it almost exclusively, supposing only such partial distribution of sight over the rest of the drawing, as may obtain a vague idea of the tones and forms which set off and relieve the leading feature. Accordingly, as he recedes from this locality, his tones become fainter, his drawing more undecided, his lights less defined, in order that the spectator may not find any point disputing for authority with the leading idea. For instance; four years ago, in the Royal Academy, there was a very noble piece of composition by Wilkie, Columbus detailing his views, respecting a western continent, to the Monks of La Rabida. The figures were seated at a table, which was between them and the spectator, their legs being seen below it. The light fell on the table, down the yellow sleeve of a secondary figure, catching, as it passed, on the countenance of Columbus. This countenance and the falling light were the leading ideas; everything diminished in distinctness as it receded, and the legs below the table were vague conceptions of legs, sketched in gray.

Occasionally, and, indeed, in most good etchings or woodcuts, the attention is still more perfectly confined; and there, as the principal feature cannot be so perfectly finished as in a drawing, the surrounding objects are indefinite exactly in proportion, ending frequently in mere spirited shade. And this is the reason that what most people would call a *sketchy* woodcut, is far more agreeable to a good eye than the most labored details, because, in fact, that which is most sketchy is most natural, and has more of the properties of a finished picture.

6. Hence we see that the attention, in all good paintings and engravings, is distributed in a very limited degree, and chiefly concentrated upon one leading feature. Recurring, therefore, to our first principles, we find that when such concentration takes place, the limit of vision is faint, and undefined. All objects near the limit are so excessively indistinct, that a line cutting slightly upon them will not be felt. Accordingly, the artist generally cuts off an extremely small portion of the curve of his ellipse, A B, Fig. 38, and including

the whole of the other axis, incloses his whole figure between the right lines of a rectangle, whose proportion of sides, of course, indicates pretty nearly the length of the original axes, and, therefore, the whole form of the ellipse. He cuts off part of either axis, which he chooses, but very seldom curtails both. Of the included angles, B C, C D, etc., we shall speak presently.

Now we have gone through the whole of this argument merely to prove what some might be inclined to dispute,—that the edge, or frame, of the picture, though rectangular, is, *bona fide*, the representative of the natural limit of sight; it is not an arbitrary inclosure of a certain number of touches, or a certain quantity of color, within four straight lines; nor is it to be extended or diminished as the artist wishes to include more or fewer objects; it is as clearly representative of a fixed natural line as any part of the design itself, and its size and form are, therefore, regulated by laws of perspective as distinct and as inviolable.

7. (III.) We have, therefore, to consider, lastly, what are the limitations under which this form is to be given.

1st. Let the height of the picture be a fixed line $= a$, in Fig. 39. Draw A B, at right angles, to a . With center C, distance $2a$, describe circle, cutting A B in B.: $\angle A C B = 60^\circ$. A B is the *utmost* length of the picture which can be admitted; and $A B = \sqrt{BC^2 - a^2} = \sqrt{(2a)^2 - a^2} = a\sqrt{3}$. And such a length of picture as this is very rarely admissible; two-thirds of it are about the best average distance.

Hence it appears, that all such paintings as Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrimage are panoramas, not pictures. In the Royal Academy, two years ago, there was a very sweet bit by Landseer—Highland drovers crossing a bridge; and if the picture had been confined to the breadth of the bridge itself, and a white Shetland pony looking over into the water, which was the chief light, all had been well; instead of this, we had a parallelogram of about seven feet by one, with a whole procession of figures, extending from one end to the other, the bridge in the center, and the picture was altogether ruined.

2nd. The corners of the picture, as we have seen, are out of the ellipse, and, therefore, beyond the limit of sight. Accordingly, they might be vague and subdued in color, and totally without objects; but as this would draw too much attention to them, the artist continues his proximate color into them, generally, however, keeping his brush in circular sweeps, indicating the form of the ellipse. Copley Fielding's management of the angles of a breezy sea-piece is, perhaps, the best instance that can be given.

8. Lastly. The true distance at which the eye ought to be placed is the length of the minor axis of the ellipse; but as this minor axis is usually a little diminished, the best standard is the vertical of the equilateral triangle whose side is the major axis, or the greatest dimension of the picture. In those drawings where the composition is good and the attention very much confined, this distance may even be exceeded.

But if, in *any* picture, it be very much exceeded, the right lines of the edge cease to be the limit of sight; they come distinctly and positively within the sphere of vision; they cut painfully upon the eye, and we feel exactly that harsh and violent impression on the eye, which, in a piece of music (for the main principles in all fine arts are essentially the same), would be caused on the ear, by the sounds suddenly and decisively ceasing in the midst of a burst of melody, instead of being guided scientifically to its close. Nothing can be more utterly destructive of all the good qualities of a picture—nothing can be more fatal to its composition, more murderous of its repose, more unjust to the artist, or more painful to the spectator—than such reduction of its just limits.

9. Now, in the drawing itself, there is no chance of the distance of the eye being too great; but, in engravings, diminished in a great degree from the originals, it is not unfrequently the case; and, therefore, it is most important that all engravers should be thoroughly aware of this principle, which we shall proceed to develop as shortly as possible.

When an engraving is six or eight inches in its greatest dimension, the details are generally so delicate as to compel

the eye to approach within its true distance; but as a very slight alteration in position is of great consequence, and will throw the limit within the vision, it is the general rule that those pictures are best adapted for engraving which have most light on the edges, so that the termination may not be harsh. And this is *one* of the innumerable beauties of engravings: from J. M. W. Turner; namely, that the dreamy brilliancy of light which envelops them extends to their extreme limits, and their edge hardly ever cuts harshly on the paper. Martin, on the contrary, whose chief sublimity consists in lamp-black, never made a design yet which the eye could endure, if reduced to a small size.

10. But when, as is not unfrequently the case, it is desirable to reduce the design within still smaller limits, the eye will not be able or willing to assume a correct distance. No one ever approaches his eye within four inches of the paper; and yet, if the engravings be only four inches in diameter, this is the utmost allowable distance. Consequently, if an engraving of this size be terminated by a decided edge, this edge will cut sharply and painfully on the sight, and will make the whole drawing look as if it were pasted on the paper, or cut out of it; there will be a sense of confinement, and regularity, and parallelism, totally destructive of the good qualities of the design; and, instead of being delighted by the beauty of its studied lines, we shall be tormented by an omnipresence of right angles and straight edges. And that this is actually the case anyone may convince himself by five minutes' careful observation. This evil ought to be avoided with the greatest care; it is of no slight influence, for the best and most delicate engraving would be utterly spoiled by the error. Now there is only one mode by which such a result is avoidable, and it has been long employed in obedience to the natural instinct, which is as true as any scientific principle, the introduction, namely, of the vignette, by whose indeterminate edge the eye is made to feel that it is a part of a picture, not a perfect one, which it is contemplating. All harshness is thus avoided; and we feel as if we might see more if we

chose, beyond the dreamy and undecided limit, but have no desire to move the eye from its indicated place of rest. The vignette, strictly speaking, is the representation of that part of a large picture which the eye would regard with particular interest; and, as in this case, those bits of painting which are distinguished by color, or brilliancy, or shade, would, of necessity, draw the eye more away from the central point, in one place than in another, we are at liberty to give any form we choose to the fragment, and introduce that graceful variety which enables the artist to give the ethereal spirit and the changeful character by which a good vignette is distinguished.

11. As examples of the power thus attained, we cannot too frequently recommend close and constant study of vignettes from J. M. W. Turner. These most exquisite *moreceaux* are finished in water-color, by the artist, on the scale of the engraving (so that the proportions of the light and shade are exactly the same in the copy), and are so thoroughly inimitable, that the most pure and perfectly intellectual mind may test its advancement in knowledge and taste by the new beauties which, on every such advancement, will burst out upon it in these designs.

But the point, to which we wish to direct particular attention, is this, that *no* engraving less than six inches in the greatest dimension, can, in any case, be included within defined limits; and even when they are six or seven inches across, they will hurt the eye if very dark. So that, in reducing pictures to a less size, if they fall within these limits, they must be thrown into vignettes. We should wish to see the authority of this rule more distinctly owned among engravers than it now is; for, in consequence of its violation, many exquisite engravings are utterly useless, as far as regards any pleasing effect on mind or eye. We hope, however, that if the attention of the master engravers be once directed to it, their own sense and feeling will show them that it is no speculative and useless limitation, but an authoritative rule, whose practice is as necessary as its principles are correct.

OXFORD, *February*, 1839.

KATA PHUSIN.

WHETHER WORKS OF ART MAY, WITH PROPRIETY, BE COMBINED WITH THE
SUBLIMITY OF NATURE.

AND WHAT WOULD BE THE MOST APPROPRIATE SITUATION
FOR THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF SIR
WALTER SCOTT, IN EDINBURGH?

1. THE question which has been brought before the readers of *The Architectural Magazine* by W. is one of peculiar and excessive interest; one in which no individual has any right to advance an opinion, properly so called, the mere result of his own private habits of feeling; but which should be subjected, as far as possible, to a fixed and undoubted criterion, deduced from demonstrable principles and indisputable laws. Therefore, as we have been referred to, we shall endeavor, in as short a space as possible, to bring to bear upon the question those principles whose truth is either distinctly demonstrable, or generally allowed.

The question resolves into two branches. First, whether works of art may, with propriety, be combined with the sublimity of nature. This is a point which is discussable by everyone. And, secondly, what will be the most appropriate locality for the monument to Scott at Edinburgh. And this we think may be assumed to be a question interesting to, and discussable by, one third of the educated population of Great Britain; as that proportion is, in all probability, acquainted with the ups and downs of "Auld Reekie."

2. For the first branch of the question, we have to confess ourselves altogether unable to conjecture what the editor of the *Courant* means by the phrase "works of art," in the paragraph at page 500. Its full signification embraces all the larger creations of the architect, but it cannot be meant to convey such a meaning here, or the proposition is purer nonsense than we ever encountered in print. Yet, in the very next sentence, our editor calls Nelson's Pillar a work of art,

which is certainly a very original idea of his; one which might give rise to curious conjectures relative to the acceptation of the word "art" in Scotland, which here would seem to be a condensed expression for "l'art de se faire ridicule." However, as far as we can judge from the general force of the paragraph, he seems to mean only those works of art which are intended to convey a certain lesson, or impression, to the mind, which impression can only be consequent upon the full examination of their details, and which is therefore always wanting when they are contemplated from a distance; so that they become meaningless in a piece of general effect.* All monuments come under this class of works of art, and to them alone, as being in the present case the chief objects of investigation, our remarks shall be confined.

3. Monuments are referable to two distinct classes: those which are intended to recall the memory of life, properly called monuments; and those which are intended to induce veneration of death, properly called shrines or sepulchers. To the first we intrust the glory, to the second the ashes, of the dead. The monument and the shrine are sometimes combined, but almost invariably, with bad effect; for the very simple reason, that the honor of the monument rejoices; the honor of the sepulcher mourns. When the two feelings come together, they neutralize each other, and, therefore, should neither be expressed. Their unity, however, is, when thus unexpressed, exquisitely beautiful. In the floor of the church of St. Jean and Paul at Venice, there is a flat square slab of marble, on which is the word "Titianus." This is at once the monument and the shrine; and the pilgrims of all nations who pass by feel that both are efficient, when their hearts burn within them as they turn to avoid treading on the stone.

4. But, whenever art is introduced in either the shrine or the monument, they should be left separate. For, again,

* For instance, the obelisk on the top of Whitaw, mentioned at p. 502 [of the *Magazine*], is seen all the way to Carlisle; and, as nobody but the initiated can be aware of its signification, it looks like an insane lamp-post in search of the picturesque.

the place of his repose is often selected by the individual himself, or by those who loved him, under the influence of feelings altogether unconnected with the rushing glory of his past existence. The grave must always have a home feeling about its peace; it should have little connection with the various turbulence which has passed by forever; it should be the dwelling-place and the bourne of the affections, rather than of the intellect, of the living; for the thought and reason cannot cling to the dust, though the weak presence of involuntary passion folds its wings forever where its object went down into darkness. That presence is always to a certain degree meaningless; that is, it is a mere clinging of the human soul to the wrecks of its delight, without any definite indication of purpose or reflection: or, if the lingering near the ashes be an act ennobled by the higher thoughts of religion, those thoughts are common to all mourners. Claimed by all the dead, they need not be expressed, for they are not exclusively our own; and, therefore, we find that these affections most commonly manifest themselves merely by lavishing decoration upon the piece of architecture which protects the grave from profanation; and the sepulcher assumes a general form of beauty, in whose rich decoration we perceive veneration for the dead, but nothing more,—no variety of expression or feeling. Priest and layman lie with their lifted hands in semblance of the same repose; and the gorgeous canopies above, while they address the universal feelings, tell no tale to the intellect. But the case is different with the monument; there we are addressing the intellectual powers, the memory and imagination; everything should have a peculiar forcible meaning, and architecture alone is thoroughly insipid, even in combination often absurd. The situation of the memorial has now become part and parcel of its expressive power, and we can no longer allow it to be determined by the affections: it must be judged of by a higher and more certain criterion. That criterion we shall endeavor to arrive at, observing, *en passant*, that the proceeding of the committee, in requiring architects to furnish them with a design without knowing the

situation, is about as unreasonable as requiring them to determine two unknown quantities from one equation. If they want the "ready-made" style, they had better go to the first stonemason's and select a superfine marble slab, with "Affliction sore long time he bore, Physicians was in vain," etc., ready cut thereon. We could hardly have imagined that any body of men could have possessed so extraordinarily minute a sum total of sense.

5. But to the point. The effect of all works of art is twofold; on the mind and on the eye. First, we have to determine how the situation is to be chosen, with relation to the effect on the mind. The respect which we entertain for any individual depends in a greater degree upon our sympathy with the pervading energy of his character, than upon our admiration of the mode in which that energy manifests itself. That is, the fixed degree of intellectual power being granted, the degree of respect which we pay to its particular manifestation depends upon our sympathy with the cause which directed that manifestation. Thus, everyone will grant that it is a noble thing to win successive battles; yet no one ever admired Napoleon, who was not ambitious. So, again, the more we love our country, the more we admire Leonidas. This, which is our natural and involuntary mode of estimating excellence, is partly just and partly unjust. It is just, because we look to the motive rather than to the action; it is unjust, because we admire only those motives from which we feel that we ourselves act, or desire to act: yet, just or unjust, it is the mode which we always employ; and, therefore, when we wish to excite admiration of any given character, it is not enough to point to his actions or his writings, we must indicate as far as possible the nature of the ruling spirit which induced the deed, or pervaded the meditation. Now, this can never be done directly; neither inscription nor allegory is sufficient to inform the feelings of that which would most affect them; the latter, indeed, is a dangerous and doubtful expedient in all cases; but it can frequently be done indirectly, by pointing to the great first

cause, to the nursing mother, so to speak, of the ruling spirit whose presence we would indicate; and by directing the attention of the spectator to those objects which were its guides and modifiers, which became to it the objects of one or both of the universal and only moving influences of life, hope or love; which excited and fostered within it that feeling which is the essence and glory of all noble minds, indefinable except in the words of one who felt it above many:—

“The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.”

6. Now, it is almost always in the power of the monument to indicate this first cause by its situation; for that cause must have been something in human, or in inanimate, nature.* We can therefore always select a spot where that part of human or inanimate nature is most peculiarly manifested, and we should always do this in preference to selecting any scenes of celebrated passages in the individual's life; for those scenes are in themselves the best monuments, and are injured by every addition.

Let us observe a few examples.

7. The monument to the Swiss who fell at Paris, defending the king, in 1790, is *not* in the halls of the Tuileries, which they fortified with their bodies; but it is in the very heart of the land in which their faithfulness was taught and cherished, and whose children they best approved themselves in death; it is cut out in their native crags, in the midst of their beloved mountains; the pure streams whose echo sounded in their ears forever flow and slumber beside and beneath it; the glance of the purple glaciers, the light of the moving lakes, the folds of the crimson clouds, encompass, with the glory which was the nurse of their young spirits,

* If in divine nature, it is not a distinctive cause; it occasioned not the peculiarity of the individual's character, but an approximation to that general character whose attainment is perfection.

and which gleamed in the darkness of their dying eyes, the shadowy and silent monument which is at once the emblem of their fidelity and the memorial of what it cost them.

Again, the chief monument to Napoleon is *not* on the crest of the Pennine Alps, nor by the tower of San Juliano, nor on the heights above which the sun rose on Austerlitz; for in all these places it must have been *alone*; but it is in the center of the city of his dominion; in the midst of *men*, in the motion of multitudes, wherein the various and turbulent motives which guided his life are still working and moving and struggling through the mass of humanity; he stands central to the restless kingdom and capital, looking down upon the nucleus of feeling and energy, upon the focus of all light, within the vast dependent dominion.

8. So, again, the tomb of Shelley, which, as I think, is his only *material* monument, is in the "slope of green access" whose inhabitants "have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death," and which is in the very center of the natural light and loveliness which were his inspiration and his life; and he who stands beside the gray pyramid in the midst of the grave, the city, and the wilderness, looking abroad upon the unimaginable, immeasurable glory of the heaven and the earth, can alone understand or appreciate the power and the beauty of that mind which here dwelt and hence departed. We have not space to show how the same principle is developed in the noble shrine of the Scaligers at Verona; in the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo, above the Lago Maggiore; and in the lonely tomb beside the mountain church of Arquà,* but we think enough has been said to show what we mean.

* We wish we could remember some instance of equal fitness in Britain, but we shrink from the task of investigation; for there rise up before our imagination a monotonous multitude of immortal gentlemen, in nightshirts and bare feet, looking violently ferocious; with corresponding young ladies, looking as if they did not exactly know what to do with themselves, occupied in pushing laurel crowns as far down as they will go on the pericrania of the aforesaid gentlemen in nightshirts; and other young ladies expressing

9. Now, from this principle we deduce the grand primary rule: whenever the conduct or the writings of any individual have been directed or inspired by feelings regarding man, let his monument be among men; whenever they have been directed or inspired by nature, let nature be intrusted with the monument.

10. Again, all monuments to individuals are, to a certain extent, triumphant; therefore, they must not be placed where nature has no elevation of character,—except in a few rare cases. For instance, a monument to Izaak Walton would be best placed in a low green meadow, within sight of some secluded and humble village; but, in general, elevation of character is required. Hence it appears that as far as the feeling of the thing is concerned, works of art should often be combined with the bold and beautiful scenery of nature. Where, for instance, we would ask of the editor of the *Courant*, would he place a monument to Virgil or to Salvator Rosa? We think his answer would be very inconsistent with his general proposition. There are, indeed, a few circumstances, by which argument on the other side might be supported. For instance, in contemplating any memorial, we are apt to feel as if it were weak and inefficient, unless we have a sense of its publicity; but this want is amply counterbalanced by a corresponding advantage: the public monument is perpetually desecrated by the familiarity of unfeeling spectators, and palls gradually upon the minds even of those who revere it, becoming less impressive with the repetition of its appeals; the secluded monument is unprofaned by careless contemplation, is sought out only by those for whom alone it was erected, and found where the mind is best prepared to listen to its language.

11. So much for the effect of monuments on the mind. We have next to determine their effect on the eye, which the editor is chiefly thinking of when he speaks of the “finish of art.” He is right so far, that graceful art will not unite with their perfect satisfaction at the whole proceeding by blowing penny trumpets in the rear.

ungraceful nature, nor finished art with unfinished nature, if such a thing exists; but, if the character of the art be well suited to that of the given scene, the highest richness and finish that man can bestow will harmonize most beautifully with the yet more abundant richness, the yet more exquisite finish, which nature can present. It is to be observed, however, that in such a combination the art is not to be a perfect whole; it is to be assisted by, as it is associated with, concomitant circumstances; for, in all cases of effect, that which does not increase destroys, and that which is not useful is intrusive. Now, all allegory must be perfect in itself, or it is absurd; therefore, allegory cannot be combined with nature. This is one important and imperative rule.* Again Nature is never mechanical in her arrangements; she never allows two members of a composition exactly to correspond: accordingly, in every piece of art which is to combine, without gradations, with landscape, (as must always be the case in monuments,) we must not allow a multitude of similar members; the design must be a dignified and simple whole. These two rules being observed, there is hardly any limit to the variety and beauty of effect which may be attained by the fit combination of art and nature.

12. For instance, we have spoken already of the monument to the Swiss, as it affects the mind; we may again adduce it as a fine address to the eye. A tall crag of gray limestone rises in a hollow, behind the town of Lucerne; it is surrounded with thick foliage of various and beautiful color; a small stream falls gleaming through one of its fissures, and finds a way into a deep, clear, and quiet pool at its base, an everlasting mirror of the bit of bright sky above, that lightens

* It is to be observed, however, that, if the surrounding features could be made a part of the allegory, their combination might be proper; but this is impossible, if the allegorical images be false imaginations, for we cannot make truth a part of fiction: but, where the allegorical images are representations of truth, bearing a hidden signification, it is sometimes possible to make nature a part of the allegory, and then we have good effect, as in the case of the Lucerne Lion above mentioned.

between the dark spires of the uppermost pines. There is a deep and shadowy hollow at the base of the cliff, increased by the chisel of the sculptor; and in the darkness of its shade, cut in the living rock, lies a dying lion, with its foot on a shield bearing the fleur-de-lis, and a broken lance at its side. Now, let us imagine the same figure, placed as the editor of the *Courant* would place it, in the market-place of the town, on a square pedestal just allowing room for its tail. Query, have we not lost a little of the expression?

We could multiply instances of the same kind without number. The fountains of Italy, for instance, often break out among foliage and rock, in the most exquisite combinations, bearing upon their fonts lovely vestiges of ancient sculpture; and the rich roadside crosses and shrines of Germany have also noble effect; but, we think, enough has been said to show that the utmost finish of art is not inappropriate among the nobler scenes of nature. Especially where pensiveness is mixed with the pride of the monument, its beauty is altogether lost by its being placed in the noise and tumult of a city.

13. But it must be allowed that, however beautiful the combination may be, when well managed, it requires far more taste and skill on the part of the designer than the mere association of architecture; and therefore, from the want of such taste and skill, there is a far greater chance of our being offended by impropriety in the detached monument than in that which is surrounded by architectural forms. And it is also to be observed, that monuments which are to form part of the sublimity as well as the beauty of a landscape, and to unite in general and large effects, require a strength of expression, a nobility of outline, and a simplicity of design, which very few architects or sculptors are capable of giving; and that, therefore, in such situations they are nine times out of ten injurious, not because there is anything necessarily improper in their position, but because there is much incongruity with the particular design.

14. So much for general principles. Now for the partic-

ular case. Edinburgh, at the first glance, appears to be a city presenting an infinite variety of aspect and association, and embarrassing rather by rivalry, than by paucity of advantage: but, on closer consideration, every spot of the city and its environs appears to be affected by some degrading influence, which neutralizes every effect of actual or historical interest, and renders the investigation of the proper site for the monument in question about as difficult a problem as could well be proposed. Edinburgh is almost the only city we remember, which presents not a single point in which there is not something striking and even sublime; it is also the only city which presents not a single point in which there is not something degrading and disgusting. Throughout its whole extent, wherever there is life there is filth, wherever there is cleanliness there is desolation. The new town is handsome from its command of the sea; but it is as stupid as Pompeii without its reminiscences. The old town is delicious in life and architecture and association, but it is one great open common sewer. The rocks of the castle are noble in themselves, but they guide the eye to barracks at the top and cauliflowers at the bottom; the Calton, though commanding a glorious group of city, mountain, and ocean, is suspended over the very jaws of perpetually active chimneys; and even Arthur's Seat, though fine in form, and clean, which is saying a good deal, is a mere heap of black cinders,—Vesuvius without its vigor or its vines. Nevertheless, as the monument is to be at Edinburgh, we must do the best we can. The first question is, Are we to have it in the city or in the country? and, to decide this, we must determine which was Scott's ruling spirit, the love of nature or of man.

15. His descriptive pieces are universally allowed to be lively and characteristic, but not first-rate; they have been far excelled by many writers, for the simple reason, that Scott, while he brings his landscape clearly before the reader's eyes, puts no soul into it, when he has done so; while other poets give a meaning and a humanity to every part of nature, which is to its loveliness what the breathing spirit is to the

human countenance. We have not space for quotations, but anyone may understand our meaning, who will compare Scott's description of the Dell of the Greta, in "Rokeby," with the speech of Beatrice, beginning, "But I remember, Two miles on this side of the fort," in Act III. Scene 1 of "The Cenci;" or who will take the trouble to compare carefully any piece he chooses of Scott's proudest description, with bits relating to similar scenery in Coleridge, or Shelley, or Byron (though the latter is not so first-rate in description as in passion). Now, in his descriptions of some kinds of human nature, Scott has never been surpassed, and therefore it might at first appear that his influence of inspiration was in man. Not so; for, when such is the case, nationality has little power over the author, and he can usurp as he chooses the feelings of the inhabitants of every point of earth. Observe, for instance, how Shakespeare becomes a Venetian, or a Roman, or a Greek, or an Egyptian, and with equal facility. Not so Scott; his peculiar spirit was that of his native land; therefore, it related not to the whole essence of man, but to that part of his essence dependent on locality, and, therefore, on nature.* The inspiration of Scott, therefore, was derived from nature, and fed by mankind. Accordingly, his monument must be amidst natural scenery, yet within sight of the works and life of men.

16. This point being settled saves us a great deal of trouble, for we *must* go out towards Arthur's Seat, to get anything of country near Edinburgh, and thus our speculations are considerably limited at once. The site recommended by W. naturally occurs as conspicuous, but it has many disadvantages. In the first place, it is vain to hope that any new erection could exist without utterly destroying the effect of the ruins. These are only beautiful from their situation, but that situation is particularly good. Seen from the west in particular, the composition is extraordinarily scientific;

* Observe, the ruling spirit may arise out of nature, and yet not limit the conception to a national character; but it never so limits the conception, unless it has arisen out of nature.

the group beginning with the concave sweep on the right, rising up the broken crags which form the summit and give character to the mass; then the tower, which, had it been on the highest point, would have occasioned rigidity and formality, projecting from the flank of the mound, and yet keeping its rank as a primary object, by rising higher than the summit itself; finally, the bold, broad, and broken curve, sloping down to the basalt crags that support the whole, and forming the large branch of the great ogee curve, from *a* to *b*. Now, we defy the best architect in the world to add anything to this bit of composition, and not to spoil it.

17. Again, W. says, first, that the monument "could be placed so as to appear quite distinct and unconnected" with the ruins; and a few lines below, he says that its effect will be "taken in connection with the ruins." Now, though Charles Lamb says that second thoughts are *not* best, with W. they very certainly are; the effect would, without doubt, be taken in very close connection with the ruins,—rather too close, indeed, for the comfort of either monument; both would be utterly spoiled. Nothing in the way of elevated architecture will harmonize with ruin, but ruin; evidence of present humble life, a cottage or a pigsty, for instance, built up against the old wall, is often excellent by way of contrast, but the addition or association of high architecture is total destruction.

18. But suppose we were able to throw the old chapel down, would the site be fit for Scott? Not by any means. It is conspicuous, certainly, but only conspicuous to the London road, and the Leith glass-houses. It is visible, certainly, from the Calton and the Castle: but, from the first, barely distinguishable from the huge, black overwhelming cliff behind,—and, from the second, the glimpse of it is slight and unimportant, for it merely peeps out from behind the Salisbury Crags, and the bold mound on which it stands is altogether concealed; while, from St. Leonard's and the south approaches, it is quite invisible. Then for the site itself, it is a piece of perfect desolation; a lonely crag of broken basalt,

covered with black *débris*, which have fallen from time to time from the cliffs above, and lie in massive and weedy confusion along the flanks and brow of the hill, presenting to the near spectator the porous hollows, and scoriaceous, lichenless surface, which he scarcely dares to tread on, lest he should find it yet scorching from its creative fires. This is, indeed, a scene well adapted for the gray and shattered ruins, but altogether unfit for the pale colors and proportioned form of any modern monument.

19. Lastly, supposing that even the actual site were well chosen, the huge and shapeless cliff immediately above would crush almost any mass of good proportion. The ruins themselves provoke no comparison, for they do not pretend to size, but any colossal figure or column, or any fully proportioned architectural form, would be either crushed by the cliff, or would be totally out of proportion with the mound on which it would stand.

20. These considerations are sufficient to show that the site of St. Anthony's Chapel is not a good one; but W. may prove, on the other hand, that it is difficult to find a better. Were there any such lonely dingle scenery here as that of Hawthornden, or any running water of any kind near, something might be done; but the sculptor must be bold indeed, who dares to deal with bare turf and black basalt. The only idea which strikes us as in the least degree tolerable is this; where the range of Salisbury Crag gets low and broken, towards the north, at about the point of equal elevation with St. Anthony's Chapel, let a bold and solid mass of mason-work be built out from the cliff, in *gray* stone, broken like natural rock, rising some four or five feet above the brow of the crag, and sloping down, not too steeply, into the bank below. This must be built fairly *into* the cliff to allow for disintegration. At the foot of this, let a group of figures, not more than five in number, be carved in the solid rock, in the dress of Border shepherds, with the plaid and bonnet (a good costume for the sculptor), in easy attitudes; sleeping perhaps, reclining at any rate. On the brow of this pedestal, let a colossal figure

of Scott be placed, with the arms folded, looking towards the Castle.

21. The first advantage of this disposition will be, that the position of the figure will be natural; for if the fancy endow it with life, it will seem to stand on the brow of the cliff itself, looking upon the city, while the superior elevation of the pedestal will nevertheless keep it distinctly a statue.

The second advantage is, that it will be crushed by no super-eminent mass, and will not be among broken ruins of fallen rocks, but upon the brow of a solid range of hill.

The greatest advantage will be the position of the figure with relation to the scenes of Scott's works. Holyrood will be on its right; St. Leonard's at its feet; the Canongate, and the site of the Heart of Midlothian, directly in front; the Castle above; and, beyond its towers, right in the apparent glance of the figure, will be the plain of Stirling and the distant peaks of the Highland Hills. The figure will not be distinctly visible from the London road, but it will be in full view from any part of the city; and there will be very few of Scott's works, from some one of the localities of which the spectator may not, with a sufficiently good glass, discern this monument.

22. But the disadvantages of the design are also manifold. First, the statue, if in marble, will be a harsh interruption to the color of the cliffs; and, if in gray stone, must be of coarse workmanship. Secondly, whatever it is worked in must be totally exposed, and the abominable Scotch climate will amuse itself by drawing black streaks down each side of the nose. One cannot speculate here, as in Italy, where a marble Cupid might face wind and weather for years, without damage accruing to one dimple; the Edinburgh climate would undermine the constitution of a colossus. Again, the pedestal must necessarily be very high; even at the low part of the cliffs, it would be, we suppose, 40 or 50 feet; then the statue must be in proportion, say 10 or 12 feet high. Now, statues of this size are almost always awkward; and people are apt to joke upon them, to speculate upon the probable effect of a

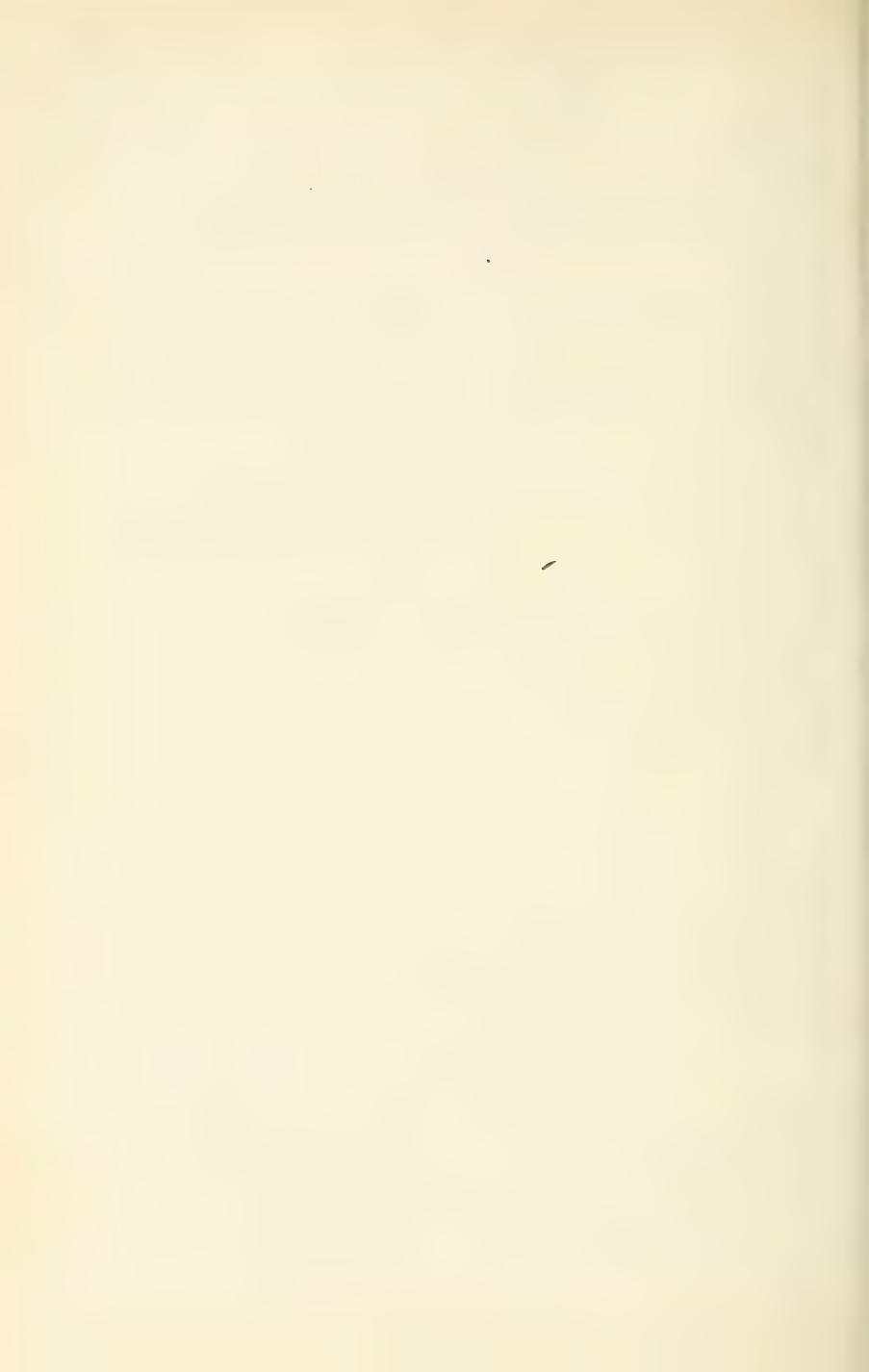
blow from their fists, or a shake of their hand, etc., and a monument should never induce feelings of this kind. In the case of the statue of San Carlo Borromeo, which is 72 feet high without the pedestal, people forget to whom it was erected, in the joke of getting into its skull, and looking out at its eye.

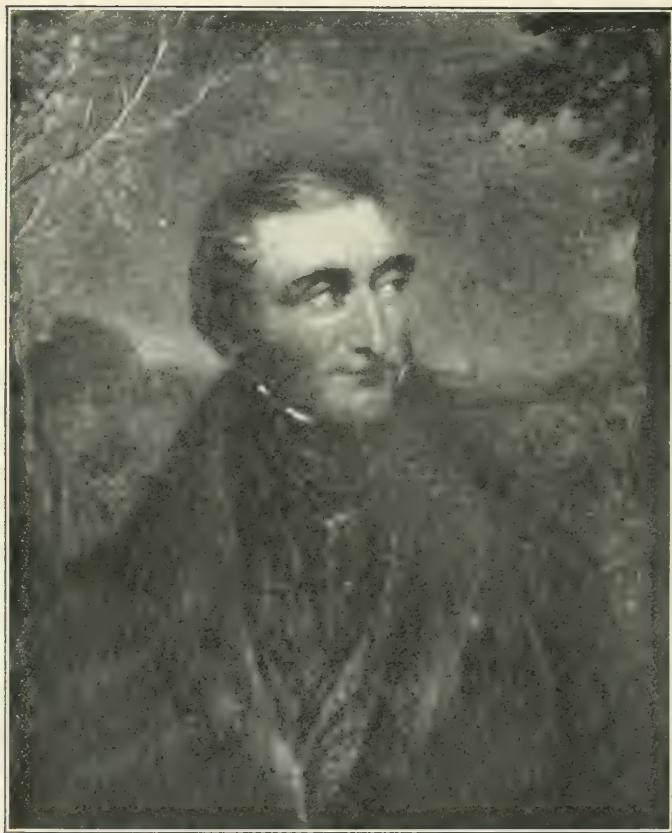
23. Lastly, in all monuments of this kind, there is generally some slight appearance of affectation; of an effort at theatrical effect, which, if the sculptor has thrown dignity enough into the figure to reach the effect aimed at, is not offensive; but, if he fails, as he often will, becomes ridiculous to some minds, and painful to others. None of this forced sentiment would be apparent in a monument placed in a city; but for what reason? Because a monument so placed has no effect on the feelings at all, and therefore cannot be offensive, because it cannot be sublime. When carriages, and dust-carts, and drays, and muffin-men, and postmen, and footmen, and little boys, and nursery-maids, and milkmaids, and all the other noisy living things of a city, are perpetually rumbling and rattling, and roaring and crying, about the monument, it is utterly impossible that it should produce *any* effect upon the mind, and therefore as impossible that it should offend as that it should delight. It then becomes a mere address to the eye, and we may criticise its proportions, and its workmanship, but we can never become filled with its feeling. In the isolated case, there is an immediate impression produced of some kind or other; but, as it will vary with every individual, it must in some cases offend, even if on the average it be agreeable. The choice to be made, therefore, is between offending a few, and affecting none; between simply abiding the careless arbitration of the intellect, and daring the finer judgment of the heart. Surely, the monument which Scotland erects in her capital, to her noblest child, should appeal, not to the mechanical and cold perceptions of the brain and eye, but to a prouder and purer criterion, the keen and quick emotions of the ethereal and enlightening spirit.

OXFORD, *October 20, 1838.*

KATA PHUSIN.

PAPERS ON TURNER.





J. M. W. TURNER.
From painting by John Linnell.

NOTES ON THE TURNER COLLECTION OF OIL-PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY, 1856.

PREFACE.*

ALTHOUGH the following notes refer only to a portion of the great series of the works of Turner which are now exhibited at Marlborough House, they will be found copious enough to mark all the principal stages of his progress, and characters of his design; and they will sufficiently indicate to the reader what kind of excellence is to be looked for, even in the pictures of which no special notice is taken. Among these undescribed ones † there are indeed some of the greatest efforts of the master; but it is just on account of their great excellence that I do not choose to add any account of them to these rough notes; hoping to describe and illustrate them elsewhere in a more effectual way.‡ Nor is

* To the Catalogue of 1856-7.

† All the information absolutely necessary to the understanding of their subjects will be found in the Official Catalogue, admirably arranged by Mr. Wornum, and that at a cost of labor which its readers will not readily appreciate, for Turner was constantly in the habit of inventing classical stories out of his own head, and it requires Mr. Wornum's extensive reading and determined inducting merits to prove the non-existence of any real tradition on the subject. See, for instance, the note on the No. 495, in the Official Catalogue. [The Official Catalogue, now in use, is founded on Mr. Wornum's work.]

‡ [The reference may be partly to "Modern Painters," of which the fifth volume was still in preparation when these notes were written. Its scope underwent several changes (see the author's preface to vol. v.), but Mr. Ruskin at this time had another project in his mind, namely, a catalogue of Turner's works with illustrations on a large scale (see author's preface to vol. iii. of "Modern Painters").]

any notice taken in the following pages of the Turner drawings; for any account of these at present would be premature; the number belonging to the nation is very great; and it will require prolonged examination to trace the connection and significance of many of the subjects. Besides, the drawings, as stated at p. 267, are nearly all faultless; simple in purpose, perfect in execution, and absolute in truth; and perhaps, even when I am able to give any account of them, the reader may find some monotony in my description of works in which there is little to explain, less to dispute, and nothing to accuse.

One point, however, requires notice—namely, that the original sketches in sepia for the *Liber Studiorum* are not to be considered as Turner *drawings* at all. They are merely hasty indications of his intention, given to the engraver to guide him in his first broad massing out of the shade on the plate. Turner took no care with them, but put his strength only into his own etching on the plate itself, and his after touching, which was repeated and elaborate, on the engraver's work. The finer impressions of the plates are infinitely better than these so-called originals, in which there is hardly a trace of Turner's power, and none of his manner. The time bestowed in copying them by some of the students is wholly wasted; they should copy the engravings only; and chiefly those which were engraved, as well as etched, by Turner himself. The best of the series are the "Grande Chartreuse," "Source of Arveron," "Ben Arthur," "Æsacus," "Cephalus," "Rizpah," "Dumblane," "Raglan," "Hindhead," and "Little Devil's Bridge," with the unpublished "Via Mala" and "Crowhurst," not generally accessible. The *Via Mala*, *Æsacus*, *Arveron*, and *Raglan*, were engraved by Turner; and I believe the *Crowhurst* also. Of the drawings at present exhibited, the *Vignettes to the Italy*, and the *Rivers of France* series, on gray paper, exhibit his power at its utmost. The "St. Maurice," and "Caudebec" are, I think, on the whole, the finest drawings in the room. The *Okehampton*, *Norham*, and *More Park*, of the *River*

Scenery, are consummate examples of a somewhat earlier time. The Arsenal at Venice, and the vignette with the fish on the shore, are equally excellent instances of the later manner.

The chronological arrangement of the whole series of pictures will now sufficiently enable the reader to test the conclusion stated in the earlier editions of this notice, namely, that the change which led to the perfect development of Turner's power took place in 1820—a conclusion very interestingly confirmed by the advice of the *Athenæum* to its readers in 1851. "Whoever wishes to possess a single Turner, will, if he has true taste, take care to secure, if he can, a picture of a period before 1820." The *Athenæum*, though it had always, and has to this day, a curious gift of getting wrong with precision, was not at this time much below the current standard of popular knowledge respecting Turner; and this passage, occurring in its obituary of him, in the number for December 27th, 1851, indicates sufficiently how little Turner had been understood by the public up to the very hour of his death. I trust that the privilege which the nation owes to that death, of studying in detail the works it once despised,* may diffuse the knowledge of art widely enough to prevent the recurrence, in other cases, of so great an injustice.

* I would direct especial attention to the series of the Rivers of France [Nos. 101-160 in the collection of drawings], which (as well as the great England series) was stopped for want of public encouragement; I suppose the *Athenæum* alludes to this circumstance when it speaks in the same article of the "excess of contemporary admiration"; or perhaps it intended a reference rather to the fact that the "*Old Téméraire*," during the first days of its exhibition at the Royal Academy, might have been bought for a hundred and fifty guineas; and that no offer was made for it.

NOTES ON THE TURNER COLLECTION.

THE works of Turner are broadly referable to four periods, during each of which the painter wrought with a different aim, or with different powers.

In the first period, 1800-1820, he labored as a student, imitating successively the works of the various masters who excelled in the qualities he desired to attain himself.

In his second period, 1820-1835, he worked on the principles which during his studentship he had discovered; imitating no one, but frequently endeavoring to do what the then accepted theories of art required of all artists—namely, to produce beautiful compositions or ideals, instead of transcripts of natural fact.

In his third period, 1835-1845, his own strong instincts conquered the theories of art altogether. He thought little of “ideals,” but reproduced, as far as he could, the simple impressions he received from nature, associating them with his own deepest feelings.

In 1845 his health gave way, and his mind and sight partially failed. The pictures painted in the last five years of his life are of wholly inferior value. He died on the 19th of December 1851.

These, then, being the broad divisions of his career, we will take the pictures belonging to each in their order, first dwelling a little on the general characteristics of each epoch.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FIRST PERIOD, OR THAT
OF STUDENTSHIP.

[1800-1820.]

GENERALLY, the pictures belonging to this time are notable for their gray or brown color, and firm, sometimes heavy, laying on of the paint. And this for two reasons. Every great artist, without exception, needs, and feels that he needs, to learn to express the forms of things before he can express

the colors of things; and it much facilitates this expression of form if the learner will use at first few and simple colors. And the paint is laid on firmly, partly in mere unskillfulness (it being much easier to lay a heavy touch than a light one), but partly also in the struggle of the learner against indecision, just as the notes are struck heavily in early practice (if useful and progressive) on a pianoforte. But besides these reasons, the kind of landscapes which were set before Turner as his models, and which, during nearly the whole of this epoch, he was striving to imitate, were commonly sober in color, and heavy in touch. Brown was thought the proper color for trees, gray for shadows, and fog-yellow for high lights. "Child Roland to the dark tower came," and had to clear his way through all the fog; twenty years of his life passed before he could fairly get leave to see. It follows that the evidences of invention, or of new perception, must be rarer in the pictures of this period than in subsequent ones. It was not so much to think brilliantly, as to draw accurately, that Turner was trying; not so much to invent new things, as to rival the old. His own perceptions are traceable only by fits and fragments through the more or less successful imitation.

It is to be observed, however, that his originality is enough proved by the fact that these pictures of his studentship, though they nearly all are imitations, are none of them *copies*. Nearly every other great master in his youth copied some of the works of other masters; but Turner, when he wanted to understand a master's merits, instead of copying, painted an original picture in the required style. Instead of copying a Vandevelde, he went to the sea, and painted *that*, in Vandevelde's way. Instead of copying a Poussin, he went to the mountains, and painted *them*, in Poussin's way. And from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves, he learned one or two things which neither Vandevelde nor Poussin could have told him; until at last, continually finding these sayings of the hills and waves on the whole the soundest kind of sayings, he came to listen to no others.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SECOND PERIOD, OR THAT
OF MASTERSHIP.

[1820-1835.]

THE reader may perhaps suppose that I limit Turner's course of conception too arbitrarily in assigning a single year as the period of its change. But the fact is, that though the human mind is prepared for its great transitions by many previous circumstances, and much gradual accumulation of knowledge, those transitions may, and frequently do, take place in a moment. One glance of the eye, one springing aside of a fancy, may cast a spark on the prepared pile; and the whole theory and practice of past life may be burnt up like stubble; and new foundations be laid, in the next hour, for the perpetual future toil of existence. This cannot, however, take place, with the utmost sharpness of catastrophe, in so difficult an art as that of painting: old habits will remain in the hand, and the knowledge necessary to carry out the new principles needs to be gradually gathered; still, the new conviction, whatever it be, will probably be expressed, within no very distant period from its acquirement, in some single picture, which will at once enable us to mark the old theories as rejected, at all events, then, if not before. This condemning and confirming picture is, in the present instance, I believe, the Bay of Baiæ [No. 505].

For, in the year 1819, Turner exhibited the "Orange Merchant," and "Richmond Hill," both in his first manner. In 1820, "Rome from the Vatican" (503)* which is little more than a study of materials in the view of Rome from the Loggie, expressed in terms of general challenge to every known law of perspective to hold its own, if it could, against the new views of the professor, on that subject. In 1821, *nothing*: a notable pause. In 1822, "What you Will": a small picture.† In 1823 came the "Bay of Baiæ."

* [Now exhibited at Liverpool.]

† [In eds. 1-4 the above passage stood thus: "In 1820, 'Rome from the Vatican': a picture which I have not seen. In 1821, *nothing*;

Why I put the real time of change so far back as 1820 will appear, after I have briefly stated the characters in which the change consists.

Pictures belonging to the second period are technically distinguished from those of the first in three particulars:—

1. Color takes the place of gray.
2. Refinement takes the place of force.
3. Quantity takes the place of mass.

First, Color appears everywhere instead of gray. That is to say, Turner had discovered that the shaded sides of objects, as well as their illumined ones, are in reality of different, and often brilliant colors. His shadow is, therefore, no longer of one hue, but perpetually varied; whilst the lights, instead of being subdued to any conventional level, are always painted as near the brightness of natural color as he can.

Secondly, Refinement takes the place of force. He had discovered that it is much more difficult to draw tenderly than ponderously, and that all the most beautiful things in nature depended on definitely delicate lines. His effort is, therefore, always, now, to trace lines as finely, and shades as softly, as the point of the brush and feeling of hand are capable of doing; and the effects sought are themselves the most subtle and delicate which nature presents, rarely those which are violent. The change is the same as from the heavy touch and noisy preferences of a beginner in music, to the subdued and tender fingering or breathing of a great musician—rising, however, always into far more masterful stress when the occasion comes.

a notable pause. In 1822, 'What you Will': a picture I have not seen either, and which I am very curious about, as it may dispute the claims of first assertion with its successor. In 1823 came 'The Bay of Baiæ.' In the preface to the fourth edition Mr. Ruskin wrote, 'I have only to add, that since this pamphlet was written, I have seen the two pictures referred to . . .—'Rome' and 'What you Will'—and that they entirely establish the conclusion there stated that the change which led to the perfect development of Turner's power took place in 1820.']

Thirdly, Quantity takes the place of mass. Turner had also ascertained, in the course of his studies, that nature was infinitely full, and that old painters had not only missed her pitch of hue, but her power of accumulation. He saw there were more clouds in any sky than ever had been painted; more trees in every forest, more crags on every hill side; and he set himself with all his strength to proclaim this great fact of Quantity in the universe.

Now, so long as he introduced all these three changes in an instinctive and unpretending way, his work was noble; but the moment he tried to idealize, and introduced his principles for the sake of display, they led him into depths of error proportioned exactly to the extent of effort. His painting, at this period, of an English town, or a Welsh hill, was magnificent and faultless, but all his idealism, mythology, romance, and composition in general, were more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason of all—his great discoveries. He erred in *color*; because not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of colored accessory, until color was killed by color, and the blue skies and snowy mountains, which would have been lovely by themselves, were confused and vulgarized by the blue dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in *refinement*, because, not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealize even strong things into gentleness, until his architecture became transparent, and his ground ghostly; and he erred finally, and chiefly, in *quantity*, because, in his enthusiastic perception of the fullness of nature, he did not allow for the narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were many to reception; he thus spoiled his most careful works by the very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure.*

* The reader who has heard my writings respecting Turner characterized as those of a mere partisan, may be surprised at these

The oil-pictures exhibited in the Academy, as being always more or less done for show, and to produce imposing effect, display these weaknesses in the greatest degree; the drawings in which he tried to do his best are next in failure, but the drawings in which he simply liked his subject, and painted it for its own simple sake, are wholly faultless and magnificent.

All the works of this period are, however, essentially Turnerian; original in conception, and unprecedented in treatment; they are, therefore, when fine, of far greater value than those of the first period; but as being more daring, they involve greater probabilities of error or failure.

One more point needs notice in them. They generally are painted with far more enjoyment. Master now of himself

expressions of blame and perhaps suppose them an indication of some change of feeling. The following extract from the first volume of "Modern Painters" will show that I always held, and always expressed, precisely the same opinions respecting these Academy compositions:—

"The 'Caligula's Bridge,' 'Temple of Jupiter,' 'Departure of Regulus,' 'Ancient Italy,' 'Cicero's Villa,' and such others, come they from whose hand they may, I class under the general head of 'nonsense pictures.' There never can be any wholesome feeling developed in these preposterous accumulations, and where the artist's feeling fails, his art follows; so that the worst possible examples of Turner's color are found in pictures of this class. . . . Neither in his actual views of Italy has Turner ever caught her true spirit, except in the little vignettes to Rogers' Poems. The 'Villa of Galileo,' the nameless composition with stone pines, the several villa moonlights, and the convent compositions in the voyage of Columbus, are altogether exquisite; but this is owing chiefly to their simplicity; and, perhaps, in some measure, to their smallness of size. None of his large pictures at all equal them; the 'Bay of Baïæ' is incumbered with material, it contains ten times as much as is necessary to a good picture, and yet is so crude in color as to look unfinished. The 'Palestrina' is full of raw white, and has a look of Hampton Court about its long avenue; the 'Modern Italy' is purely English in its near foliage; it is composed from Tivoli material, enriched and arranged most dexterously, but it has not the virtue of the real thing."—*Modern Painters*, vol. i. pt. ii. sec. i. ch. vii. §§ 42, 43.

and his subjects, at rest as to the choice of the thing to be done, and triumphing in perpetually new perceptions of the beauty of the nature he had learned to interpret, his work seems poured out in perpetual rejoicing; his sympathy with the pomp, splendor, and gladness of the world increases, while he forgets its humiliation and its pain; they cannot now stay the career of his power, nor check the brightness of his exultation. From the dens of the serpent and the dragon he ascends into the soft gardens and balmy glades; and from the roll of the wagon on the dusty road, or labor of the boat along the stormy shore, he turns aside to watch the dance of the nymph, and listen to the ringing of the cymbal.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE THIRD PERIOD.

[1835-1845.]

As Turner became more and more accustomed to, and satisfied in, the principles of art he had introduced, his mind naturally dwelt upon them with less of the pride of discovery, and turned more and more to the noble subjects of natural color and effect, which he found himself now able to represent. He began to think less of showing or trying what he *could* do, and more of actually doing this or that beautiful thing. It was no more a question with him how many alternations of blue with gold he could crowd into a canvas, but how nearly he could reach the actual blue of the Bay of Uri, when the dawn was on its golden cliffs. I believe, also, that in powerful minds there is generally, towards age, a return to the superstitious love of Nature which they felt in their youth: and assuredly, as Turner drew towards old age, the aspect of mechanical effort and ambitious accumulation fade from his work, and a deep imaginative delight, and tender rest in the loveliness of what he had learned to see in Nature, take their place. It is true that when goaded by the reproaches cast upon him, he would often meet contempt with contempt, and paint, not, as in his middle period, to prove

his power, but merely to astonish, or to defy, his critics. Often, also, he would play with his Academy work, and engage in color tournaments with his painter-friends; the spirit which prompted such jests or challenges being natural enough to a mind now no longer in a state of doubt, but conscious of confirmed power. But here, again, the evil attendant on such play, or scorn, becomes concentrated in the Academy pictures; while the real strength and majesty of his mind are seen undiminished only in the sketches which he made during his summer journeys for his own pleasure, and in the drawings he completed from them.

Another notable characteristic of this period is, that though the mind was in a state of comparative repose, and capable of play at idle moments, it was, in its depth, infinitely more serious than heretofore—nearly all the subjects on which it dwelt having now some pathetic meaning. Formerly he painted the *Victory* in her triumph, but now the *Old Téméraire* in her decay; formerly Napoleon at Marengo, now Napoleon at St. Helena; formerly the Ducal Palace at Venice, now the Cemetery at Murano; formerly the Studies of Vandewelde, now the Burial of Wilkie.

Lastly, though in most respects, this is the crowning period of Turner's genius, in a few, there are evidences in it of approaching decline. As we have seen, in each former phase of his efforts, that the full character was not developed till about its central year, so in this last the full character was not developed till the year 1840, and that character involved, in the very fullness of its imaginative beauty, some loss of distinctness; some absence of deliberation in arrangement; and, as we approach nearer and nearer the period of decline, considerable feebleness of hand. These several deficiencies, when they happen to be united in one of the fantasies struck out during retouching days at the Academy, produce results which, at the time they appeared, might have justified a regretful criticism, provided only that criticism had been offered under such sense of the painter's real greatness as might have rendered it acceptable or serviceable to him;

whereas, being expressed in terms as insulting to his then existing power as forgetful of his past, they merely checked his efforts, challenged his caprices, and accelerated his decline.

Technically speaking, there are few trenchant distinctions between works of the second and third period. The most definite is, that the *figures* of the second period have faces and bodies more or less inclining to flesh color; but in the third period the faces at least are white-looking like chalked masks (why we shall inquire presently), and the limbs usually white, with scarlet reflected lights. It is also to be observed that after the full development of the third manner, in 1840, no more foliage is satisfactorily painted, and it rarely occurs in any prominent mass.

APPENDIX.

As the number of pictures now at Marlborough House is large enough to give the reader some idea of the value of the entire collection, the following notes respecting what I believe to be the best mode of exhibiting that collection may perhaps be useful.

The expediency of protecting oil-pictures, as well as drawings, by glass, has been already fully admitted by the Trustees of the National Gallery, since the two Correggios, the Raphael, the Francias, the Perugino, the John Bellini, and Wilkie's "Festival," are already so protected.* And of all pictures whatsoever, Turner's are those which must suffer

* I am at a loss to determine what the standard of excellence may be which is supposed to warrant the national expenditure, in addition to the price of the picture, of at least two pounds ten shillings for plate glass; since I observed that Garofalo's "St. Augustine" reaches that standard; but Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" does not; this picture being precisely, of all in the gallery, the one which I should have thought would have been first glazed, or first, at all events, after that noble Perugino; for the acquisition of which, by the way, the Trustees are to be most earnestly thanked. [Note to eds. 1-3.]

most from the present mode of their exposure.* The effects of all the later paintings are dependent on the loading of the color; and the white, in many of the high lights, stands out in diminutive crags, with intermediate craters and ravines: every one of whose cellular hollows serves as a receptacle for the dust of London, which cannot afterwards be removed but by grinding away the eminences that protect it—in other words, destroying the handling of Turner at the very spots which are the foci of his effects. Not only so, but the surfaces of most of his later pictures are more or less cracked; often gaping widely: every fissure offering its convenient ledge for the repose of the floating defilement.

Now, if the power of Turner were independent of the *pitch* of his color, so that tones sinking daily into more pensive shade might yet retain their meaning and their harmony, it might be a point deserving discussion, whether their preservation at a particular key was worth the alleged inconvenience resulting from the use of glass. In the case of Wilkie's "Festival" for instance [No. 122], the telling of his story would not be seriously interfered with, though the nose of the sot became less brilliantly rubicund, and the cloak of his wife sank into a homelier gray. But Turner's work is especially the painting of sunshine: it is not merely *relative* hue that he aims at, but absolute assertion of *positive* hue; and when he renders the edge of a cloud by pure vermilion or pure gold, his whole meaning is destroyed if the vermilion be changed into russet, and the gold into brown. He does not intend to tell you that sunsets are brown, but that they are burning; scarlet, with him, means scarlet, and in nowise dun color, or dust color; and white means white, and by no means, nor under any sort of interpretation, black.

But farther. The frequent assertion that glass interferes with the effect of oil-pictures is wholly irrelevant. If a painting cannot be seen through glass, it cannot be seen

* [The process of protecting the pictures in the National Gallery with glass was continued year by year, and has for some time been completed.]

through its own varnish. Any position which renders the glass offensive by its reflection, will in like manner make the glaze of the surface of the picture visible instead of the color. The inconvenience is less distinct, there being often only a feeble glimmer on the varnish, when there would be a vivid flash on the glass, but the glimmer is quite enough to prevent the true color's being seen; while there is this advantage in the glass, that it tells the spectator *when* he cannot see; whereas the glimmer of the varnish often passes, with an inattentive observer, for a feeble part of the real painting, and he does not try to get a better position.

Glass has another advantage, when used to cover the recent paintings of Turner, in giving a delicate, but very precious softness to surfaces of pigment which, in his later practice, he was apt to leave looking too much like lime or mortar.

The question of the acceptance of glass as a protection for pictures is, however, intimately connected with another: namely, whether we are to continue to hang them above the eye. Of course, as long as a picture is regarded by us merely as a piece of ostentatious furniture, answering no other purpose than that of covering the walls of rooms with a dark tapestry worth a thousand guineas a yard, it is of no consequence whether we protect them or not. There will always be dealers ready to provide us with this same costly tapestry, in which we need not be studious to preserve the designs we do not care to see. If the rain or the rats should make an end of the Tintoret which is now hung in the first room of the Louvre at a height of fifty feet from the ground, it will be easy to obtain from the manufactories of Venice another Tintoret, which, hung at the same height, shall look altogether as well; and if any harm should happen to the fish in the sea piece of Turner * which hangs above his "Carthage" in the National Gallery, a few bold dashes of white may replace them, as long as the picture remains where it is, with

* [The "Sun rising in a mist," No. 479, one of the two bequeathed by Turner on condition that they were placed beside two by Claude. The picture is now hung lower.]

perfect satisfaction to the public. But if ever we come to understand that the function of a picture, after all, with respect to mankind, is not merely to be bought, but to be seen, it will follow that a picture which deserves a price deserves a place; and that all paintings which are worth keeping, are worth, also, the rent of so much wall as shall be necessary to show them to the best advantage, and in the least fatiguing way for the spectator.

It would be interesting if we could obtain a return of the sum which the English nation pays annually for park walls to inclose game, stable walls to separate horses, and garden walls to ripen peaches; and if we could compare this ascertained sum with what it pays for walls to show its art upon. How soon it may desire to quit itself of the dishonor which would result from the comparison I do not know; but as the public appear to be seriously taking some interest in the pending questions respecting their new National Gallery,* it is, perhaps, worth while to state the following general principles of good picture exhibitions.

1st. All large pictures should be on walls lighted from above; because light, from whatever point it enters, must be gradually subdued as it passes further into the room. Now, if it enters at either side of the picture, the gradation of diminishing light to the other side is generally unnatural; but if the light falls from above, its gradation from the sky of the picture down to the foreground is never unnatural, even in a figure piece, and is often a great help to the effect of a landscape. Even interiors, in which lateral light is represented as entering a room, and none as falling from the ceiling, are yet best seen by light from above: for a lateral light contrary to the supposed direction of that in the picture will greatly neutralize its effect; and a lateral light in the same direction will exaggerate it. The artist's real intention can only be seen fairly by light from above.

* [The reference is to the National Gallery Site Commission of 1857. Mr. Ruskin's evidence is reprinted in "On the Old Road," vol. ii. §§ 114-138.]

2nd. Every picture should be hung so as to admit of its horizon being brought on a level with the eye of the spectator, without difficulty, or stooping. When pictures are small, one line may be disposed so as to be seen by a sitting spectator, and one to be seen standing, but more than two lines should never be admitted. A *model* gallery should have one line only; and some interval between each picture, to prevent the interference of the colors of one piece with those of the rest—a most serious source of deterioration of effect.

3rd. If pictures were placed thus, only in one low line, the gorgeousness of large rooms and galleries would be lost, and it would be useless to endeavor to obtain any imposing architectural effect by the arrangement or extent of the rooms. But the far more important objects might be attained, of making them perfectly comfortable, securing good light in the darkest days, and ventilation without draughts in the warmest and coldest.

4th. And if hope of architectural effect were thus surrendered, there would be a great advantage in giving large upright pictures a room to themselves. For as the perspective horizon of such pictures cannot always be brought low enough even for a standing spectator, and as, whether it can or not, the upper parts of great designs are often more interesting than the lower, the floor at the further extremity of the room might be raised by the number of steps necessary to give full command of the composition; and a narrow lateral gallery carried from this elevated dais, to its sides. Such a gallery of close access to the flanks of pictures like Titian's *Assumption* or Peter Martyr would be of the greatest service to artists.*

5th. It is of the highest importance that the works of each master should be kept together.† No great master can be thoroughly enjoyed but by getting into his humor, and re-

* [Mr. Ruskin was questioned on this point by the National Gallery Site Commission. See "On the Old Road," vol. ii. § 119.]

† [For a statement by Mr. Ruskin on the other side, see "Fors Clavigera," letter lxxix.]

maining long enough under his influence to understand his whole mode and cast of thought. The contrast of works by different masters never brings out their merits; but their defects: the spectator's effort (if he is kind enough to make any) to throw his mind into their various tempers, materially increases his fatigue—and the fatigue of examining a series of pictures carefully is always great, even under the most favorable circumstances. The advantage thus gained in peace of mind and power of understanding, by the assemblage of the works of each master, is connected with another, hardly less important, in the light thrown on the painter's own progress of intellect and methods of study.

6th. Whatever sketches and studies for any picture exist by its master's hand, should be collected at any sacrifice; a little reciprocal courtesy among Governments might easily bring this about: such studies should be shown under glass (as in the rooms appropriated to drawings in the Louvre), in the center of the room in which the picture itself is placed. The existing engravings from it, whatever their merit or demerit (it is often a great point in art education to demonstrate the *last*), should be collected and exhibited in a similar manner.

7th. Although the rooms, if thus disposed, would never, as aforesaid, produce any bold architectural effect (the tables just proposed in the center of each room being especially adverse to such effect*), they might be rendered separately beautiful, by decoration so arranged as not to interfere with the color of the pictures. The blankness and poverty of color are, in such adjuncts, much more to be dreaded than its power; the discordance of a dead color is more painful than the discordance of a glowing one: and it is better slightly to eclipse a picture by pleasantness of adjunct, than to bring the spectator to it disgusted by collateral deformities.

8th. Though the idea of a single line of pictures, seen by light from above, involves externally, as well as internally,

* [The reader will remember that the reference is to arrangements existing in 1857.]

the sacrifice of the ordinary elements of architectural splendor, I am certain the exterior even of this long and low gallery could be rendered not only impressive, but a most interesting school of art. I would dispose it in long arcades; if the space were limited, returning upon itself like a labyrinth: the walls to be double, with passages of various access between them, in order to secure the pictures from the variations of temperature in the external air; the outer walls to be of the most beautiful British building stones—chiefly our whitest limestone, black marble, and Cornish serpentine, variously shafted and inlaid; between each two arches a white marble niche, containing a statue of some great artist; the whole approximating, in effect, to the lower arcades of the Baptistery of Pisa, continued into an extent like that of the Pisan Campo Santo. Courts should be left between its returns, with porches at the outer angles, leading one into each division of the building appropriated to a particular school; so as to save the visitor from the trouble of hunting for his field of study through the length of the labyrinth: and the smaller chambers appropriated to separate pictures should branch out into these courts from the main body of the building.

9th. As the condition that the pictures should be placed at the level of sight would do away with all objections to glass as an impediment of vision (who is there who cannot see the Perugino in the National Gallery?),* *all* pictures should be put under glass, and firmly secured and made airtight behind. The glass is an important protection, not only from dust, but from chance injury. I have seen a student

* I cannot but permit myself, though somewhat irrelevantly, to congratulate the Trustees on their acquisition of this noble picture: it at once, to my mind, raises our National Gallery from a second-rate to a first-rate collection. I have always loved the master, and given much time to the study of his works; but this is the best I have ever seen. [The reference is to the "Virgin and Child, Michael and Raphael," No. 288, purchased for the National Gallery in 1856.]

in the Vernon Gallery* mixing his colors on his palette knife, and holding the knife, full charged, within half an inch, or less, of the surface of the picture he was copying, to see if he had matched the color. The slightest accidental jar given to the hand would have added a new and spirited touch to the masterpiece.

10th. Supposing the pictures thus protected, it matters very little to what atmosphere their frames and glasses may be exposed. The most central situation for a National Gallery would be the most serviceable, and therefore the best. The only things to be *insisted* upon are a gravel foundation and good drainage, with, of course, light on the roof, uninterrupted by wafts of smoke from manufactory chimneys, or shadows of great blocks of houses.

11th. No drawing is worth a nation's keeping if it be not either good, or documentarily precious. If it be either of these, it is worth a bit of glass and a wooden frame. All drawings should be glazed, simply framed in wood, and inclosed in sliding grooves in portable cases. For the more beautiful ones, golden frames should be provided at central tables; turning on a swivel, with grooves in the thickness of them, into which the wooden frame should slide in an instant, and show the drawing framed in gold. The department for the drawings should be, of course, separate, and like a beautiful and spacious library, with its cases of drawings ranged on the walls (as those of the coins are in the Coin-room of the British Museum), and convenient recesses, with pleasant lateral light, for the visitors to take each his case of drawings into. Lateral light is best for drawings, because the variation in intensity is small, and of little consequence to a small work; but the shadow of the head is inconvenient in looking close at them, when the light falls from above.

12th. I think the collections of Natural History should

* [Mr. Vernon presented his collection of British pictures to the National Gallery in 1847. For many years they were kept together, in accordance with his request, and exhibited in a separate room, the Vernon Gallery.]

be kept separate from those of Art. Books, manuscripts, coins, sculpture, pottery, metal-work, engravings, drawings, and pictures, should be in one building; and minerals, fossils, shells, and stuffed animals (with a perfect library of works on natural history), in another, connected, as at Paris, with the Zoological Gardens.*

It would of course be difficult to accomplish all this, but the national interest is only beginning to be awakened in works of art; and as soon as we care, nationally, one half as much for pictures as we do for drawing-room furniture, or footmen's liveries, all this, or more than this, will be done—perhaps after many errors and failures, and infinite waste of money in trying to economize; but I feel convinced we shall do it at last: and although poor Turner might well, himself, have classed the whole project, had he seen his pictures in their present places, among the profoundest of the Fallacies of Hope, I believe that even from the abyss of Marlborough House he will wield stronger influence than from the brilliant line of the Academy; that this dark and insulted “Turner Gallery” will be the germ of a noble and serviceable “National Gallery,” and that to the poor barber's son of Maiden Lane we shall owe our first understanding of the right way either to look at Nature, or at Art.

* [The separation of the two branches of the British Museum was effected in the years 1880-1883.]

THE TURNER COLLECTION OF SKETCHES AND DRAWINGS

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

(1857-1858.)

CHARACTERISTICS AND CLASSIFICATION.*

1. THE drawings by Turner in the National Collection are referable to four principal classes:—

- (1.) Finished drawings, executed, with very few exceptions, with a direct view to publication by engraving.
- (2.) Drawings made by Turner for his own pleasure, in remembrance of scenes or effects that interested him; or else with a view to future use, but not finished beyond the point necessary to secure such remembrance or service, and not intended for sale or sight.
- (3.) Studies for pictures or important drawings: consisting of broad sketches of the intended effect, and experimental modifications of minor details.

* [The following section is a reprint of the "Introductory Remarks" in Catalogue II. (but see note to §§ 4-6). The first three paragraphs of the original, omitted from the text above (as having reference to arrangements no longer obtaining), were as follow:—]

"The delicate and finished drawings, exhibited at first in Marlborough House, being of a character peculiarly liable to injury from exposure to light, and it having been judiciously determined by the trustees that they should be framed and arranged for exhibition in a manner calculated to secure their protection when not actually under inspection, as well as to render their examination ultimately more convenient to the public, a selection has been made in their stead from Turner's sketches and drawings, calculated to exhibit his methods of study at different periods, and to furnish the general student with more instructive examples than finished drawings can be. The finished drawing is the result of the artist's final knowledge, and nothing like it can be produced by the scholar

(4.) Sketches and studies from nature, made to gain knowledge or accumulate materials.

2. The first class, that of the finished drawings, consists (including vignettes) of about 200 examples, of which the best were exhibited in the spring of 1857. And I congratulate the public on their being exhibited no longer. For it is an ascertained fact that water-color drawings are liable to injury from continued exposure to light; and the series of the Rivers of France, and of the "Italy" vignettes, are unique in method, and in certain characters of excellence, among Turner's works. It would certainly, therefore, be inexpedient to allow them to be deteriorated by exposure, when it is quite possible to keep them safe for centuries, without interposing more difficulties in the way of their examination than have always existed, and must necessarily exist, respecting all valuable manuscripts or books of drawings in a national museum. The right way to think of these finer Turner drawings is as forming a precious manuscript of 200 leaves, which must not be rashly exposed or handled; but which may always be examined without restriction by those who are seriously interested in it. . . .*

till he possesses knowledge parallel in extent; but an artist's sketches show the means by which that knowledge was acquired.

"I can hardly use terms strong enough to express the importance I should myself attach to this exhibition of Turner's sketches, as a means of artistical education.

"A few words respecting the relation which the selected examples bear to the entire body of the works in the National Collection may be of service before proceeding to enumerate the separate subjects. This relation I can state definitely, because, by the permission of the Trustees, I have had access to the drawings, in order to select a hundred to exemplify the method of framing suggested in my notes on the Turner Gallery; and I am therefore enabled both to state the general character of the collection, and to mention some of the reasons which have influenced the arrangement of those now publicly exhibited. But it must be distinctly understood that I alone am answerable for any statements made in this catalogue, and that it has no official or authoritative character whatsoever."

* ["Three of them are, however," added Mr. Ruskin, "retained in the present series as examples of their class." The three were

3. The second group of drawings, consisting of those made by Turner for his own pleasure, form a much larger proportion of the collection. There are about 400 small drawings in color on gray paper, of which some 150 are of the very highest interest and value. . . . [Some]* characteristic examples of these are selected for permanent exhibition, the remainder being set aside with the finished drawings for safer arrangement. From those of slighter execution thirty-three are selected; among which are included examples of the brightest coloring: the number of such drawings in the collection rendering the partial deterioration of these a matter of less consequence. This class (which we may generally speak of as the "delight-drawings"), includes, in the second place, a mass of not fewer than 600 sketches in pure water-color on thin white paper; in most cases so slight as to be hardly intelligible, but in others wrought nearly into complete drawings. These, from the delicacy of their tints, are peculiarly liable to fade† . . . ; but . . . characteristic examples of the whole class are included in the permanent exhibition [see *e. g.* No. 583-589, and several others, among those numbered 600-800, which have been framed and exhibited during the last few years].

4. The‡ sketches [of the latter class] require some slight "Dover" (No. 418), "North Shields" (No. 419), and "Rochester" (No. 420). These are now included in the cabinet collection, and are not permanently exhibited on the walls.]

* [The first edition of the catalogue said: "twelve of them, the least brilliant in color, are now selected for (I believe) permanent exhibition, &c." The twelve were those now numbered 426 (four sketches), 428 (four sketches), and 434 (four sketches). Additional drawings of this class were afterwards selected for exhibition; and the second edition of the catalogue reads "thirty-four characteristic examples of these are now selected for (I believe) permanent exhibition, &c." The paragraphs are numbered in the text above for convenience of reference.]

† [The original text reads: "peculiarly liable to fade, and the best of them are therefore already placed in protective frames; but sixteen characteristic examples of the whole class are included in the present selection in the frames 93 to 100."]

‡ [The three following paragraphs—§§ 4, 5, 6—"The sketches . . .

explanation of their character, before their value will be completely felt. They are not, strictly speaking, sketches from nature; but plans or designs of the pictures which Turner, if he had had time, would have made of each place. They indicate, therefore, a perfectly formed conception of the finished picture; and they are of exactly the same value as memoranda would be, if made by Turner's own hand, of pictures of his not in our possession. They are just to be regarded as quick descriptions or reminiscences of noble pictures; every touch in them represents something complete and definite; and, for the most part, as much is done with the given number of touches and quantity of color as is possible to be done by human hand. They are all of the period in which Turner's work is full of the most characteristic excellences, and they are all interesting in subject, being of beautiful scenes. I look upon them as in some respects more valuable than his finished drawings, or his oil-pictures; because they are the simple records of his first impressions and first purposes, and in most instances as true to the character of the places they represent as they are admirable in composition; while, in his elaborate drawings and paintings, he too frequently suffered his mind to be warped from its first impression by attempts at idealism.

5. I believe, however, that nothing but the penciling in them was done on the spot, and not always that. Turner used to walk about a town with a roll of thin paper in his pocket, and make a few scratches upon a sheet or two of it, which were so much shorthand indication of all he wished to remember. When he got to his inn in the evening, he completed the penciling rapidly, and added as much color as was needed to record his plan of the picture.

6. These rolled sheets of paper (some of them actually the covers of the cheap stitched sketch-books) were always, necessarily, warped and bent by the coloring. But Turner did not in the least care for this, and I think, therefore, that

injury to the color," are inserted from the "Prefatory" remarks in Catalogue I. pp. 6, 7.]

we should not. They are, as I have mounted them, flatter than *he* ever cared to see them, and they are perfectly safe; while any process of mounting which at once secures flatness, necessitates some degree of injury to the color. I may be able in course of time, by pressure and other expedients, to get them to lie much flatter, but my present object is only to get them securely protected, and allow them to be quickly visible.

7. The third class, or that of studies,* is, as will be supposed, more limited in extent than the preceding one, and of less interest, except to artists. It contains studies of most of the vignettes to Rogers's "Poems," for some of the "England" drawings and *Liber Studiorum*, and for a considerable number of oil-pictures. A few examples only are given in this series [of drawings continuously exhibited] out of those which are brought nearest to completion. Four, in the frames 578 and 579, are very beautiful.

8. The fourth class includes the great mass of the collection. I cannot yet state the quantity even approximately, there being often many sketches on both sides of one sheet of paper. Of these a selection has been made as completely illustrative as possible; and, respecting them, one or two points deserve especial notice.

* [In "Modern Painters" (vol. v. pt. viii. ch. iv.) Mr. Ruskin divides the sketches of painters under three heads, viz.:—(1) experimental, (2) determinant, and (3) commemorative. By experimental sketches, he means those "in which they are assisting an imperfect conception of a subject by trying the look of it on paper in different ways. By the greatest men this kind of sketch is hardly ever made; they conceive their subjects distinctly at once, and their sketch is not to try them, but to fasten them down. . . . Among the nineteen thousand sketches by Turner—which I arranged in the National Gallery—there was, to the best of my recollection, *not one*. In several instances the work, after being carried forward a certain length, had been abandoned and begun again with another view; sometimes also two or more modes of treatment had been set side by side with a view to choice. But there were always two distinct imaginations contending for realization—not experimental modifications of one."]

9. There seems to be an impression on the minds of many students, which it is of no small importance that they should get quit of,—the impression, namely, that Turner's merit consists in a peculiar style or manner, which, by reverent copying, may be caught from him; and that when they have once mastered this “dodge,” and got into the way of the thing, they will all become Turners directly. Now they cannot possibly be under a graver or more consummate mistake. Turner's merit consists neither in style, nor in want of style, nor in any other copyable or communicable quality. It consists in this,—that, from his tenth year to his seventieth, he never passed a day, and seldom an hour, without obtaining the accurate knowledge of some great natural fact; and, never forgetting anything he once knew, he keeps expressing this enormous and accumulated knowledge more and more redundantly; so that you cannot understand one line of his work unless you know the fact it represents, nor any part of the merit or wonderfulness of his work till you have obtained a commensurate part of the knowledge which it contains. You cannot admire, nor even see Turner, until your admiration shall consist primarily in Recognition of the facts he represents, as being facts known to you as well as to him. This is true not of Turner only, but of all great artists; but especially of Turner, in so far as every one of his pictures is a statement of new facts; so that you must take another day's hard work with Nature before you can read it (other artists representing the same thing over and over again). And this being so, it is not only hopeless to attain any of his power by mere imitation of his drawings, but it is even harmful to copy them unintelligently, because they contain thousands of characters which are mere shorthand writing for things not otherwise representable in the given space or time; and which, until long looking at Nature has enabled you to read the cipher, will be in your imitations of them absurd and false.

10. For instance, in the sketch in the left hand upper corner of the frame No. 424, the boat lying on the shore on the

right has a little crooked line thrown out from its stern, which gives a peculiar look of ease and rest to it as it lies. But if you conclude that you might always throw out a crooked line from the stern of a boat on the shore, to make it rest easily, you would only make yourself and your boat ridiculous. For the crooked line in this sketch is the edge of the depression in the mud which is commonly formed under stranded boats by the tide, where the mud is soft and deep. It is characteristic and right here in the harbor; but if you put it to a boat on a shingly beach or rocky shore, you would spoil your drawing.

11. Once understand this character of great work, and of Turner's, most of all great work; namely, that, just like good writing or good speaking, its value depends primarily on its matter, and on its manner only so far as it best sets forth and impresses the matter: and you will see at once how you may really hope to follow and rival Turner. You have nothing to do but to give up all other thoughts and pursuits, and set yourself to gather and remember facts from Nature day by day. You must not let an hour pass without ascertaining something; and you must never forget anything you have ascertained. You must persevere in this work all your life; filling score after score, hundred after hundred, of note books with your accumulated memoranda; having no other thought, care, nor ambition than how to know more, and know it better; and using every drawing you make to live by, merely as a piece of practice in setting down what you have learned. And by the time you are between fifty and sixty, supposing you also to have a natural capacity for art, such as occurs about once in Europe in two centuries, you will be able to make such a little gray paper sketch as that in No. 424. Such in merit, I mean, not such in manner, for your manner then will be your own; and precisely in proportion to the quantity you know and the genius you possess, will be the certainty of its being a manner different from Turner's, but as great in that different way. I had written in that last sentence "*quite* different from Turner's," and I scratched out the

“quite.” For there is much misapprehension abroad in the world of art respecting the possible variety of styles. Nearly all the great varieties of style result from errors or failures on the part of the painter, not from his originality. All the greatest men approximate in style, if they are working towards the same ends. A sculptor’s drawing is not and ought not to be like a painter’s, because the color element does not enter into his aim; but one painter’s ought to be, in many respects, like another’s; and as art is better understood, there will be an infinitely closer resemblance of manner in its leading masters. For instance, Etty’s manner, so far as it is Etty’s, is wrong; had he been a better painter, he would have been liker Paul Veronese. Rubens’ manner, so far as it is Rubens’, is wrong; had he been a better painter, he would have been liker Tintoret. Rembrandt’s manner, so far as it is Rembrandt’s, is wrong: had he been a better painter, he would have been liker Titian. Turner’s manner is at present peculiar, because he has created landscape painting, and is its only master. The stride he has made beyond Claude and Ruysdael is precisely as great as the stride which Giotto made beyond the old Byzantine brown triptychs; and the murmurs against him are precisely the old Margheritone murmurs against the newly-born fact and life; but Turner, when once he is understood, will be healthily imitated by many painters, on the conditions of parallel toil which have just been stated, and form a school of landscape, like Giotto’s of religious painting, branching down to its true posterity and descendantship of Leonardos and Peruginos.

12. The series of drawings now exhibited will be more useful than any others that could have been selected in convincing the public of this truth respecting the extent of Turner’s study; but they will be useful no less in showing the method of this study, in the distinct separation of records of form from records of color, and in the enormous importance attributed to form, and to skill in what is properly termed “drawing.” *

* [From here down to the end of the Introductory Remarks (end-

Turner's lifetime, and there are still current very commonly, two great errors concerning him; errors which not merely lose sight of the facts, but which are point blank contradictory of the facts:—It was thought that he painted chiefly from imagination, when his peculiar character, as distinguished from all other artists, was in always drawing from memories of seen fact, as we shall ascertain in the course of our examination of the drawings here catalogued. And it was commonly thought that he was great only in coloring, and could not draw; whereas his eminent distinction above other artists, so far as regards execution, was in his marvelous precision of touch,* disciplined by practice of engraving, and by perpetual work with the hard lead pencil point on white paper.

13. Now, there are many truths respecting art which cannot be rightly stated without involving an appearance of contradiction, and those truths are commonly the most important. There are, indeed, very few truths in any science which can be fully stated without such an expression of their opposite sides, as looks, to a person who has not grasp of the subject enough to take in both the sides at once, like contradiction. This law holds down even to very small minutiae in the physical sciences. For instance, a person ignorant of chemistry hearing it stated, perhaps consecutively, of hydrogen gas, that it was "in a high degree combustible, and a non-supporter of combustion," would probably think the lecturer or writer was a fool; and when the statement thus made embraces wide fields of difficult investigation on both sides, its final terms invariably appear contradictory to a person who has but a narrow acquaintance with the matter in hand.

14. For instance, perhaps no two more apparently contradictory statements could be made in brief terms than these:—

ing with § 26), the text was, with certain alterations, reprinted in "The Laws of Fésole," ch. viii. § 19-end. The principal alterations are described in later footnotes.]

* [In "The Laws of Fésole," "graphic" is inserted before "touch."]

1. The perfections of drawing and coloring are inconsistent with one another.
2. The perfections of drawing and coloring are dependent upon one another.

And yet both these statements are true.

The first is true, because, in order that color may be right, some of the markings necessary to express perfect form must be omitted; and also because, in order that it may be right, the intellect of the artist must be concentrated on that first, and must in some slight degree fail of the intenseness necessary to reach the relative truth of form; and *vice versa*. The truth of the second proposition is much more commonly disputed; and it is this which I hope the student will be convinced of by the present exhibition of Turner's works.

15. Observe, it is a twofold statement. The perfections of drawing and coloring are reciprocally dependent upon each other, so that

A. No person can draw perfectly who is not a colorist.

B. No person can color perfectly who is not a draughtsman.

16. A. No person can draw* perfectly who is not a colorist. For the effect of contour in all surfaces is influenced in nature by gradations of color as much as by gradations of shade; so that if you have not a true eye for color, you will judge of the shades wrongly. Thus, if you cannot see the changes of hue in red, you cannot draw a cheek or lip rightly; and if you cannot see the changes of hue in green or blue, you cannot draw a wave. All studies of form made with a despightful or ignorant neglect of color lead to exaggerations and misstatements of the form-markings; that is to say, to bad drawing.

* The term "drawing" is here used as signifying "the art of applying light and shade so as to express form"; and it is in this sense that artists and writers on art usually employ it. Of course mere dexterity of the hand is independent of any power of coloring.

17. *B.* No person can color perfectly who is not a draughtsman. For brilliancy of color depends, first of all, on gradation; and gradation in its subtleties cannot be given but by a good draughtsman. Brilliancy of color depends next on decision and rapidity in laying it on; and no person can lay it on decisively, and yet so as to fall into, or approximately fall into, the forms required, without being a thorough draughtsman. And it is always necessary that it should fall into a predeterminate form, not merely that it may represent the intended natural objects, but that it may itself take the shape, as a patch of color, which will fit it properly to the other patches of color roundabout it. If it touches them more or less than is right, its own color and theirs will both be spoiled.

18. Hence it follows that all very great colorists must be also very great draughtsmen. The possession of the Pisani Veronese [N. G., No. 294] will happily enable the English public and the English artist to convince themselves how sincerity and simplicity in statements of fact, power of draughtsmanship, and joy in color were associated in a perfect balance in the great workmen of Venice; while the series of Turner's studies which are brought before them here will show them with what intensity of labor his power of draughtsmanship had to be maintained by the greatest colorist of the modern centuries.

19. I do not think there can be much need for me to insist on the command over form manifested in these drawings. It was never recognized by the public in the *paintings* of Turner, simply because its manifestation was too subtle; the truth of eye and strength of hand that struck the line were not noticed, because the line itself was traced in almost invisibly tender color. But when the same line is struck in black chalk, or with the steel pen, I should think that nearly all persons at all cognizant of the practice of art would see the force of it; and as far as I know the existing examples of painters' drawings, the galleries of Europe may be challenged to produce one sketch that shall equal the chalk study No.

559, or the feeblest of the pen and ink memoranda in the 421st and following frames.

20. This was not merely the result of a peculiar gift for art; it was, as the public will now see, the result of never ceasing discipline. Hundreds of sketch-books of various sizes exist in the National Collection, filled by Turner in his youth with pencil drawings, of which those in the frame No. 524 are characteristic specimens. Having first gone through this labor with the hard pencil point, he proceeds to use the softer pencil for shading; and two volumes are filled with drawings such as those in the frames 537 to 547.

21. Soon afterwards he made himself a master in etching and mezzotint engraving; . . . * and from that time forward to his death, he used the hard-point—pen, pencil, or chalk—for at least two out of three of all his drawings; and at the very time—between 1840 and 1845—when all the world was crying out against him for his want of drawing, even his colored sketches from nature were distinguished from all colored sketches that had ever been made before, by the continual use of the pen outline to secure form.†

22. One point only remains to be generally noticed,—that the command of means which Turner acquired by this perpetual practice, and the decision of purpose resulting from his vast power at once of memory and of design, enabled him nearly always to work straightforward upon his drawings, neither altering them, nor using any of the mechanical expedients for softening tints so frequently employed by inferior water-color painters. Many traditions indeed are afloat in the world of art respecting extraordinary processes through which he carried his work in its earlier stages; and I think it probable that in some of his elaborately completed

* [The original text adds here: “the plate of the Source of the Arveron (placed temporarily in the Gallery for the purpose of completing the evidence of his modes of study), is only an average specimen of his engraving; and from that time, &c.”]

† [The three paragraphs §§ 19-21 are not given in “The Laws of Fésôle.”]

drawings, textures were prepared, by various mechanical means, over the general surface of the paper, before the drawing of detail was begun. Also, in the large drawings of early date, such as No. 555 in this gallery, the usual expedients of sponging and taking out color by friction have certainly* been employed by him; but it appears only experimentally, and that the final rejection of all such expedients was the result of their trial experiment; for in all the rest of the National Collection the evidence is as clear as it is copious, that he went straight to his mark; in early days finishing piece by piece on the white paper (see Nos. 531 and 532), and, as he advanced in skill, laying the main masses in broad tints, and working the details over these, never effacing or sponging, but taking every advantage of the wetness of the color, when first laid, to bring out soft lights with the point of the brush, or scratch out bright ones with the end of the stick, so driving the wet color in a dark line to the edge of the light; a very favorite mode of execution with him, for three reasons: that it at once gave a dark edge, and therefore full relief, to the piece of light; secondly, that it admitted of firm and angular drawings of forms; and, lastly, that as little color was removed from the whole mass (the quantity taken from the light being only driven into the dark), the quantity of hue in the mass itself, as broadly laid, in its first membership with other masses, was not much affected by the detailing process.

23. When these primary modifications of the wet color had been obtained, the drawing was proceeded with exactly in the manner of William Hunt, of the old Water-color Society (if worked in transparent hues), or of John Lewis, if in opaque; that is to say, with clear, firm, and unalterable touches one over another, or one into the interstices of another; NEVER disturbing them by any general wash; using friction only where roughness of surface was locally required to produce effects of granulated stone, mossy ground, and

* [For "certainly," "often" is substituted in "The Laws of Fésolé."]

such like; and rarely even taking out minute lights; but leaving them from the first, and working round and up to them, and very frequently drawing thin, dark outlines merely by putting a little more water into the wet touches, so as to drive the color to the edge as it dried; the only difference between his manipulation and William Hunt's being in his conceivably varied and dexterous use of expedients of this kind,—such, for instance, as drawing the broken edge of a cloud merely by a modulated dash of the brush, defining the perfect forms with a quiver of his hand; rounding them by laying a little more color into one part of the dash before it dried, and laying the warm touches of the light, *after* it had dried, outside of the edges. In many cases, the instantaneous manipulation is quite inexplicable; for instance, I cannot conceive by what treatment of the color he obtained the dark and exquisitely broken edge of wave in the first drawing in the frame No. 573.*

24. It is quite possible, however, that, even in the most advanced stages of some of the finished drawings, they may have been damped, or even fairly put under water and wetted through, so as to admit of more work with the wooden end of the brush;† nay, they may even have been exposed to strong currents of water, so as to remove superfluous color, without defiling the tints anywhere; only most assuredly they never received any friction such as would confuse or destroy the edges and purity of separate tints. And all I can *assert*, is that in the National Collection there is no evidence of any such processes. In the plurality of the drawings the evidence is, on the contrary, absolute, that nothing of the kind has taken place; the greater number being executed on leaves of books, neither stretched nor moistened in any way whatever; or else on little bits of gray paper, often folded in four, and sometimes with the colored drawings

* [The last paragraph of this section, “for instance . . . No. 573,” is omitted in “The Laws of Fésolé.”]

† [The words, “so as to admit . . . brush,” are omitted in “The Laws of Fésolé.”]

made on *both* sides of a leaf. The coarser vignettes are painted on sheets of thin drawing paper; the finer ones on smoothed cardboard, of course without washing or disturbing the edges, of which the perfect purity is essential to the effect of the vignette.

25. I insist on this point at greater length, because, so far as the direct copying of Turner's drawings can be useful to the student (working from nature with Turner's faithfulness being the *essential* part of his business), it will be so chiefly as compelling him to a decisive and straightforward execution. I observed that in the former exhibition the students generally selected those drawings for study which could be approximately imitated by the erroneous processes of modern water-color, and which were therefore exactly those that showed them least of Turner's mind, and taught them least of his methods. They will not run so much risk of this now; for except the few early tinted experimental sketches, and the large drawings of Edinburgh [549] and Fort Rock [555], there are, I believe, none on the walls which can be copied at all but in the right way.

26. The best practice, and the most rapid appreciation of Turner, will be obtained by accurately copying those in body color on gray paper; and when once the method is understood, and the resolution made to hold by it, the student will soon find that the advantage gained is in more directions than one. For the sum of work which he can do will be as much greater, in proportion to his decision, as it will be in each case better, and, after the first efforts, more easily, done. He may have been appalled by the quantity which he sees that Turner accomplished; but he will be encouraged when he finds how much anyone may accomplish, who does not hesitate, nor repent. An artist's time* and power of mind are lost chiefly in deciding what to do, and in effacing what he has done: it is anxiety that fatigues him, not labor; and vacillation that hinders him, not difficulty. And if the student feels doubt respecting his own decision of mind, and

* [For "time," "The Laws of Fésole" reads "nerve."]

questions the possibility of gaining the habit of it, let him be assured that in art, as in life, it depends mainly on simplicity of purpose. Turner's decision came chiefly of his truthfulness; it was because he meant always to be true, that he was able always to be bold. And you will find that you may gain his courage, if you will maintain his fidelity. If you want only to make your drawing fine or attractive, you may hesitate indeed, long and often, to consider whether your faults will be forgiven or your fineries perceived. But if you want to put fair fact into it, you will find the fact shape it fairly for you; and that in pictures, no less than in human life, they who have once made up their minds to do right will have little place for hesitation, and little cause for repentance.*

27. It should be kept in mind that Turner's work is separated by differences of style into five groups, corresponding to five periods of his life. He was born in 1775, and

* [Here end the "Introductory Remarks" in Catalogue II. The sections, §§ 27-29, are from the first pages following the Introductory Remarks, where also the following "Note" (characteristic of Mr. Ruskin's love of planning) was given:—

"Numbers are written on the frames only, because it seemed desirable that no dark points, such as would be formed by numerals large enough to be serviceable, should be set near the more delicate of the drawings; and it was necessary, of course, to observe the same system, even in cases where the numerals would have done no harm. The numbers of the frames are printed in this catalogue in larger type; and those of the drawings in small type, and when two or more drawings are put in one frame, their numbers are first put in the relative positions of the drawings, thus—

91 Number of frame.

34,	35,	36,	37,	} Numbers of drawings in their relative posi- tion in the frame.
38,	39,	40,	41,	

The reader thus sees without difficulty that No. 35 is the second drawing in the upper row, No. 40 the third in the second row, and so on; he will then find the drawings catalogued and described in numerical order."

The numbers in the original catalogue have been altered in this volume to correspond with those now on the frames.]

died in 1851. His time of real work extends over sixty years, from 1790 to 1850, and is properly to be divided thus:

Period of Development	1790-1800
“ The First Style	1800-1820
“ The Second Style	1820-1835
“ The Third Style	1835-1845
“ Decline	1845-1850

In order to aid the memory (and the matter is worth remembering), it may be as well to include the fifteen years of childhood and boyhood in the period of development; which will give a singular order of diminution in length to the five periods, thus:—

Development	1775-1800	Twenty-five years.
First Style	1800-1820	Twenty years.
Second Style	1820-1835	Fifteen years.
Third Style	1835-1845	Ten years.
Decline	1845-1850	Five years.

28. It may also be generally observed that the period of development is distinguished by its hard and mechanical work; that of the first style by boldness of handling, generally gloomy tendency of mind, subdued color, and perpetual reference to precedent in composition; that of the second style by delicate deliberation of handling, cheerful moods of mind, brilliant color, defiance of precedent, and effort at ideal composition; that of the third period by swiftness of handling, tenderness and pensiveness of mind, exquisite harmony of color, and perpetual reference to nature only, issuing in the rejection alike of precedents and idealisms.

29. The period of decline is distinguished by impurity of color, and uncertainty of purpose and of handling. The drawings belonging to it may be known at once by their surface being much rubbed and disturbed, and by the colors not having sharp edges.

I have not yet found any drawings in the collection prior

to 1790, nor any important examples of the period of decline. The exhibited series* ranges only from 1790 to 1845.†

* [*i. e.* the series which Catalogue II. described: see p. xi.]

† [For a further classification of Turner's work and outline of his life, see the introduction to "Notes by Mr. Ruskin on his Drawings by Turner."]

NOTES BY RUSKIN
ON HIS DRAWINGS BY THE LATE
J. M. W. TURNER.

(EXHIBITED AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S
GALLERIES IN 1878 AND 1900.)

PART I.

NOTES ON RUSKIN'S DRAWINGS BY TURNER.

INTRODUCTION.*

The following main facts respecting the tenor of Turner's life and work may be depended upon, and should be kept in mind, as they are evidenced by, or illustrate, the pieces of his art here shown.

He was born on St. George's Day in 1775. He produced no work of importance till he was past twenty;—working

* [The introduction was preceded by a table of contents. The following printed "Notice" was inserted in the first and second editions of the pamphlet: "In consequence of Mr. Ruskin's sudden and dangerous illness the latter portion of these notes is presented in an incomplete state, and the Epilogue remains unwritten. February 27, 1878." Of this catalogue, fourteen editions have been published. No. 1 was incomplete, so far as Mr. Ruskin's Notes were concerned, and contained an appendix by Mr. Huish not here reprinted. No. 2 was a reprint of No. 1. No. 3 included the Epilogue in an unfinished form, and in it were included as addenda "Further Illustrative Studies." Nos. 4, 5, and 6 were reprints of No. 3. In No. 7 the Epilogue was revised; Notes by the Rev. W. Kingsley, with occasional remarks by Mr. Ruskin, were added as an appendix, Mr. Huish's appendix being now omitted. (Some copies of No. 7 were, however, reprints of No. 3: see Wise and Smart's Bibliography, i. p. 252). No. 8 was a reprint of No. 7. No. 9 was enlarged by the inclusion of Part II., being Mr. Ruskin's Notes on a selection of his own drawings. In No. 10 the text was revised. Nos. 11 and 12 were reprints of No. 10. The Illustrated Edition was a reprint of Nos. 10-12, together with Mr. Huish's appendix (and an additional map, from Nos. 1-6. No. 14, issued in 1900, was, so far as it went, a reprint of Nos. 10-12, but with numerous omissions. In footnotes to the following pages, the principal variations in the successive editions are described.]

constantly, from the day he could hold a pencil, in steady studentship, with gradually increasing intelligence, and, fortunately for him, rightly guided skill. His true master was Dr. Munro:—to the practical teaching of that first patron, and the wise simplicity of the method of water-color study in which he was disciplined by him, and companioned by Girtin, the healthy and constant development of the youth's power is primarily to be attributed. The greatness of the power itself, it is impossible to overestimate. As in my own advancing life I learn more of the laws of noble art, I recognize faults in Turner to which once I was blind; but only as I recognize also powers which my boy's enthusiasm did but disgrace by its advocacy.

In the summer of 1797, when he was two-and-twenty, he took, if not actually his first journey, certainly the first with fully prepared and cultivated faculties, into Yorkshire and Cumberland.

In the following year he exhibited ten pictures in the Royal Academy, to one of which he attached the first poetical motto he ever gave to a picture. The subject of it was "Morning among the Coniston Fells,"* and the lines chosen for it, these,—(Milton's):

"Ye mists and exhalations, that now arise
From hill, or steaming † lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise."

As I write the words (12th February 1878, in the 80th year since the picture was exhibited), I raise my eyes to these Coniston Fells, and see them, at this moment imaged in their lake, in quietly reversed and perfect similitude, the sky cloudless above them, cloudless beneath, and two level

* [No. 461 in the National Gallery.]

† "Steaming" is Milton's word. It was given as "streaming" in the Academy Catalogue, and appeared as such in eds. 1 and 2 of this catalogue. By a slip of memory, Mr. Ruskin first called the lines "Thomson's,"—an error corrected in ed. 7: they are in "Paradise Lost," bk. v. 185-8].

lines of blue vapor drawn across their sun-lighted and russet moorlands, like an azure fesse across a golden shield.

The subjects of the other pictures exhibited in that year, 1798, had better be glanced at in order, showing as they do the strong impression made on his mind by the northern hills, and their ruins.

WENSLEYDALE.

DUNSTANBOROUGH CASTLE.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

NORHAM CASTLE.

HOLY ISLAND CATHEDRAL.

AMBLESIDE MILL.

BUTTERMERE LAKE.

THE FERN HOUSE, MICKLEHAM, SURREY.

Four of the pencil drawings exhibited here among the illustrative sketches, were, I doubt not, made on this journey.

The first group of drawings, 1 to 6, belong to the time of his schooling and show the method of it completely. For simplicity in memory it will be wise, and practically and broadly true, to consider this period as extending to the close of the century, over the first twenty-five years of Turner's life. In 1800 he exhibited his first sacred and epic picture, the "Fifth Plague of Egypt," and his established work and artist-power begin.

It is usual, and I have hitherto complied with the general impression on this matter in my arrangement of his work, to divide its accomplished skill into three periods, early, middle, and of decline. Of course all such arrangement is more or less arbitrary; some virtues are lost, some gained, continually; and, on the whole, the best method of understanding and clearest means of remembering the facts will be simply to divide his art-life by tens of years. The distinctions of manner belonging to each decade are approximately very notable and defined. Here is a brief view of them.

FIRST PERIOD. 1800-1810.

His manner is stern, reserved, quiet, grave in color, forceful in hand. His mind tranquil; fixed, in physical study, on mountain subject; in moral study, on the mythology of Homer and the Law of the Old Testament.

SECOND PERIOD. 1810-1820.

His manner becomes gentle and refined in the extreme. He perceives the most subtle qualities of natural beauty in form and atmosphere; for the most part denying himself color. His execution is unrivaled in precision and care. His mind fixed chiefly on the loveliness of material things; morally, on the passing away of human life, as a cloud, from the midst of them.

THIRD PERIOD. 1820-1830.

A great change gradually takes place, owing to some evil chances of his life, in his moral temper. He begins, after 1825, to exert and exhibit his power wantonly and irregularly, the power itself always increasing, and complete color being now added to his scale in all conception. His handling becomes again more masculine, the refined work being reserved for particular passages. He forms, in this period, his own complete and individual manner as a painter.

FOURTH PERIOD. 1830-1840.

He produces his most wonderful work in his own special manner,—in the perfect pieces of it, insuperable. It was in this period that I became aware of his power. My first piece of writing on his works was a letter, intended for the papers, written in defense of the picture of “Juliet and her Nurse,” exhibited in 1836 (when I was seventeen). The following pictures are examples of his manner at this period, none of them, unhappily, now in anything like perfect pres-



THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE.
By J. M. W. Turner.

ervation, but even in their partial ruin, marvelous. (The perfect pieces which I have called insuperable are the drawings made in the same years, of which examples are given in the collection.)

CHILDE HAROLD	<i>Exhibited in</i>	1832
THE GOLDEN BOUGH		1834
MERCURY AND ARGUS		1836
JULIET AND HER NURSE		1836
SHYLOCK (THE RIALTO OF VENICE) (once mine)		1837
HERO AND LEANDER		1837
VAL D'AOSTA (AVALANCHE)		1837
PHRYNE		1838
MODERN ITALY		1838
THE SLAVE-SHIP	(once mine)	1838
THE FIGHTING "TEMERAIRE"		1838

FIFTH AND LAST PERIOD. 1840-1850.

Virtually, the works belonging to this period are limited to the first five years of it. His health, and with it in great degree his mind, failed suddenly in the year 1845. He died in 1851. The paintings of these five closing years are, to the rest of his work, what Count Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous are to the Waverley Novels. But Scott's mind failed slowly, by almost imperceptible degrees; Turner's suddenly with snap of some vital cord in 1845. The work of the first five years of the decade is in many respects supremely, and with *reviving* power, beautiful. The "Campo Santo, Venice," 1842, and the "Approach to Venice," 1844, were, when first painted, the two most beautiful pieces of color that I ever saw from his hand, and the noblest drawings in the present series are of the years 1842 and 1843.

Morning breaks as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and gray beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake-shore.

Oh, that someone had but told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colors and clouds, that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed; and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more!

BRANTWOOD, 12th February 1878.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE drawings here shown are divided into groups, not chronological merely, but referred to the special circumstances or temper of mind in which they were produced. Their relation to the five periods of Turner's life, which are defined in the Introduction, is, therefore, a subdivided one, and there are ten groups of drawings illustrating the six periods, in the manner shown in this table.*

<i>Divisions in the Introduction.</i>		<i>Divisions in the Catalogue.</i>	
SCHOOL DAYS, 1775-1800	. GROUP	I. 1775-1800.	
1st PERIOD, 1800-1810	. . GROUP	II. 1800-1810.	
2nd PERIOD, 1810-1820	. . GROUP	III. 1810-1820.	
3rd PERIOD, { Before change	. GROUP	IV. 1820-1825.	
1820-1830 { During change	GROUP	V. 1825-1830.	

* [In eds. 1-6 this table was differently arranged. There were only 9 groups. Instead of the 4th period as given above, the early editions subdivided it thus:—

Work for engravers. Group VI. 1830-1840.

Work both for engravers and for himself.¹ Group VII. 1830-1840.

Work for himself. Group VIII. 1830-1840.

¹ By "work for himself" I mean that done wholly to please and satisfy his own mind, without any reference to facilities of engraving or limitation in size or price. The "work for friends" implies reference to their wishes, so far as possible, as will be seen.

Period V. was in the earlier editions described as "Work for Friends." Group IX. 1840-1845.]

<i>Divisions in the Introduction.</i>		<i>Divisions in the Catalogue.</i>	
4th PERIOD, 1830-1840	Best England drawings .	GROUP VI.	1830-1840.
	Most highly fin- ished vi- gnettes, &c. .	GROUP VII.	1830-1840.
5th PERIOD, 1840-1845	Best France drawings .	GROUP VIII.	1830-1840.
	Best Alpine sketches .	GROUP IX.	1840-1845.
	Finished draw- ings in reali- zation of them for friends .	GROUP X.	1840-1845.

EPILOGUE.*

BETWEEN the years 1840 and 1845, Turner executed a series of drawings under quite other conditions than those which he had previously accepted, or insisted on. The history of these drawings, known to me, down to somewhat minute particulars, will, I think, be at least in several of these, interesting to the reader, after the thirty years' interval; and at all events, illustrative of some of the changes which have taken place during that interval, in our estimate of the monetary value of a painter's toil (or genius?—see Turner's own words to Mr. Kingsley, at the close of his added notes). In the years 1840 and 1841, Turner had

* [Eds. 3-6 added here: "Left by Mr. Ruskin in an incomplete state at the time when he was taken ill." For the later eds., the Epilogue was rewritten, and although the general purport remained the same, the wording and arrangement were much altered. Two descriptions, omitted from the revised version, have already been given. The other variations of interest are given in following foot-notes.]

been, I believe, for the greater part of their summers in Switzerland; and, as aforesaid, had filled, for his own pleasure, many notebooks with sketches such as those numbered here from 57 to 61. My statement that "all the finest are in the National Gallery" is a little too general, for a grander one than 58 exists nowhere.

That sketch, with fourteen others, was placed by Turner in the hands of Mr. Griffith of Norwood, in the winter of 1841-42, as giving some clew to, or idea of, drawings which he proposed to make from them, if any buyers of such productions could by Mr. Griffith's zeal be found.*

There were, therefore, in all, fifteen sketches, of which Turner offered the choice to his public; but he proposed only to make *ten* drawings. And of these ten, he made anticipatorily four, to manifest what their quality would be, and honestly "show his hand" (as Raphael to Dürer) at his sixty-five years of age,—whether it shook or not, or had otherwise lost its cunning.

Four thus exemplary drawings I say he made for specimens, or *signs*, as it were, for his re-opened shop, namely:

* [The account of these proceedings given in the first version of the Epilogue was as follows:—

I told you that in 1840 began the sunset time. He then quitted himself of engraver work and went back to the Alps, bringing home (*literally*) thousands of sketches, pencil and color, which have been lying this twenty years in the cellars of your National Gallery, packed close in tin boxes, in consequence of the great value which the British public sets upon the works of Turner.

Out of these sketches, when he came home in the winter of 1841, he chose ten, which he liked himself, and felt he should like to make drawings from. Why should he *not* have made drawings from these, then, to his mind?

Well, because he was not Fra Angelico, or because *he* did not belong to your Idealists, and that sort of person evolutionists consign to ridicule, altogether.

Some little English sense and practical understanding he had retained even so late in life as this.

So he went to Mr. Griffith, &c.]

1. THE PASS OF THE SPLUGEN.

2. MONT RIGHI, seen from Lucerne, in the morning, dark against dawn.

3. MONT RIGHI, seen from Lucerne at evening, red with the last rays of sunset.

4. LAKE LUCERNE (the Bay of Uri) from above Brunnen, with exquisite blue and rose mists and "mackerel" sky on the right.

And why he should not have made all the ten, to his own mind, at once, who shall say? His oil-pictures, he never asked the public to choose the subjects of!—nay, at this time of his life, he made his selections for the Exhibition with some definite *adversity* to the public's advice, as conveyed to him by his critics! Why, therefore, of these direct impressions from the nature which he had so long loved, should he have asked anybody to choose which he should realize? So it was, however; partly, it seems, in uncertainty whether anybody would care to have them at all.

So he went to Mr. Griffith of Norwood. I loved—yes, loved—Mr. Griffith; and the happy hours he got for me! * (I was introduced to Turner on Mr. Griffith's garden-lawn.) He was the only person whom Turner minded at that time: but my father could not bear him. So there were times, and times.

One day, then, early in 1842, Turner brought the four drawings above-named, and the fifteen sketches in a roll in his pocket, to Mr. Griffith (in Waterloo Place, where the sale-room was).

I have no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of Mr. Griffith's report of the first conversation. Says Mr. Turner

* [The first version of the Epilogue adds here: "being the only person whom Turner minded at that time: and my father could not bear him. So there were times and times. Honor thy father, yes, but not with falsehood, nor even always with reticence of fact." For further reference to Mr. Griffith, see "*Præterita*," vol. ii. chs. i. and iv.]

to Mr. Griffith, "What do you think you can get for such things as these?"

Says Mr. Griffith to Mr. Turner: "Well, perhaps, commission included, eighty guineas each."

Says Mr. Turner to Mr. Griffith: "Ain't they worth more?"

Says Mr. Griffith to Mr. Turner (after looking curiously into the execution, which, you will please note, is rather what some people might call hazy): "They're a little different from your usual style"—(Turner silent, Griffith does not push the point)—"but—but—yes, they are *worth* more, but I could not *get* more."

(Question of intrinsic value, and political economy in Art, you see, early forced on my attention.)

So the bargain was made that if Mr. Griffith could sell ten drawings—the four signs, to wit, and six others—for eighty guineas each, Turner would make six others from such of the fifteen sketches as the purchasers chose, and Griffith should have ten per cent. *out* of the eight hundred total (Turner had expected a thousand, I believe).

So then Mr. Griffith thinks over the likely persons to get commissions from, out of all England, for ten drawings by Turner! and these not quite in his usual style, too, and he sixty-five years old;—reputation also pretty nearly overthrown finally, by *Blackwood's Magazine*; a hard thing enough; but the old man must be pleased if possible! So Griffith did his best.

He sent to Mr. Munro of Novar, Turner's old companion in travel; he sent to Mr. Windus of Tottenham; he sent to Mr. Bicknell of Herne Hill; he sent to my father and me.

Mr. Windus of Tottenham came first, and at once said "the style was changed, he did not quite like it." (He was right, mind you, he knew his Turner, in style.) "He would not have any of these drawings." I, as Fors would have it, came next; but my father was traveling for orders, and I had no authority to do anything. The Splügen Pass I saw in an instant to be the noblest Alpine drawing Turner had

ever till then made; and the red Righi, such a piece of color as had never come *my* way before. I wrote to my father, saying I would fain have that Splugen Pass, if he were home in time to see it, and give me leave. Of more than one drawing I had no hope, for my father knew the worth of eighty guineas; we had never before paid more than from fifty to seventy, and my father said it was "all Mr. Griffith's fault they had got up to eighty."

Mr. Bicknell of Herne Hill bought the blue Righi, No. 2. It used to hang in his drawing-room, next the window, opposite another drawing, next the door, of which presently.

Then Mr. Munro of Novar, and bought the Lucerne Lake, No. 4 (and the red Righi? *), and both Mr. Munro and Mr. Bicknell chose a sketch to be "realized"—Mr. Bicknell, another Lucerne Lake; and Mr. Munro, a Zurich, with white sunshine in distance.

So, you see, when Turner came to hear how things were going on, two of the sketches were provided for, which was pretty well, considering the change of style. Three out of the four pattern drawings he had shown were really bought—"And not *that*," said Turner, shaking his fist at the Pass of the Splugen;—but said no more!

I came and saw the Pass of the Splugen again, and heard how things were going on, and I knew well why Turner had said "And not *THAT*."

And next day Munro of Novar came again; and *he* also knew why Turner had said "not *that*," and made up his mind; and bought the Pass of the Splugen.†

* I am not absolutely sure about *this* drawing, whether Mr. Bicknell or Mr. Munro bought it.

† [The first version of the Epilogue adds here:—

And so, you see, everything went right, and according to Miss Edgeworth's notions of the way in which beautiful behavior and filial piety is rewarded.

(I correct with Sir Walter Scott's pen, given to her August 14th, 1825, lent me by the Master of Harrow, Mr. Butler. It is a little matter, you think, nevertheless worth your notice.)

With this passage, *cf.* "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. iv., where Mr. Ruskin gives another account of his disappointment at missing the

At last my father came home. I had not the way of explaining my feelings to him somehow, any more than Cordelia to *her* father; nevertheless, he knew them enough to say I might have *one* of the sketches realized. He went with me, and chose with me, to such end, the original of the Ehrenbreitstein, No. 62, here. The *sketch* we saw is now in the National Gallery [No. 279]. That made seven, in all, bought and ordered. Three others had to be placed yet, before Turner would begin to work.

Mr. Munro was got to order one more, a Righi dark in twilight. By hard coaxing, and petitioning, I got my father's leave to promise to take a Lucerne Town, if it turned out well! The other sketches no one liked, no one would have them at any price; only nine drawings could be got orders for, and there poor Mr. Griffith was. Turner growled; but said at last he would do the nine, *i.e.* the five more to be realized.

He set to work in the spring of 1842; after three or four weeks, he came to Mr. Griffith, and said, in growls, at in-

Splügen. "In a story by Miss Edgeworth, the father would have come home in the nick of time, effaced Mr. Munro as he hesitated with the Splügen in his hand, and given the dutiful son, that and another. I found, after meditation, that Miss Edgeworth's way was not the world's nor Providence's. I perceived, then and conclusively, that if you do a foolish thing, you suffer for it exactly the same, whether you do it piously or not. I knew perfectly well that this drawing was the best Swiss landscape yet painted by man; and that it was entirely proper for *me* to have it, and inexpedient that anyone else should. I ought to have secured it instantly, and begged my father's pardon, tenderly. He would have been angry, and surprised, and grieved; but loved me none the less, found in the end that I was right, and been entirely pleased. I should have been very uncomfortable and penitent for a while, but loved my father all the more for having hurt him, and, in the good of the thing itself, finally satisfied and triumphant. As it was, the Splügen was a thorn in both our sides, all our lives. My father was always trying to get it; Mr. Munro, aided by dealers, always raising the price on him, till it got up from 80 to 400 guineas. Then we gave it up,—with unspeakable wear and tear of best feelings on both sides."]

tervals, "The drawings were well forward, and he had after all put the tenth in hand, out of those that no one would have: he thought it would turn out as well as any of them, if Griffith liked to have it for his commission, he might." Griffith agreed, and Turner went home content, and finished his ten drawings for seven hundred and twenty guineas, cash clear. Griffith's commission drawing, the one that no one would have, is No. 63, and we'll talk of its quality a little, presently, oh, recusant British Public! but first I'll finish my story, please.

My conditional drawing, also, turned out well, and I was allowed to take it, but with comment. "I was sure you would be saddled with that drawing," said my father.*

Four or five years ago—Mr. Vokins knows when, I haven't the date handy here—he came out to me, saying he wanted a first-rate Turner drawing, had I one to spare?

"Well," I said, "I have none to *spare*, yet I have a reason for letting *one* first-rate one go, if you give me a price."

"What will you take?"

"A thousand pounds."

Mr. Vokins wrote me the check in Denmark Hill drawing-room (my old servant, Lucy Tovey,† bringing pen and ink), and took the Lucerne. Lucy, amazed and sorrowful, put the drawing into his carriage.

I wished to get *dead* Turner, for one drawing, his own original price for the whole ten, and thus did.‡ Of the remaining eight drawings, this is the brief history.

Mr. Munro some years afterwards would have allowed me to have the Splügen Pass, for four hundred pounds, through White of Maddox Street; my father would then have let me

* [The first version of the Epilogue adds: "Honor best here."]

† [For references to Lucy Tovey, "our perennial parlormaid," see "Præterita," vol. ii. ch. vi. and vol. iii. ch. ii. Lucy sometimes accompanied Mr. Ruskin and his parents on their foreign tours, "that she might see the places we were always talking of."]

‡ [The first versior of the Epilogue adds: "for Mr. Vokins necessarily makes fifty guineas by coming out in a cab to Denmark Hill, Turner's own exact price to a buyer."]

take it for that, but I myself thought it hard on him and me, and would not, thinking it would too much pain my father. It remained long in the possession of Mr. Munro's nephew; so also the Novar Lucerne Lake, and Zurich. But of that, and of the red Righi, there were at first vicissitudes that are too long to tell; only, when the ten drawings were finished, and at Waterloo Place, their possession was distributed thus:—

1. SPLUGEN . . .	Munro of Novar.
2. BLUE RIGHI . . .	Mr. Bicknell.
3. RED RIGHI . . .	Munro of Novar.
4. LUCERNE LAKE . . .	Munro of Novar.
5. LUCERNE LAKE . . .	Mr. Bicknell.
6. LUCERNE TOWN . . .	J. R.
7. COBLENTZ . . .	J. R.
8. CONSTANCE . . .	Mr. Griffith.
9. DARK RIGHI . . .	Munro of Novar.
10. ZURICH . . .	Munro of Novar.

Mr. Griffith soon afterwards let me have the Constance for eighty guineas, and the day I brought that drawing home to Denmark Hill was one of the happiest in my life.

Nos. 1, 4, and 10 were, I believe, lately sold at Christie's.*

No. 5 was bought at Mr. Bicknell's sale long ago, far over my head, and went to Edinburgh; there was a pretty story connected with it, which I think is known to Dr. John Brown.

No. 6 is—I know not where; very sorrowful am I that it is not here—for all my thousand pounds.

Nos. 7 and 8 are here, side by side, Nos. 62 and 63.

No. 3 was once mine also. It had a correction in it, which I regretted; and I let it go, which I regret more. Mr. Mackay of Colnaghi's had it of me, I don't know who has it now.

No. 9 was sold at Christie's while I was last at Venice.†

* [No. 4 was bought by Mr. Newall, of Ferndene, Gateshead. Note to ed. of 1900.]

† [The "Dark Righi" is in the collection of C. A. Swirburne, Esq.]

No. 2 was sold with No. 5 at Mr. Bicknell's sale, and went I know not where.

Turner had never made any drawings like these before, and never made any like them again. But he offered, in the next year (1843), to do ten more on the same terms. But now—only five commissions could be got. My father allowed me to give two: Munro of Novar took three. Nobody would take any more. Turner was angry; and, partly ill, drawing near the end, you perceive. He did the five, but said it was lucky there were no more to do.

The five were:—

1. KUSSNACHT. Munro of Novar.*
2. ZUG. (No. 64.) Munro of Novar.
3. (I forget at this moment Munro's third.) I think it was the Zurich by moonlight, level over the rippling Limmat; a noble drawing, but not up to the mark of the rest.
4. GOLDAU. (No. 65.) J. R.
5. ST. GOTHARD. (No. 66.) J. R.

Mr. Munro thought the Zug too blue, and let me have it. So three are here.

64, 65, and 66. Done passionately; and somewhat hastily, as drawing near the end. Nevertheless, I would not take all the rest of the collection put together for them.†

* [The original sketch for this drawing, in the National Gallery Collection, is now at Oxford.]

† [The two following paragraphs were added in the revised and completed form of the Epilogue. The first version differs in some details about the history of the drawings. It closed with an enumeration of eight drawings of 1845 (some of which, however, appear also to be included in the ten enumerated above), and with the following remarks on them:—

The best of these, a Schaffhausen, I parted with afterwards, because the Rhine was falsely calm instead of rapid. The second best, Lucerne Town from the Lake, I parted with because it was too sorrowful to me—after Lucerne itself was finally destroyed. Mr. Windus had a Zurich, with crowded figures on the bridge—and a Lake Lucerne from Brunnen—both engraved. I had three—a faint Lucerne with floating

For the end had *not* come, though it was near. His full, final, unshortened strength is in these; but put forth, as for the last time—in the presence of the waiting Fate. Summing his thoughts of many things,—nay, in a sort, of all things. He is not showing his hand, in these; but his heart. The Constance and Coblentz here (with the Splügen (1), Bay of Uri (4), and Zurich (10)), of the year 1842, are the most finished and faultless works of his last period; but these of 1843 are the truest and mightiest. There is no conventionalism,—no exhibition of art in them;—absolute truth of passion, and truth of memory, and sincerity of endeavor. “That litter of stones which I *endeavored* to represent,” he said to me himself of the St. Gothard, which recalled to him so many earlier visions of the fierce Reuss and Ticino; and of the Power that poured them from the clouds, and clove the earth with rivers.

I can't write any more of them just now. Perhaps during the last fortnight of this exhibition I may get a few further notes and illustrative studies together: but, none will be of real use, unless the spectator both knows, and *loves* the Alps, in some measure, as Turner knew and loved them, which—for aught I know—there may yet be some who do:—but one cannot say. For assuredly none who love them, ever peril on them either their Love, or Life.

BRANTWOOD, 10th May 1878.

Being my Father's birthday,—who—though as aforesaid, he sometimes would not give me this, or that,—yet gave me not only all these drawings, but Brantwood—and all else.

vapors, they and the mountains passing away. I had two more, Altdorf and Brunnen.

But Munro had Fluelen—Morning—on—not now—Coniston Falls—and the mists higher—passing away.

I gave Munro of Novar my two, Altdorf and Brunnen, for it. It is No. 70 here.

The original sketch for the “Lucerne Town from the Lake” is in the National Gallery Collection; that for Mr. Windus’ “Zurich” is No. 287; that for his “Lucerne from Brunnen” is in the same collection; the original sketches for “Altdorf” and “Brunnen” are also in the National Gallery Collection.

PART II.

NOTES ON RUSKIN'S OWN HANDIWORK
ILLUSTRATIVE OF TURNER.

PREFACE.*

THE presentation to me by friends' kindness, of the long-coveted drawing of the Splügen, has given me much to think

* [This Part II. appeared from the first time in ed. 9. In eds. 1-6, there was instead an Appendix, "containing a list of the engraved works of the late J. M. W. Turner, R. A., exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, with Mr. Ruskin's drawings by the same master." This Appendix, with a preface, was the work of Mr. Marcus B. Huish. It was withdrawn in order to make room for Mr. Ruskin's notes on the Collection of his own Drawings, &c., which he arranged on recovering from his illness. In the year following the London exhibition, a similar one—arranged by Professor Norton—was held at Boston and New York successively. The American Exhibition included 106 pieces. These included 25 of the 60 shown in London. The remainder were either sent by Mr. Ruskin or contributed by Mr. Norton from his own collection. For this exhibition Mr. Norton compiled a catalogue of 34 pp. (Boston ed. October 1879, New York ed. December). The notes on the pieces which were included in the London Exhibition were reprinted from the London Exhibition. The notes on the others were mostly compiled from Mr. Ruskin's published writings, or taken from his memoranda upon the drawings themselves. The latter are of little interest, being mere notes of the subject and medium. The following is the only note which seems worth giving here:—

FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN (1850?) (Color).

"That drawing of the Falls of Schaffhausen is the only one of mine I ever saw Turner interested in. He looked at it long, evidently with pleasure, and shook his finger at it one evening, standing by the fire in the old Denmark Hill drawing-room. How destiny does mock us! Fancy if I had him to shake fingers at me now!"—(*Extract from Letter, 1874.*)

In "Frondes Agrestes," § 29, there is quoted the passage from "Modern Painters" (vol. i. pt. ii. sec. v. ch. ii. § 2), describing this scene, and Mr. Ruskin adds the following note: "Well noticed. The drawing of the fall of Schaffhausen, which I made at the time

of,* if, just now, I were able to think;—and would urge me to say much,—if I were able to speak. But I am shaken and stunned by this recent illness,—it has left me not a little frightened, and extremely dull.

I cannot write a circular letter of thanks, of so wide a radius as to include all I feel, or ought to feel—on the matter; and besides, I do not usually find that anyone worth pleasing is pleased by a circular letter. The recipients always, I think, “speak disrespectfully of the Equator.” A parabolic letter, or even hyperbolic, might be more to the purpose, if it were possible to me; but on the whole I think it will be the best I can do in this surprised moment to show the importance of this Splugen drawing, in connection with the others in my collection, belonging to its series; by trusting in public indulgence for the exposition also of so much of my own hand-work in illustration of Turner, as may explain the somewhat secluded, and apparently ungrateful, life which I have always been forced to lead in the midst of a group—or as I now thankfully find, a crowd—of most faithful and affectionate friends.

I have accordingly amused, and humiliated myself, by arranging a little autobiography of drawings, from childhood until now; out of which it appeared to me that some useful points might be made evident respecting the service of par-

of writing this study, was one of the very few, either by other draughtsmen or myself, which I have seen Turner pause at with serious attention.” The date 1850 is obviously wrong; it must have been nearly ten years earlier; vol. i. of “Modern Painters” was published in 1843. In February 1901 an Exhibition of Mr. Ruskin’s Drawings was held at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colors. This included 427 pieces. A catalogue (of 40 pp.) with Prefatory Notes on “Ruskin as Artist” (pp. i.-ix.), was prepared by Mr. W. G. Collingwood.]

* [The drawing of the Splugen was presented to Mr. Ruskin during the progress of the Exhibition. The price paid was 1000 guineas; it was raised by subscription among his friends and admirers. It is published in vol. ii. of “Turner and Ruskin.” For further reference to the Splugen, see “Præterita,” vol. ii. ch. iv.]

ticular methods, or the danger of particular errors. What consistency of effort they show, has been noted, as briefly as I could, and the grounds on which I felt it necessary to pursue some lines of study which cost me much labor, and gave little reward, except in enabling me to understand the virtue of better work.

Of the Splügen drawing, and of the collection which it in a manner consecrates finally to public service, I hope yet to make some practical uses, such as my friends will be glad to have strengthened me in: but recovery from such illness as struck me down last February, must be very slow at the best: and cannot be complete, at the completest. Without abandoning any of my former aims, I must not for many a day—if ever—resume my former activities; and though I have now gone so long in literary harness that the pole and collar rather support, than incumber me, I shall venture to write in future, only what costs me little pains.

As all that I have written hitherto has cost me much, my readers will I hope credit me with indolence when they weary of me; and acquit me, yet for a few years more, of apoplexy, even though they cannot in conscience assure me that I have "*jamais composé de meilleure homélie.*"

BRANTWOOD,

June 5, 1878.

CATALOGUE OF THE
DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES

BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.,

AT PRESENT EXHIBITED IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

REVISED, AND CAST INTO PROGRESSIVE GROUPS, WITH EXPLANATORY
NOTES.

PREFACE.

THAT in the largest, and, I suppose, richest city of the world, the most delicate and precious water-color drawings which its citizens possess should be kept in a cellar, under its National Gallery, in which two-thirds of them are practically invisible, even in the few bright days which London smoke leaves to summer; and in which all are exposed to irreparable injury by damp in winter, is a fact which I must leave the British citizen to explain: stating here only that neither Mr. Burton nor Mr. Eastlake are to be held responsible for such arrangement; but, essentially, the public's scorn of all art which does not amuse it; and, practically, the members of the Royal Academy, whose primary duty it is to see that works by men who have belonged to their body, which may be educationally useful to the nation, should be rightly and sufficiently exhibited.

I have had no heart myself, during recent illness, to finish the catalogue which, for my own poor exoneration from the shame of the matter, I began last year. But in its present form it may be of some use in the coming Christmas holidays, and relieve the kindness of Mr. Oldham from unnecessary burden.

The Trustees of the National Gallery will I trust forgive my assumption that, some day or other, they may enable their keeper to remedy the evils in the existing arrangement; if not by displacing some of the pictures of inferior interest in the great galleries, at least by adding above their marble pillars and vaulted ceilings, such a dry and skylighted garret as any photographic establishment, opening a new branch, would provide itself with in the slack of the season.

Such a room would be all that could be practically desired for the Turner drawings; and modern English indolence, if assisted in the gratification of its languid curiosity by a lift, would not, I trust, feel itself aggrieved by the otherwise salutary change.

INTRODUCTORY CLASSIFICATION.

THE confused succession of the drawings at present placed in the water-color room of the National Gallery was a consequence of their selection at different periods, by the gradually extended permission of the Trustees, from the mass of the inferior unexhibited sketches in the possession of the nation. I think it best, in this catalogue, to place the whole series in an order which might conveniently become permanent, should the collection be eventually transferred to rooms with sufficient light to see it by: and for the present the student will find no difficulty, nor even a delay of any consequence, in finding the title of any drawing by reference to the terminal index, in which, by the number in the existing arrangement, he is referred to that in the proposed one, followed in the text.

The collection as at present seen consists of four hundred drawings, in wooden sliding frames, contained in portable cabinets; and of about half that number grouped in fixed frames originally intended for exhibition in the schools of Kensington, and in which the drawings were chosen therefore for their instructive and exemplary, more than their merely attractive qualities. I observed, however, that the number of these partly detracted from their utility; and have now again chosen out of them a consecutive and perfectly magistral group, of which it may safely be recommended that every student of landscape art should copy every one in succession, as he gains the power to do so.

This first, or "Scholar's" group, consists of sixty-five drawings arranged, at present, in thirty frames: but eventually, each of these drawings should be separately framed, and placed where it can be perfectly seen and easily copied.

The drawings originally exhibited at Kensington, out of

which this narrower group is now selected, were for several years the only pencil and water-color drawings by Turner accessible to the public in the National collection. I therefore included among them many samples of series which were at that time invisible, but to which, since the entire mass of drawings is now collected, it is proper that the drawings which, by their abstraction, would break the unity of subjects, should be restored. I have therefore, in this catalogue, placed in complete order all the important local groups of sketches (in Rome, Naples, Savoy, etc.), and retained in the miscellaneous framed collection only those which could be spared without breaking the sequence of the cabinet drawings. And further, I have excluded from this framed collection some of minor importance, which it seems to me might, not only without loss, but with advantage to the concentrated power of the London examples, be spared, on loan for use in provincial Art schools.

The Kensington series of framed groups, originally numbering 153, has by these two processes of elimination been reduced in the following catalogue to one hundred, of which thirty form the above-described "Scholar's group," absolutely faultless and exemplary. The remainder, of various character and excellence (which, though often of far higher reach than that of the Scholar's group, is in those very highest examples not unaffected by the master's peculiar failings), I have in the following catalogue called the "Student's group"; meaning that it is presented to the thoughtful study of the general public, and of advanced artists; but that it is only with discrimination to be copied, and only with qualification to be praised. Whereas, in the Scholar's group, there is not one example which may not in every touch be copied with benefit, and in every quality, without reserve, admired.

After these two series follow in this catalogue, the four hundred framed drawings in the cabinets, re-arranged and completed by the restorations out of the Kensington series, with brief prefatory explanations of the nature of each group. One or two gaps still require filling; but there being

some difficulty in choosing examples fit for the exact places, I publish the list as it stands. The present numbers are given in order in the terminal index.

For many reasons I think it best to make this hand-catalogue direct and clear, with little comment on separate drawings. I may possibly afterward issue a reprint of former criticism of the collection, with some further practical advice to scholars.

PRIMARY SYNOPSIS.

THE following general plan of the new arrangement will facilitate reference in the separate heads of it. The marginal figures indicate the number of frames in each series.

FIRST HUNDRED.

GROUP.

I. The Scholar's Group,	30
II. The Student's Group,	70
						<hr/>
						100

SECOND HUNDRED.

III. Scotland. Pencil. (Early), . . .	15
IV. Still life. Color. (Mid. Time), . . .	5
V. Switzerland. Color. (Early), . . .	10
VI. Mountains. Color. (Late), . . .	50
VII. Venice. Color. (Late), . . .	20
	<hr/>
	100

THIRD HUNDRED.

VIII. Savoy. Pencil. (Early),	25
IX. Vignettes to Rogers' Italy. (Mid. Time),	25
X. Rome. (Mid. Time),	30
XI. Tivoli. (Mid. Time),	5
XII. Naples. (Mid. Time),	15
					<hr/>
					100

FOURTH HUNDRED.

GROUP.

XIII. Vignettes to Rogers' Poems. (Late),	. . .	35
XIV. Rivers of England. (Late),	. . .	15
XV. Ports of England. (Late),	. . .	5
XVI. Venice. (Latest),	. . .	25
XVII. Various. (Latest),	. . .	20

100

FIFTH HUNDRED.

XVIII. Finest Color on Gray. (Late),	. . .	25
XIX. Finest Color on Gray. (Latest),	. . .	25
XX. Studies on Gray for Rivers of France. (Late),		15
XXI. The Seine,	35

100

GROUP I.

(First Hundred.)

THE SCHOLAR'S GROUP.

It consists of sixty-five drawings in thirty frames, originally chosen and arranged for exhibition at Kensington, together with upward of a hundred more (as explained in the preface), out of which this narrower series, doubly and trebly sifted, is now recommended to the learner, for constant examination, and progressive practice; the most elementary examples being first given. Their proper arrangement would be on a screen in perfect light, on a level with the eye—the three largest only above the line of the rest. When several drawings are in the same frame, they are lettered *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., either from left to right, or from above downward. The numbers on the right hand of the page are those by which they are indicated in the existing arrangement; the

letter K standing for Kensington, to prevent confusion with the numbers of those in cabinets, which were always at the National Gallery.

1. *a.* Tower of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, . . . K 3
b. Transept and Tower, York Cathedral.
c. Tower of Boston, Lincolnshire.
2. *a.* Carnarvon Castle, K 145
b. Wells Cathedral.
3. Malmesbury Abbey. Sketch from nature for
the drawing in the English series, . . . K 4
4. *a.* Study of sailing boat, K 18
b. Head of rowing boat.
c. Stern of rowing boat.
5. *a. b.* Sketches of boats in light and shade, . . . K 17
c. Diagram of a Dutch boat.
6. Study of spars of merchant-brig, . . . K 10
7. Study of cottage roof in color, . . . K 13
8. Gate of Carisbrook Castle. Water-colored
drawing, half-way completed, . . . K 14
9. *a.* Sketch from nature at Ivy Bridge, afterward
realized in the oil picture, . . . K 21
b. Sketch of the bed of a stream, on the spot,
half finished.
10. *a.* Sketch from nature of the tree on the left in
"Crossing the Brook," K 16
b. c. Studies of animals.
d. Sketch from nature at Ivy Bridge, realized
in the finished drawing in this collection.
e. Sketch from nature in Val d'Aosta, amplified
afterward into the "Battle of Fort Rock,"
now placed in the upper rooms of the
Gallery, K 41
11. Doric columns and entablature, . . . K 33
12. Part of the portico of St. Peter's, . . . K 11
13. Glass balls, partly filled with water. (Study
of reflection and refraction), K 121

14. Four sketches on the Seine, for drawings in the Rivers of France. On gray paper, . K 70
15. Two studies of marine. On gray, . . . K 143
16. Four sketches at Calais. On gray, . . . K 71
17. Four sketches on the Seine, . . . K 73
 - a. Marly.
 - b. Near St. Germain.
 - c. Chateau of La Belle Gabrielle.
 - d. Near St. Germain.
18. Two studies of the Arch of Titus, Rome, on white, stained gray, with lights taken out, . K 120
19. Two outline sketches of Cockermouth Castle, . K 62
20. Two outline sketches of park scenery, . . . K 60
21. Rome from Monte Mario. Finest pure pencil, . K 101
22. Rome from Monte Mario. Pencil outline with color, K 103
23. Rome. The Coliseum. Color, unfinished, . K 107
24. Study of cutter. (Charcoal), . . . K 45
25. Study of pilot boat. (Sepia), . . . K 46
26. Two pencil studies, Leeds, and Bolton Abbey, . K 6
27. Four pencil sketches at and near York, . . . K 148
28. Two pencil sketches, at Cologne and on the Rhine, K 147
29. Four sketches in color at Petworth, . . . K 76
30. Four sketches in color on the Loire and Meuse, K 138

GROUP II.

(First Hundred.)

THE STUDENT'S GROUP.

The Student's group is arranged so as to exhibit Turner's methods of work, from his earliest to his latest time of power. All his essential characters as an artist are shown in it; his highest attainments, with his peculiar faults—faults of inher-

ent nature, that is to say; as distinguished from those which, after the year 1845, were signs merely of disease. No work of his declining time is admitted into this series.

It begins (No. 31) with three examples of the earliest efforts by him existing in the National collection of his drawings. Then follow examples of his methods of study with pencil and pen, from first to last: then, examples of his work similarly progressive, in transparent color on white paper; and, finally, examples of his use of body color on gray paper—a method only adopted late in life, as one proper for none but a consummate master.

The entire series is contained in seventy frames, selected, as those of the Scholar's group are, from the collection first arranged for Kensington; and close the first hundred of the frames here permanently catalogued.

- | | | |
|-----|--|-------|
| 31. | Three early sketches at Clifton, when he was twelve or thirteen years old. He went on for several years working thus in pencil and color; then saw the necessity of working in pencil outline only, and never ceased that method of work to the close of life, | κ 1 |
| 32. | <i>a.</i> Carew Castle. Early pencil outline, after he had determined its method, | κ 144 |
| | <i>b.</i> Lancaster, of later date. Both drawings realized in the England series. | |
| 33. | <i>a.</i> Kirkstall Abbey, | κ 5 |
| | <i>b.</i> Holy Island Cathedral. Subjects realized in the Liber Studiorum. | |
| 34. | Sketch from nature of the Liber subject, "Source of the Arveron," | κ 39 |
| 35. | Sketch from nature for the drawing at Farnley, "Mont Blanc from the Valley of Chamouni," | κ 40 |
| 36. | Foreground studies, laurel, etc., | κ 51 |
| 37. | Studies of market ware at Rotterdam, | κ 54 |
| 38. | Study of sheep, | κ 52 |

- | | | | | |
|-----|--|-------|---|-----|
| 39. | Memoranda of coast incidents, | . . . | κ | 20 |
| 40. | Sketches at York, | . . . | κ | 149 |
| 41. | Two Egremont subjects, | . . . | κ | 61 |
| 42. | Two Bridge subjects, | . . . | κ | 146 |
| 43. | Studies from Claude, etc., | . . . | κ | 118 |
| 44. | Twelve leaves from a notebook at Venice (all
drawn as richly on the other sides), | . . . | κ | 115 |
| 45. | Four leaves of a notebook on journey to Scot-
land by sea, | . . . | κ | 112 |
| 46. | a. Sketches at Andernach, | . . . | κ | 116 |
| | b. Sketches on the Rhine. | | | |
| | c. Sketches on Lago Maggiore. | | | |
| | The leaves <i>a b</i> are out of a notebook contain-
ing 270 such. | | | |
| 47. | Sketches at Naples, | . . . | κ | 117 |
| 48. | At Dresden, | . . . | κ | 119 |
| 49. | Cologne Cathedral, and Rhine subject, | . . . | κ | 147 |
| 50. | Sketches in Rouen, with engraving of finished
drawing made from one of them, | . . . | κ | 55 |

These twenty drawings (31-50) are enough to show the method of the artist's usual work from nature. He *never sketched in tinted shade but at home*, in making studies for pictures, or for engravers, as in the series of the *Liber Studiorum*. When he wanted light and shade in painting from nature, he always gave color also, for it was as easy to him to give the depth of shade he wanted in different tints, as in one; and the result was infinitely more complete and true. The series of water-color sketches and drawings which next follow, represent, therefore, his progress in color and *chiaroscuro* simultaneously; and I have placed under the next following numbers, examples of his water-color work from the beginning of its effective power, to the end. But these are not, as in the Scholar's group, all equally exemplary. The absolutely safe and right models are already given in the Scholar's group: here, there are instances given of methods questionable—or distinctly dangerous, as well as of the best.

Thus Turner drew for several years almost exclusively in neutral tint, as in No. 51: but it is not at all certain that this practice should be enforced as academical; and again, the drawing of Folkestone is an instance of delicacy of work like that of a miniature, applied to a large surface; this is certainly a practice liable to lead to the loss of simplicity and power:—it is one on the whole to be deprecated; and it gravely limited Turner's power of making large and manly drawings, at the time when it was most desirable for public instruction that he should have done so.

The drawings of Edinburgh, and Ivy Bridge, are types of his finest manner, unaffected by this weakness of minute execution. The drawings of Rochester and Dover show his minutest execution rightly applied, and his consummate skill in composition.

51.	View of Tivoli. Neutral tint (one of multitudes, which had to be done before the great Tivolis could be),	K	9
52.	Ruins of the Savoy Chapel. Neutral tint,	K	8
53.	Early study of a cottage,	K	12
54.	The Castle of Aosta; in color, with the pencil study for it below: one of the series out of which Group VIII. (third hundred) was chosen,	K	27
55.	Angry Swans,	K	122
56.	Study of pigs and donkeys,	K	53
57.	Study of ducks,	K	58
58.	Study of storm-clouds; with the plate afterward engraved from it by Turner himself beneath,	K	64
59.	Three studies at sea,	K	65
60.	Study of evening and night skies,	K	63
61.	Shields. Engraved for Ports of England,	K	68
62.	Rochester. Engraved for Rivers of England,	K	69
63.	Dover. Engraved for Ports of England,	K	67
64.	Folkestone. Large drawing unfinished,	K	44

65.	Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. Finished drawing,	κ	35
66.	Ivy Bridge. Finished drawing,	κ	42
67.	Battle of Fort Rock. Finished drawing,	κ	41
68.	The Source of the Arveron. Unfinished, large,	κ	125
69.	Grenoble. Unfinished, large,	κ	126
70.	Grenoble " "	κ	127

The two last drawings are among the most exquisite fragments existing of his central manner. They are beginnings of a favorite subject, which he seems to have found beyond his power on this scale, and afterward finished on a reduced one. They may properly close the examples of his work in pure water-color. Two specimens of his sketching in oil—a rare practice with him—follow; and then, a magnificent selection from the body-color drawings of his best time, which contain the most wonderful things he ever did in his own special manner.

71.	Rocks in Bolton glen,	κ	128
72.	Torrent bed. One of the studies made at the date of Ivy Bridge,	κ	34
73.	Sunset and Twilight: the last at Petworth,	κ	132
74.	Pen outline sketches for the Rivers of France,	κ	77
75.	Tancarville, and three other French subjects,	κ	81
76.	Four French subjects,	κ	80
77.	Rocks on the Meuse, and three other subjects,	κ	82
78.	Luxembourg, and three other subjects,	κ	83
79.	Two of Honfleur, two unknown,	κ	84
80.	Honfleur, and three other subjects,	κ	85
81.	Dijon, and three other subjects,	κ	86
82.	Interiors,	κ	75
83.	Saumur, Huy, and Dinant,	κ	133
84.	<i>a</i> , Town on Loire; <i>b</i> , Carrara mountains,	κ	139
85.	Nantes, and Dressing for Tea,	κ	135
86.	Harfleur, Caudebec, and two others,	κ	136
87.	Saumur, and two others,	κ	137

88.	Orleans and Nantes, κ	134
89.	Dinant, etc., κ	78
90.	Havre, etc., κ	79

Henceforward to the close of the Student's group are placed examples of his quite latest manner: in outline, more or less fatigued and hasty, though full of detail—in color, sometimes extravagant—and sometimes gloomy; but every now and then manifesting more than his old power in the treatment of subjects under ærial and translucent effect.

91.	Fribourg, Swiss. Pen outline over pencil,	. κ	152
92.	Fribourg, Swiss. Pen outline over pencil,	. κ	153
93.	Swiss Fortress and Grenoble,	. κ	142
94.	Lausanne, and another subject,	. κ	93
95.	Fluelen and Kussnacht,	. κ	95
96.	Lake of Annecy, and Landeck,	. κ	96
97.	Venice,	. κ	97
98.	Venice,	. κ	98
99.	Lucerne and Zurich,	. κ	99
100.	Lake Lucerne. Morning,	. κ	100 c.

SECOND HUNDRED.

(*Cabinet Drawings.*)

The second century of the drawings, as rearranged, forms a mixed group, containing both early and late work, which I have thrown together in a cluster, in order to make the arrangement of the following three hundred drawings more consistent.

The first thirty drawings of this hundred are all early; and of consummate value and interest. The remaining seventy were made at the time of the artist's most accomplished power; but are for the most part slight, and intended rather to remind *himself* of what he had seen, than to convey any idea of it to others. Although, as I have stated, they are

placed in this group because otherwise they would have interfered with the order of more important drawings, it cannot but be interesting to the student to see, in close sequence, the best examples of the artist's earliest and latest methods of sketching.

GROUP III.

(Second Hundred.)

Fifteen pencil drawings of Scottish scenery made on his first tour in Scotland, and completed afterward in light and shade, on tinted paper touched with white. Several of his best early colored drawings were made from these studies, and are now in the great collection at Farnley.

They are all remarkable for what artists call "breadth" of effect (carried even to dullness in its serene rejection of all minor elements of the picturesque—craggy chasms, broken waterfalls, or rustic cottages); and for the labor given in careful pencil shading, to round the larger masses of mountain, and show the relation of the clouds to them. The mountain forms are always perfect, the clouds carefully modeled; when they cross the mountains they do so solidly, and there is no permission of the interferences of haze or rain. The composition is always scientific in the extreme.

I do not know the localities, nor are they of much consequence. Their order is therefore founded, at present, only on the character of subject; but I have examined this series less carefully than any of the others, and may modify its sequence in later editions of this catalogue. The grand introductory upright one is, I think, of Tummel bridge, and with the one following, 102, shows the interest which the artist felt from earliest to latest days in all rustic architecture of pontifical character.

The four following subjects, 103-106, contain materials used in the Liber composition called "Ben Arthur"; 114 is called at Farnley "Loch Fyne."

The reference numbers in the right-hand column are henceforward to the cabinet frames as at present arranged, unless the prefixed K indicate an insertion of one out of the Kensington series.

101.	Scotland.	(Bridges on the Tummel?),	.	.	311
102.	Scotland.	Bridges and village,	.	.	313
103.	Scotland.	Argyllshire?	.	.	309
104.	Scotland.	Argyllshire?	.	.	310
105.	Scotland.	Argyllshire?	.	.	307
106.	Scotland.	Study of trees,	.	.	K 22a
107.	Scotland.	Study of trees,	.	.	K 22b
108.	Scotland.	Study of trees,	.	.	306
109.	Scotland,	.	.	.	346
110.	Scotland,	.	.	.	347
111.	Scotland,	.	.	.	348
112.	Scotland,	.	.	.	349
113.	Scotland.	Loch Fyne?	.	.	312
114.	Scotland.	Loch Fyne?	.	.	314
115.	Scotland,	.	.	.	308

GROUP IV.

(*Second Hundred.*)

STUDIES OF BIRDS AND FISH.

Placed immediately after the Scottish series in order to show the singularly various methods of the Master's study. These sketches are, however, at least ten years later in date. They are all executed with a view mainly to color, and, in color, to its ultimate refinements, as in the gray down of the birds, and the subdued iridescences of the fish.

There is no execution in water-color comparable to them for combined rapidity, delicacy, and precision—the artists of the world may be challenged to approach them; and I know of only one piece of Turner's own to match them—the Dove at Farnley.

116.	Teal,	κ 59
117.	Teal, 375
118.	(Not yet placed.) *	
119.	Perch, 373
120.	Trout and other fish, 374

GROUP V.

(*Second Hundred.*)

COLORED SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND.

These quite stupendous memoranda were made on his first Swiss journey, 1803, and are at the maximum of his early power. Several of very high quality were made from those on the St. Gothard; a beautiful one at Farnley from 126; and the greatest of the Liber mountain subjects, from 123, 125, and 127.

121.	On the pass of St. Gothard, above Amsteg, 324
122.	The old road, pass of St. Gothard, 320
123.	The old Devil's Bridge, pass of St. Gothard, 321
124.	Bonneville, Savoy, 323
125.	The Source of the Arveron, as it was in 1803, 319
126.	The Mer-de-glace of Chamouni, looking upstream,	325
127.	The Mer-de-glace of Chamouni, looking down- stream, 322
128.	Contamines, Savoy,	κ 38

(Two subjects still wanting to this series, may, I believe, be furnished out of the reserves in tin cases.)

* I may possibly afterward, with the permission of the Trustees, be able to supply this gap with a drawing of a Jay, given me by Mr. W. Kingsley, or with some purchased example—there being no more than these four in the National collection.

GROUP VI.

(Second Hundred.)

Fifty sketches on his later Continental journeys, made in pencil outline only on the spot, and colored from memory. Of the finest quality of pure Turnerian art, which is in sum, as explained in my various university lectures over and over again, *the true abstraction of the color of Nature as a distinct subject of study*, with only so much of light and shade as may explain the condition and place of the color, without tainting its purity. In the modern French school, all the color is taken out of Nature, and only the mud left. By Turner, all the mud is taken out of Nature, and only the color left. Tones of chiaroscuro, which depend *upon* color, are however often given in full depth, as in the Nos. 138, 139, 179, and 180.

131.	The Red Gorge,	72
132.	The Allée Blanche	47
133.	The Via Mala,	73
134.	Miner's Bridge,	80
135.	Altorf,	100
136.	Martigny,	81
137.	Mont Righi at dawn,	96
138.	Mont Righi at sunset,	45
139.	Fort l'Ecluse,	42
140.	Dent d'Oches, from Lausanne,	41
141.	Lausanne,	44
142.	Lausanne,	50
143.	Lausanne,	91
144.	Lausanne,	92
145.	Lausanne,	95
146.	Vevay,	46
147.	Baden (Swiss),	49
148.	Baden (Swiss),	83
149.	Baden (Swiss),	85
150.	Heidelberg,	284

151.	Heidelberg,	282
152.	Heidelberg,	283
153.	Coblentz, Bridge of boats,	279
154.	Coblentz, Bridge of boats,	κ 94	<i>b</i>
155.	Coblentz, Bridge on the Moselle,	280
156.	Coblentz, Bridge on the Moselle,	κ 94	<i>a</i>
157.	Fortress,	48
158.	Fortress,	82
159.	River scene,	78
160.	River scene,	79
161.	Rheinfelden, just above Basle, Swiss,	86
162.	Rheinfelden,	87
163.	Rheinfelden,	88
164.	Rheinfelden,	89
165.	Rheinfelden,	90
166.	Fortress,	77
167.	Lake Lucerne, from Kussnacht,	43
168.	Mont Pilate, from Kussnacht,	290
169.	Lake Lucerne, from Brunnen,	κ 100	<i>a</i>
170.	Lake Lucerne, from Brunnen,	κ 100	<i>b</i>
171.	Zurich,	289
172.	Zurich,	287
173.	Lucerne,	288
174.	Schaffhausen,	285
175.	Constance,	286
176.	Splugen,	75
177.	Bellinzona,	94
178.	Fluelen,	99
179.	Aart,	97
180.	Goldau,	98

GROUP VII.

(*Second Hundred.*)

TWENTY SKETCHES IN VENICE,

Characteristic of Turner's entirely final manner, when the languor of age made him careless, or sometimes reluctant in

outline, while yet his hand had lost none of its subtlety, nor his eye of its sense for color. From the last but one (199) he painted the best of his late Academy pictures, now in the upper gallery, and 188 has itself been carried forward nearly to completion.

181.	The Approach to Venice,	51
182.	The Ducal Palace and Riva,	52
183.	The Riva (dei Schiavoni),	53
184.	The Riva, from the Canal of Chioggia,	54
185.	Church of Salute, from the Riva,	55
186.	The Riva, looking west,	56
187.	The Riva, from the outlet of the Canal of the Arsenal,	57
188.	The Canal of the Arsenal,	58
189.	Bridge over the Canal of the Arsenal,	59
190.	San Giorgio,	60
191.	The Steps of the Salute,	61
192.	The Grand Canal, with the Salute,	62
193.	The Casa Grimani,	63
194.	San Simeon Piccolo,	64
195.	Fishing Boat,	65
196.	Moonrise,	66
197.	The Giudecca, with Church of Redentore,	67
198.	Looking down the Giudecca,	68
199.	Looking up the Giudecca,	69
200.	Farewell to Venice,	70

THIRD HUNDRED.

The third century of drawings consists entirely of sketches or compositions made in Italy, or illustrative of Italian scenery and history. It opens with a group of pencil sketches made in Savoy and Piedmont in 1803, showing the artist's first impressions of the Italian Alps. Then follow the vignettes made to illustrate Rogers' poem of "Italy," many of which were composed from the preceding pencil sketches; and then follow fifty sketches made on his first visit to south-

ern Italy, divided into three groups, illustrative of Rome, Tivoli, and Naples.

GROUP VIII.

(*Third Hundred.*)

TWENTY-FIVE SKETCHES IN SAVOY AND PIEDMONT,

With very black, soft pencil, on dark tinted paper, touched with white. Of the highest value and interest. Made, I believe, in 1803; at all events on his first Continental journey: all in complete chiaroscuro, and in his grandest manner. They are absolutely true to the places; no exaggeration is admitted anywhere or in any respect, and the compositions, though in the highest degree learned, and exemplary of constructive principles in design, are obtained simply by selection, not alteration, of forms—and by the introduction either of clouds, figures, or entirely probable light and shade.

All are rapid and bold; some, slight and impetuous; but they cannot be too constantly studied, or carefully copied, by landscape students, since, whatever their haste, the conception is always entirely realized; and the subject disciplined into a complete picture, balanced and supported from corner to corner, and concluded in all its pictorial elements.

Observe also that although these sketches give some of the painter's first, strongest, and most enduring impressions of mountain scenery, and architecture of classical dignity—their especial value to the general student is that they are in no respect distinctly *Turnerian*, but could only be known by their greater strength and precision from studies such as Gainsborough or Wilson might have made at the same spots: and they are just as useful to persons incapable of coloring, in giving them the joy of rightly treated shade, as to the advanced colorist in compelling him to reconsider the foundations of effect, which he is too often beguiled into forgetting.

201.	Town of Grenoble,	κ 32	<i>a</i>
202.	Grenoble, with Mont Blanc,	κ 31	<i>b</i>
203.	Grenoble, with Mont Blanc,		5
204.	Road from Grenoble to Voreppe,	κ 30	<i>a</i>
205.	Entrance to the Chartreuse,		9
206.	Entrance to the Chartreuse,		10
207.	Entrance to the Chartreuse,		12
208.	Bridges at the Chartreuse,		11
209.	Cascade of the Chartreuse,		14
210.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking forward),		17
211.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking back),		18
212.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking back, farther off),		19
213.	Chain of Alps of the Chartreuse,		3
214.	Alps of the Chartreuse (the Liber subject),	κ 31	<i>a</i>
215.	Val d'Isère,	κ 29	<i>b</i>
216.	Val d'Isère, with Mont Blanc,	κ 30	<i>b</i>
217.	Martigny,		24
218.	Hospice of St. Bernard,	κ 25	<i>a</i>
219.	Descent to Aosta,		22
220.	Town of Aosta,	κ 25	<i>b</i>
221.	East gate of Aosta (Italy vignette),	κ 26	<i>a</i>
222.	Triumphal arch of Aosta,	κ 26	<i>b</i>
223.	Near Aosta,		23
224.	Ascent to Courmayeur,	κ 29	<i>a</i>
225.	Descent to Ivrea,		25

GROUP IX.

(Third Hundred.)

The vignettes to Rogers' "Italy" are of Turner's best time, and contain some of his very best work; the more interesting because, with few exceptions, they are quickly, and even slightly, executed. Whether slight, or carried on to completion, they are in the highest degree exemplary to the student of water-color; one only excepted, the "Venice,"

which, whether painted during some fit of slight illness, or perhaps hurriedly by candlelight under some unexpected call from the engraver, is utterly different from the rest, and wholly unworthy of the painter. This is therefore excluded from the series, and placed among the supplementary studies. The total number of vignettes executed by Turner for Rogers' "Italy" was twenty-five; but one, the "Dead-house of St. Bernard," is irrevocably in America, and the exclusion of the "Venice" leaves the total number in these cases, twenty-three. To complete them to a symmetrical twenty-five I have placed with them, to terminate their series, the two of the later series executed for Rogers' "Poems," which have most in common with the earlier designs of the "Italy."

The twenty-three Italian ones are arranged with little variation from the order in which they are placed as the illustrations of the poems; the reasons for admitted variations will be comprehended without difficulty. The two that are added are bold compositions from materials in Italy; the last was the illustration of Rogers' line, "The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow," beginning a description of sunrise as the type of increasing knowledge and imagination in childhood. But there is no such place known as Tornaro, and the composition, both in the color of sea and boldness of precipice, resembles only the scenery of the Sicilian Islands.

226.	The Lake of Geneva,	210
227.	The Lake of Lucerne (from Tell's Chapel),	213
228.	St. Maurice,	205
229.	Martigny,	212
230.	Hospice of St. Bernard,	211
231.	Aosta,	203
232.	Hannibal passing the Alps,	204
233.	The Battle of Merengo,	207
234.	The Lake of Como,	215
235.	Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore,	208
236.	Verona. Moonlight,	217
237.	Padua. Moonlight. The Canal for Venice,	223

238.	Florence,	214
239.	Galileo's Villa, Arcetri,	221
240.	Composition,	202
241.	Rome,	216
242.	St. Peter's,	218
243.	The Campagna,	219
244.	Tivoli, The Temple of the Sybil,	224
245.	Banditti,	222
246.	Naples,	201
247.	Amalfi,	225
248.	Pæstum,	206
249.	The Garden,	220
250.	The Cliffs of Sicily. Sunrise,	230

GROUP X.

(*Third Hundred.*)

THIRTY SKETCHES IN PENCIL, SOMETIMES TOUCHED WITH
COLOR, AT ROME.

This group, with the two following, exemplify the best drawings made by Turner from Nature. All his powers were at this period in perfection; none of his faults had developed themselves; and his energies were taxed to the utmost to seize, both in immediate admiration, and for future service, the loveliest features of some of the most historically interesting scenery in the world.

There is no exaggeration in any of these drawings, nor any conventionalism but that of outline. They are, in all respects, the most true and the most beautiful ever made by the painter; but they differ from the group first given (VII.) in being essentially Turnerian, representing those qualities of form and color in which the painter himself most delighted, and which persons of greatly inferior or essentially different faculties need not hope for benefit by attempting to copy. The quantity of detail given in their distances can only be

seen, in a natural landscape, by persons possessing the strongest and finest faculties of sight: and the tones of color adopted in them can only be felt by persons of the subtlest color - temperament, and happily - trained color - disposition. To the average skill, the variously imperfect ocular power, and blunted color-feeling of most of our town-bred students, the qualities of these drawings are—not merely useless, but, in the best parts of them, literally invisible.

On the other hand, to students of fine faculty and well-trained energy, no drawings in the world are to be named with these fifty (251-300), as lessons in landscape drawing:

251.	Rome from Monte Mario (finest pencil),	κ	101
252.	Rome from Monte Mario (partly colored),	κ	103
253.	Villas on Monte Mario,		326
254.	Stone pines on Monte Mario,		263
255.	The Castle of St. Angelo,		262
256.	The Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo	κ	102
257.	The Tiber and Castle of St. Angelo,		255
258.	The Tiber and the Capitol,		264
259.	The Tiber and the Apennines,		268
260.	Study in Rome,		266
261.	Foreground in Rome,		332
262.	Foreground in Rome, with living acanthus,	κ	111 b
263.	Foreground in Rome,		257
264.	St. Peter's, from the West,		267
265.	St. Peter's, from the South (pencil),		259
266.	Colored sketch of the same subject,		273
267.	St. Peter's and the Vatican,		269
268.	The Colonnade of Bernini (beneath),		256
269.	The Portico of St. Peter's,		258
270.	The Arch of Septimius Severus (pencil on gray),		253
271.	The Basilica of Constantine (color),	κ	108
272.	The Coliseum and Basilica of Constantine,		272
273.	The Coliseum and Arch of Constantine,		331
274.	The Coliseum and Arch of Titus,		328

275.	The Coliseum—seen near, with flock of goats,	275
276.	The Coliseum (study of daylight color), .	271
277.	The Coliseum in pale sunset, with new moon	265
278.	The Palatine,	274
279.	The Alban Mount,	260
280.	Rome and the Apennines,	327

GROUP XI.

(*Third Hundred.*)

Five sketches from nature at Tivoli; three in pencil, two in color. Unsurpassable.

281.	The Temple of Vesta (in distance),	302
282.	The Temple of Vesta (near),	252
283.	General view from the valley,	303
284.	The same subject in color,	340
285.	The Town with its Cascades, and the Campagna,	339

GROUP XII.

(*Third Hundred.*)

Fifteen sketches, at or near Rome and Naples. The three Campagna ones, with the last four of the Neapolitan group, are exemplary of all Turner's methods of water-color painting at the acme of his sincere power.

286.	Campagna. Warm sunset. Inestimable, .	329
287.	Campagna. Slighter, but as fine. Morning,	330
288.	Campagna. Snowy Apennines in distance, .	338
289.		
290.	Nymphæum of Alexander Severus,	κ 105
291.	Study for the great picture of the Loggie of Vatican,	κ 111 a

292.	Naples, from the South (pencil), . . .	333
293.	Queen Joanna's Palace and St. Elmo (pencil),	305
294.	Villas at Posilipo (pencil), . . .	301
295.	Naples and Vesuvius, from the North (color).	
296.	The Castle of the Egg. Light against dark,	304
297.	The Castle of the Egg. Dark against light,	334
298.	Vesuvius. Beginning of finished drawing, .	335
299.	Monte St. Angelo and Capri. Morning, .	336
300.	Monte St. Angelo and Capri. Evening, .	337

FOURTH HUNDRED.

The fourth century of drawings are all of the later middle period of Turner's career, where the constant reference to the engraver or the Academy-visitor, as more or less the critic or patron of his work, had betrayed him into mannerisms and fallacies which gradually undermined the constitution of his intellect: while yet his manual skill, and often his power of imagination, increased in certain directions. Some of the loveliest, and executively the most wonderful, of his drawings belong to this period; but few of the greatest, and none of the absolutely best, while many are inexcusably faultful or false. With few exceptions, they ought not to be copied by students, for the best of them are inimitable in the modes of execution peculiar to Turner, and are little exemplary otherwise.

The initial group of this class, the thirteenth in consecutive order, contains the best of the vignettes executed in illustration of Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory," "Voyage of Columbus," and other minor poems. In most cases they are far more highly finished than those of the "Italy;" but few show equal power, and none the frank sincerity. The two best of all had much in common with the Italian series, and have been placed with it; but "The Twilight" (301), "Greenwich" (306), "Bolton Abbey" (311), "Vallombré" (316), and "Departure of Columbus" (321), are among the

subtlest examples of the artist's peculiar manner at this period; and all, as now arranged up to the number 325, have a pretty connection and sequence, illustrative of the painter's thought, no less than of the poet's.

They have a farther interest, as being the origin of the loveliest engravings ever produced by the pure line; and I hope in good time that proofs of the plates may be exhibited side by side with the drawings. In arranging the twenty-five excellent ones just described, I have thrown out several unworthy of Turner—which, however, since they cannot be separated from their proper group, follow it, numbering from 326 to 335; the gaps being filled up by various studies for vignettes of the “Italy” as well as the “Poems,” which I extricated from the heaps of loose sketches in the tin cases.

GROUP XIII.

(Fourth Hundred.)

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305.	The Water-gate of the Tower,	235
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310.	The Boy of Egremont,	236
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312.	St. Herbert's Isle, Derwentwater. (Ideal),	238
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316.	The Falls at Vallombré. (Ideal),	243

317.	The Alps at Daybreak. (Ideal),*	.	.	.	242
318.	The Captive. (Ideal),	.	.	.	245
319.	St. Julian's Well. (Ideal),	.	.	.	244
320.	Columbus at La Rabida,	.	.	.	246
321.	Departure of Columbus,	.	.	.	247
322.	Dawn on the last day of the Voyage,	.	.	.	248
323.	Morning in America,	.	.	.	249
324.	Cortez and Pizarro,	.	.	.	250
325.	Datur Hora Quieti,	.	.	.	397

Next follow the inferior ones; among which the pretty "Rialto" is degraded because there is no way over the bridge, and the "Ducal Palace" for its coarse black and red color. So also the "Manor-house," though Mr. Goodall made a quite lovely vignette from it; as also from the "Warrior Ghosts."

326.	The English Manor-house,	.	.	.	399
327.	The English School,	.	.	.	396
328.	The English Fair,	.	.	.	398
329.	Venice. The Ducal Palace,	.	.	.	391
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331.	The Simoom,	.	.	.	393
332.	The War-spirits,	.	.	.	400
333.	The Warrior Ghosts,	.	.	.	395
334.	Study for the Warrior Ghosts,	.	.	.	K 87a
335.	Second study for the same vignette,	.	.	.	K 87b

GROUP XIV.

(*Fourth Hundred.*)

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

This most valuable group consists of fifteen finished drawings, which always remained in Turner's possession, he refus-

* And the figures absurd; but by Rogers' fault, not Turner's. See the very foolish poem.

ing to sell separately, and the public of his time not caring to buy in mass.

They were made for publication by engraving; and were skillfully engraved; but only in mezzotint. They are of the highest quality, in so far as work done for engraving can be, and all finished with the artist's best skill. Two of the series of fifteen are placed in the Student's group, and room thus made for two of the "Ports," which are consecutive with the following group:

336.	Stangate Creek	(on River)	Medway, .	. 161
337.	Totness,	"	Dart, .	. 162
338.	Dartmouth,	"	Dart, .	. 163
339.	Dartmouth Castle,	"	Dart, .	. 164
340.	Okehampton Castle,	"	Okement, .	. 165
341.	Arundel Castle,	"	Arun, .	. 166
342.	Arundel Park,	"	Arun, .	. 167
343.	More Park,	"	Colne, .	. 168
344.	Newcastle,	"	Tyne, .	. 171
345.	Kirkstall Abbey,	"	Aire, .	. 173
346.	Kirkstall Lock,	"	Aire, .	. 172
347.	Brougham Castle,	"	Lowther, .	. 174
348.	Norham Castle,	"	Tweed, .	. 175
349.	Whitby, 170
350.	Scarborough, 169

GROUP XV.

(Fourth Hundred.)

PORTS OF ENGLAND.

Five finished drawings, nearly related in style to the Rivers; but nobler, and two of them ("The Humber" and "Sheerness") among the greatest of Turner's existing works.

The "Whitby" and "Scarborough" belong nominally to

this group, but in style they are like the Rivers, with which I have placed them; of course consulting in these fillings up of series, the necessary divisions into five adopted for the sake of portability. The seven drawings were illustrated in their entirety to the best of my power in the text of the work in which they were published—the “Harbors of England.”

Five finished drawings of very high quality, made for mezzotint engraving, and admirably rendered by Mr. Lupton under Turner’s careful superintendence.

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352.	The Medway,	376
353.	Portsmouth,	379
354.	Sheerness,	380
355.	Ramsgate,	377

GROUP XVI.

(*Fourth Hundred.*)

Twenty-five sketches, chiefly in Venice. Late time, extravagant, and showing some of the painter’s worst and final faults; but also, some of his peculiar gifts in a supreme degree.

356.	The Ducal Palace,	351
357.	The Custom House,	355
358.	The Grand Canal,	352
359.	Casa Grimani and Rialto,	354
360.	The Rialto,	353
361.	Grand Canal above Rialto,	356
362.	On the Cross-canal between Bridge of Sighs and Rialto,	358
363.	The same, nearer,	359
364.	Cross-canal near Arsenal,	357
365.	San Stefano,	360
366.	South side of St. Mark’s,	291

367.	Ducal Palace,	292
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369.	Steamers,	361
370.	?	362
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373.	?	365
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375.	?	367
376.	?	368
377.	?	369
378.	?	370
379.	Arsenal, Venice,	371
380.	Fish Market,	372

GROUP XVII.

(*Fourth Hundred.*)

VARIOUS. (LATEST.)

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383.	Saumur,	383
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385.	?	385
386.	Chateau d'Arc?	386
387.	North Transept, Rouen,	387
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390.	?	390
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393.	Rome,	257
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395.	Rome,	270
396.	Studies of Sky,	296

397.	Scotland?	297
398.	The Tiber,	298
399.	The Capitol from Temple of?	299
400.	Bridges in the Campagna,	300

GROUP XVIII.

(*Fifth Hundred.*)

FINEST COLOR ON GRAY. (LATE.)

Twenty-five rapid studies in color on gray paper. Of his best late time, and in his finest manner, giving more conditions of solid form than have ever been expressed by means at once so subtle and rapid.

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410.	Honfleur? Compare Seine series,	110
411.	Cherbourg,	111
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414.	Rouen,	114
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417.	Nantes?	117
418.	Angers?	118
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421.	Chateau de Blois,	121

422.	Chateau Hamelin,	122
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424.	?	124
425.	Tours? The Scarlet Sunset,	125

This last magnificent drawing belongs properly to the next group, which is almost exclusively formed by drawings in which the main element is color, at once deep and glowing. But the consistency of the group is in color and treatment; and in the uniform determination of the artist that every subject shall at least have a castle and a crag in it—if possible a river; or by Fortune's higher favor—blue sea, and that all trees shall be ignored, as shady and troublesome excrescences. In default of locality, I have put here and there a word of note or praise.

GROUP XIX.

(*Fifth Hundred.*)

FINEST COLOR ON GRAY. (LATEST.)

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	Lovely,	182
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437.	Luxembourg. Forced, and poor,	187
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450.	The Vermilion Palace,	. 200

I know scarcely any of their subjects except the Luxembourgs; and have therefore left them in their first rough arrangement; although subjects probably Genovese and South Italian are mixed with others from Germany and the Rhine.

GROUP XX.

(Fifth Hundred.)

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GROUP XXI.

(Fifth Hundred.)

THE SEINE.

In this series the best drawings are as far as possible put together—geographical order being ignored, rather than mix the second-rate ones with those of entirely satisfactory quality. But the course of subject for the most part is in ascent of the river; and the two vignettes begin and end the whole.

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DAME WIGGINS OF LEE,
AND HER
SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS.

PREFACE.

THE woodcuts which illustrate the following nursery rhymes have been facsimiled with exemplary care and admirable skill by Mr. W. H. Hooper, from those which were given colored by hand in the edition of 1823. But I think that clever children will like having the mere outlines to color in their own way; and for older students there may be some interest in observing how much life and reality may be obtained by the simplest methods of engraving, when the design is founded on action instead of effect. The vigorous black type of the text has also been closely matched.

I have spoken in "Fors" (vol. v.) of the meritorious rhythmic cadence of the verses, not, in its way, easily imitable. In the old book, no account is given of what the cats learned when they went to school, and I thought my younger readers might be glad of some notice of such particulars. I have added, therefore, the rhymes on the third, fourth, eighth, and ninth pages—the kindness of Miss Greenaway supplying the needful illustrations. But my rhymes do not ring like the real ones; and I would not allow Miss Greenaway to subdue the grace of her first sketches to the formality of the earlier work: but we alike trust that the interpolation may not be thought to detract from the interest of the little book, which, for the rest, I have the greatest pleasure in commending to the indulgence of the Christmas fireside, because it relates nothing that is sad, and portrays nothing that is ugly.

J. RUSKIN.

4th October, 1885.



DAME WIGGINS OF LEE.

AND HER

SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS.

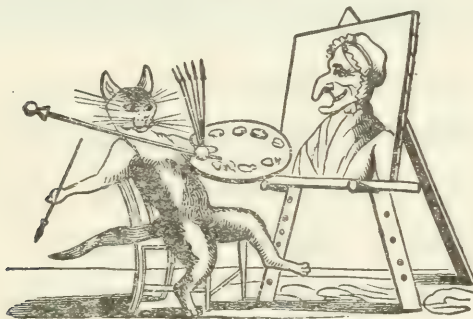
A HUMOUROUS TALE.



WRITTEN PRINCIPALLY BY A LADY OF NINETY.



EMBELLISHED WITH EIGHTEEN COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN & Co, LEADENHALL-STREET,

—
1823.



DAME WIGGINS of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a needle,
or wash'd in a bowl:
She held mice and rats
In such antipa-thy;
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.



The rats and mice scared
By this fierce whisker'd crew,
The poor seven cats
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

•



The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."
And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea:
'Were there ever such dears!'
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



He had also thought well
To comply with their wish
To spend all their play-time
In learning to fish
For stitlings; they sent her
A present of three,
Which, fried, were a feast
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.



But soon she grew tired
Of living alone ;
So she sent for her cats
From school to come home.
Each rowing a wherry,
Returning you see :
The frolic made merry
Dame Wiggins of Lee.



The Dame was quite pleas'd,
And ran out to market ;
When she came back
They were mending the carpet.
The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee ;
“ Well done, my good cats,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice ;
When she came back,
They were skating on ice.
“ I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps, two or three,
I'll bet half-a-crown,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



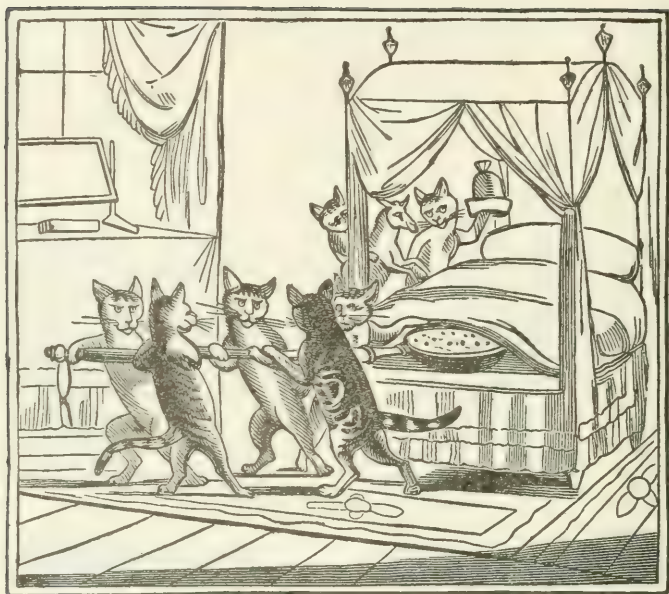
When spring-time came back
They had breakfast of curds;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds.
“If you sit, like good cats,
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing!”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



So they sat in a tree,
And said "Beautiful! Hark!"
And they listened and looked
In the clouds for the lark.
Then sang, by the fireside,
Symphonious-ly,
A song without words
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.



They called the next day
On the tomtit and sparrow,
And wheeled a poor sick lamb
Home in a barrow.
“You shall all have some sprats
For your humani-ty,
My seven good cats,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



While she ran to the field,
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb :
They turn'd up the clothes
All as neat as could be ;
“ I shall ne'er want a nurse ,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee .



She wished them good night,
And went up to bed:
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled.
But soon—what a fuss!
“Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!”
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.



The Dame's heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep:
She fondled and patted
Each purring Tom-my:
"Ah! welcome, my dears,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.



The Dame was unable
Her pleasure to smother;
To see the sick Lamb
Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
And a pain in her knee,
She went dancing about:
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.



The Farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
And the stranger to see,
Out of window did look
Dame Wiggins of Lee.



For their kindness he had them
All drawn by his team ;
And gave them some field-mice,
And raspberry-cream.
Said he, “ All my stock
You shall presently see ;
For I honour the cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.”



He sent his maid out
For some muffins and crumpets;
And when he turn'd round
They were blowing of trumpets.
Said he, "I suppose,
She's as deaf as can be,
Or this ne'er could be borne
By Dame Wiggins of Lee."



To show them his poultry,
He turn'd them all loose,
When each nimbly leap'd
On the back of a Goose,
Which frighten'd them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half-drown'd the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.



For the care of his lamb,
And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
“I wish you good-day,
My fine fellows,” said he;
“My compliments, pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.”



You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door ;
They show her their presents,
And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me ;
All welcome once more,"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN

VOLUME XXX



MISCELLANIES

VOLUME II

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ART CATALOGUES, NOTES. AND GUIDES.

CATALOGUE OF EXAMPLES
ARRANGED FOR ELEMENTARY STUDY
IN THE
UNIVERSITY GALLERIES.

THE examples now placed in the University Galleries form the nucleus of what it is intended should become ultimately three distinctly complete series. The first is to be composed of types of various art, the best that I can obtain, as standards of method or school. It is to be called the Standard Series; referred to in the lectures as S. 1, S. 2, &c., and composed of, ultimately, four hundred pieces: 1 to 100 illustrating the schools of painting in general; 101 to 200, those of sculpture and its relative arts connected with the traditions and religion of the Gothic races; 201 to 300, those of sculpture and its relative arts connected with the traditions and religion of the Greeks; and 301 to 400, the special skill of modern time.

The reason for the adoption of this order is that the art of painting furnishes examples of every meritorious quality possible in form or color: the earlier arts of sculpture and building may then be advantageously studied with reference to these ultimate results; and our own skill finally estimated by comparison with whatever it has chosen to imitate, and measure of whatever it has been able to invent.

The second series is for immediate service, and composed partly of exercises to be copied; partly of examples for reference with respect to practical questions. It is to be called the Educational Series, and referred to in the Lectures as Edu. 1, Edu. 2, &c. I may extend this series indefinitely for some time.

The third series consists of examples, not standard, but

having qualities worthy of notice and necessary for illustration. It is to be called the Reference Series, and will be of quite mixed character, as supplementary to the two others, and referred to in the Lectures as Ref. 1, Ref. 2, &c.

About 200 pieces in all, belonging to these three groups, are already placed in the Galleries, and will be found enough for introductory study.

I. STANDARD SERIES. (PAINTING.)

1. *Brigial Banks, on the Greta, near Rokeby.*

“Yet sang she, ‘Brigial banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.’”

It is chosen to begin the series, as an example of the best English painting and engraving of recent times. The design is among the loveliest of all Turner's local landscapes, and the engraving shows the peculiar attainments of recent line work in England; namely, the rendering of local color and subdued tones of light. The hills are all dark with foliage, and the expression of the fading light of evening upon them is given distinctively, as different from the full light of noon. In the best old engraving the high lights on the trees would have been white, and the light would have been clear and simple, but not, unless by some conventional arrangement of rays, expressive of any particular hour of the day. I do not mean it to be understood, however, that the English engraving is better, or that its aim is altogether wiser than that of the early school; but only that it has this merit of its own, deserving our acknowledgment. Other reasons for the choice of this subject to begin the series are noted in the first lecture; two chief ones are that the little glen is a perfect type of the loveliest English scenery, touched by imaginative associations; and that the treatment of it by

Turner is entirely characteristic both of his own temper throughout life, and of the pensiveness of the great school of chiaroscuroists to which he belongs.

2. *The Junction of the Greta and Tees at Rokeby.*

A faultless example of Turner's work at the time when it is most exemplary. It will serve us for various illustrations as we advance in the study of landscape, but it may be well to note of it at once, that in the painting of the light falling on the surface of the Tees, and shining through the thicket above the Greta, it is an unrivaled example of chiaroscuro of the most subtle kind;—obtained by the slightest possible contrasts, and by consummate skill in the management of gradation. The rock and stone drawing is not less wonderful, and entirely good as a lesson in practice.

The house seen through the trees is Mr. Merritt's; (Scott's friend). "The grounds belonged to a dear friend, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy many years, and the place itself united the romantic beauties of the wilds of Scotland with the rich and smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island."—(Introduction to "Rokeby.")

3. *Scene on the Loire.*

Chosen in farther illustration of the pensiveness of the chiaroscuroist school, and as a faultless example of Turner's later and most accomplished work. It is painted wholly in solid color, as No. 2 is painted wholly in transparent; and the two drawings together show the complete management of colors soluble in water, or thin liquid of any kind, and laid on grounds which are to be made to contribute to the effect. The lights in the first drawing, and the gray sky and water in the second, are of course both the grounds left, white and gray.

4. *Melencolia.* (Engraving by Albert Dürer.)

In connection with this plate, I wish you to read the chap-

ter on Dürer and Salvator, in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters," and to note farther, these few things.

All first-rate work in modern days, must be done in some degree of sorrow of heart, for it is necessarily founded on whatever the workman has felt most deeply, both respecting his own life, and that of his fellow-creatures; nor has it been possible for any man keen-sighted and gentle-hearted, (and all the greatest artists are so),—to be satisfied in his own prosperity, even if he feels it sufficient for his needs, while so many around him are wretched, or in his creed, even though he feels it sufficient for his own comfort, since the questioning spirit of the Reformation has broken through the childishly peaceful, and too often childishly selfish and cruel, confidence of the early religious ages. I have therefore given you the Melencolia as the best type of the spirit of labor in which the greater number of strong men at the present day have to work: nevertheless, I must warn you against overrating the depth of the feeling in which the grave or terrible designs of the masters of the sixteenth century were executed. Those masters were much too good craftsmen to be heavily afflicted about anything; their minds were mainly set on doing their work, and they were able to dwell on grievous or frightful subjects all the more forcibly, because they were not themselves liable to be overpowered by any emotions of grief or terror.

Albert Dürer, especially, has had credit for deeper feeling than ever influenced him; he was essentially a Nürnberg craftsman, with much of the instinct for manufacture of toys on which the commercial prosperity of his native town has been partly founded: he is, in fact, almost himself the whole town of Nürnberg, become one personality, (only without avarice); sometimes, in the exquisitely skillful, yet dreamily passive, way in which he renders all that he saw, great things and small alike, he seems to me himself a kind of automaton, and the most wonderful-toy that Nürnberg ever made.

5. *The Virgin with St. George and St. Catherine.* (John Bellini.)

This is the most accurate type I can find of the best that has yet been done by man in art;—the best, that is to say, counting by the sum of qualities in perfect balance; and ranking errorless workmanship as the first of virtues, generally implying, in an educated person, all others. A partially educated man may do his mechanical work well, yet have many weaknesses: his precision may even be a sign of great folly or cruelty; but a man of richly accomplished mind, who does his mechanical work strictly, is likely to be in all other matters right.

This picture has no fault, as far as I can judge. It is deeply, rationally, unaffectedly devotional, with the temper of religion which is eternal in high humanity. It has all the great and grave qualities of art, and all the delicate and childish ones. Few pictures are more sublime, and none more precise. It will serve us in innumerable ways for future reference; and I like to place it beside Dürer's solemn engraving on account of the relations of these two men at Venice.

Dürer's words respecting this matter are usually quoted somewhat inaccurately. Here is the quaint old German in, I believe, its authentic form, as it was written to Wilibald Pirckheimer, in Nürnberg, from Venice, 9th of the night, Saturday after Candlemas, 1506 (7th February):—

“Ich hab vill guter freund under den Walhen (Wälschen—Italians), dy mich warnen, das Ich mit Iren Molern nit es und trinck. Auch sind mir Ir vill feind, und machen mein ding in kirchen ab, und wo sy es mügen bekumen, noch schelten sy es und sagen es sey nit antigisch art, dozu sey es nit gut; aber Sambellinus der hatt mich vor vill gentilomen fast ser gelobt, er wolt gern etwas von mir haben, und ist selber zu mir kumen, und hat mich gepetten, Ich soll Im etwas machen, er wols woll tzalen. Und sagen mir dy leut alle, wy es so ein frumer man sey, das Ich Im gleich günstig pin. Er

ist ser alt und ist noch der pest im gemell, und das ding das mir vor eilff jorn so woll hat gefallen das gefelt mir jtz nit mer *."

"I have many good friends among the Italians, who warn me not to eat and drink with their painters. Many also of them are my enemies; they copy my things for the churches, picking them up whenever they can. Yet they abuse my style, saying that it is not antique art, and that therefore it is not good. But Giambellini has praised me much before many gentlemen; he wishes to have something of mine; he came to me and begged me to do something for him, and is quite willing to pay for it. And everyone gives him such a good character that I feel an affection for him. He is very old, and is yet the best in painting; and the thing which pleased me so well eleven years ago has now no attractions for me" (speaking of his own work, I presume).

6. *Three pages of a Psalter, containing in its Calendar the death-days of the Father, Mother, and Brother of St. Louis,* and, without doubt, written for him by the monks of the Sainte Chapelle, while he was on his last crusade; therefore, before 1270.

It is impossible, therefore, that you can see a more perfect specimen of the art "*che alluminare e chiamata in Parisi*;" and you are thus introduced to the schools of all painting, by the very work of which Dante first thought, when he spoke of their successive pride, and successive humiliation.

The three pages contain the beginnings of the 14th, 53rd, and 99th Psalms, with the latter verses of the 13th and 52nd. The large central letter is the D of "*Dixit insipiens in (sorde suo)*" written. The fool is represented as in haste, disordered and half naked, lost in a wood without knowing that he is so, eating as he goes, and with a club in his hand. The representation is constant in all early psalters.

* Von Murr, *Journal zur Kunstgeschichte*, x. p. 8. Nürnberg, 1781.
Found and translated for me by Mr. R. N. Wornum.

7. *St. Catherine. Page of service-book written for the convent of Beaupré in 1290.*

Rude, but standard, as an example of method in the central schools of illumination.

8. *St. John the Baptist. (Cima da Conegliano.)*

An example of perfect delineation by the school of color.

9. *Knight and Death. (Dürer.)*

An example of perfect delineation by the school of *chiaroscuro*.

This plate has usually been interpreted as the victory of human patience over death and sin. But I believe later critics are right in supposing it to be the often-mentioned "Nemesis;" and that the patience and victory are meant to be Death's and the Fiend's, not the rider's.

The design itself, which is the one referred to in the second Lecture (§ 47), is not rendered less didactic by its ambiguity. The relations of death to all human effort, and of sin to all human conscience, are themselves so ambiguous that nothing can be rightly said of either unless it admits of some counter-interpretation. Nevertheless, I believe Dürer's real meaning is not only established by recent inquiry, but sufficiently indicated by his making the tuft on the spear, for catching the blood, so conspicuous. Had he intended the knighthood to be sacred, the spear would have had a banner, as always in his engravings of St. George.

10. *Adam and Eve. (Dürer.)*

His best plate in point of execution, and in that respect unrivaled. Next to it may be placed the coat of arms with the skull. Execution, remember, is to be estimated by the intrinsic value of every line. That is the best in which every separate line is doing the most work.

11. *The "Vierge aux Rochers"* of the Louvre. (Lionardo.)

The engraving gives a false idea of the picture in many important points; but it is in some respects more pleasing by refusing to follow Lionardo in his extreme darkness, and it accurately enough represents his sense of grace and the refinement of his delineation. It is a fair example of line-engraving as a separate mechanical art, distinguished from that practiced by painters.

12. *Studies of Heads.* (Lionardo.) Photograph.

Good examples of his sketching, and very beautiful in management of crayon for shade. In points of character, whether of childhood or age, they are wholly deficient, for Lionardo only sees external form; and this old man's head, in spite of its laborious delineation of apparently characteristic points, is essentially Dutch in treatment, and represents indeed wrinkles and desiccations, but not characters. Holbein, Reynolds, or Titian could give more character with ten lines than Lionardo could with a day's labor: and throughout his treatise his conventional directions for the representation of age and youth, beauty and strength, are in the last degree singular and ludicrous.

13. *Sketch for the Assumption at Parma.* (Correggio.)
Photograph from a red chalk drawing.

There are no engravings from Correggio (nor as yet can I find any photographs from his pictures) which sufficiently represent his real qualities. Many of them are in this sketch, but we must work together for many a day yet before you will rightly feel them. It is splendid, but, like all Correggio's work, affected; and, while his skill remains unrivaled, his affectations have been borrowed by nearly all subsequent painters who have made it their special endeavor

to represent graceful form, as the mannerisms of the religious schools have been imitated by men who had no part in their passion, until it is too commonly thought impossible to express either sentiment or devotion without inclining the heads of the persons represented to one side or the other, in the manner of Correggio or Perugino.

14. *Sketches of the Madonna and St. John.* (Correggio.)

I shall have frequent occasion to refer to the manner in which the chalk is used in these sketches. The lower one is more careful than most of the extant studies by the master.

15. *God commanding Noah to build the Ark.* (Marc Antonio, after Raffaele.)

It is placed among the Standards, because, though not absolutely good work, it represents a great school in Italy, which is distinguished by the dignity of its aim and the simplicity of its treatment. This school allows few sources of pleasure in painting except those which are common to sculpture; and depends for expression chiefly on the action of the figures, the division of the lights and darks broadly from each other, and the careful disposition of the masses of drapery, hair, or leaves, without any effort to complete the representation of these so as to give pleasure by imitation, or by minor beauties. Very often, however, such details, kept within these conditions of abstraction, are introduced in great quantity and division, (as the graining of the wood in this engraving), in order to relieve the broad masses of the figures.

The style is essentially academical, and, as opposed to Dutch imitation, noble; but, as opposed to Venetian truth, affected and lifeless. It has done great harm to subsequent schools by encouraging foolish persons in the idea that to be dull was to be sublime; and inducing great, but simple painters, like Reynolds, to give way to every careless fancy, under

the discomfoting belief that they could never be great without ceasing to be delightful.

16. *The Marriage of the Virgin.* (Raphael.) Photograph from the picture in the Brera at Milan.

One of the most beautiful works of Raphael's early time; but its merit is rather to be considered as the final result of the teaching and practice of former schools than as an achievement of the master himself. Excellence is indeed fixed and measurable, however produced; but, in comparing artists with each other, we must remember that their relative merit depends, not on what they are, but on the degree in which they surpass their predecessors and teach their successors.

17. *Justice and Injustice.* (Giotto.) Photograph from the Arena Chapel, Padua.

Placed here in order to indicate the relation of the Tuscan schools of thought to the Lombardic and Roman schools of technical design. Compare it with the next example.

18. *Justice.* (Raphael.) Photograph from the Vatican fresco.

Examine the details of Giotto's design, and you will find them full of true thought; his purpose being throughout primarily didactic. Raphael, on the contrary, is not thinking of Justice at all; but only how to put a charming figure in a graceful posture. The work is however of his finest time as far as merely artistic qualities are concerned, and is in the highest degree learned and skillful; but neither strong nor sincere.

19. *Poetry.* (Raphael.) Photograph from the Vatican fresco.

The light and shade, at least so far as the photograph may be trusted, is grander in this design than in the "Justice;"

and it must always be remembered that the breadth of its treatment by great masters is necessarily lost in line engravings, for which loss, nearly total, we must allow in the next example.

20. *Parnassus, or Poetry.* (Raphael.) Line engraving, from the Vatican fresco.

It sufficiently represents the character of Raphael's conceptions in his strongest time; full of beauty, but always more or less affected; every figure being cast into an attitude either of academical grace, or of exaggeratedly dramatic gesture, calculated to explain to dull persons what they would never have found out from natural actions; and therefore greatly tending to popularity.

21. *St. Sebastian and a Monk.* (Bonifazio.) Photograph from the picture in the Academy of Fine Arts, Venice.

I oppose this directly to the "Parnassus," that you may feel the peculiar character of the Venetian as contrasted with the Raphaellesque schools. Bonifazio is indeed only third-rate Venetian, but he is thoroughly and truly Venetian; and you will recognize in him at once the quiet and reserved strength, the full and fearless realization, the prosaic view of things by a seaman's common sense, and the noble obedience to law, which are the specialities of Venetian work. The chiaroscuro of this picture is very grand, yet wholly simple; and brought about by the quiet resolution that flesh shall be flesh-color, linen shall be white, trees green, and clouds gray. The subjection to law is so absolute and serene, that it is at first unfelt; but the picture is balanced as accurately as a ship must be. One figure dark against the sky on the left; the other light against the sky on the right; one with a vertical wall behind it, the other by a vertical trunk of tree; one divided by a horizontal line in the leaf of a book, the other by a horizontal line in folds or drapery; the

light figure having its head dark on the sky; the dark figure, its head light on the sky; the face of the one as seen light within a ring of dark, the other as dark within a ring of light.

This symmetry is absolute in all fine Venetian work; it is always quartered as accurately as a knight's shield.

22. *Mercury and the Graces.* (Tintoret.)

I shall have frequent occasion to refer to this picture; but cannot enter upon any criticism of it here,—it is consummate in unostentatious power, but has all the fatal signs of the love of liberty and of pleasure which ruined the Venetian state.

23. *The Virgin with two Saints.* (Titian.) Engraved by Le Febre.

24. *The Pesaro Family.* (Titian.) From the church of the Frari, Venice. Engraved by Le Febre.

You may learn more of Titian's true powers from these rude engravings than from any finer ones. These are masterly as far as they are carried, and show perfect intelligence of the qualities of Titian which are expressible by engraving. His sturdiness, his homely dignity, incapable of any morbid tremor, falsehood, or self-consciousness; his entirely human, yet majestic ideal; his utter, easy, unreprouvable masterhood of his business, (everything being done so rightly that you can hardly feel that it is done strongly); and his rich breadth of masses obtained by multitudinous divisions perfectly composed. The balanced arrangement in the first example is palpable enough; in the second it is more subtle, being oblique; the figures are arranged in a pyramid, with curved sides, of which the apex is the head of the Madonna. The St. Peter balances the St. Francis, and the line of the axis of the group is given by one of his keys, lying aslope on the steps.

25—30. I cannot yet obtain the examples I want in these places; two of Giorgione, two of Carpaccio, two of Paul Veronese. These will complete the illustration of the manners of painting in the Venetian school.

31—34. These four places are also left empty at present, for Luini, of whom I can yet give no good examples.

35. *Martyrdom of St. James.* (Mantegna.) Photograph from fresco in church of Eramitani at Padua.

You will probably at first see little to admire in this; but, as you learn to draw, and as your taste is formed in ornamental design, you will return to it with continually increasing astonishment. I hope to illustrate various portions of it separately.

36. *Portrait* (I believe the person is unknown) by Mantegna. *Portrait* by Raphael.

The uppermost of these two is far the finest work, though the superficial qualities of Raphael's are more attractive.

Mantegna's may be taken as a perfect type of the schools of delineation in Italy; and cannot, in workmanship, be surpassed. Note especially the treatment of the hair, which is drawn with the precision of Dürer, yet the breadth of Titian; and, with respect to the execution of these details by the masters of the fifteenth century, as well as to the method of early practice in drawing with the brush, which I wish you to pursue yourselves, read the following extract from Mrs. Heaton's "*Life of Dürer*":—

"Camerarius relates a pretty little anecdote apropos of the visit of Giovanni Bellini to our artist, which he probably learned from Dürer's own lips. He says that Giovanni, on seeing Dürer's works, was particularly struck with the fineness and beautiful painting of the hair in them, and asked Dürer, as a particular mark of friendship, to give him the brush wherewith he executed such marvelously fine work.

Dürer offered him a number of brushes of all sorts, and told him to choose which he preferred, or, if he liked, he was welcome to take them all. Giovanni, thinking that Dürer had not understood him, again explained that he only wanted the particular brush with which he was accustomed to paint such long and fine parallel strokes; whereupon Dürer took up one of the ordinary brushes, such as he had offered to Bellini, and proceeded to paint a long and fine tress of woman's hair, thereby convincing Bellini that it was the painter, and not the brush, that did the work. Bellini avowed afterwards that he would not have believed it possible, had he not seen it with his own eyes."

37. *Madonnas* by John Bellini and Raphael.

I wish you to compare the manner of conception in these two examples, as of execution in the preceding ones, the Lombardic masters having, I think, the advantage in both respects.

38. The place is left for Van Eyck, whom I cannot yet justly represent.

39, 40. And these two for Holbein.

Then, the examples from 31 to 40 will sufficiently illustrate the schools of delineation, in which the drawing is in great part wrought with the point of the brush, and is indeed as precise as if it had been designed with that of a pen. In Luini's fresco, the shades are frequently produced as an engraver would work them, by cross hatching; and the faces are more or less treated as Lionardo would a chalk drawing, only with color for chalk.

But the last group of this series of fifty, 41 to 50, represents the work of the greatest masters of painting, by whom the brush is used broadly, and the outline, if any, struck with the edge of it, not the point. These are all masters

of portraiture, and I have chosen portraits as the best examples of their art.

I shall enter into no criticism of them in this catalogue, as there will be occasion for continual reference to them in subsequent lectures. The examples of Vandyck will be changed. I cannot get any to please me yet; but the first, though ill engraved, is one of his best equestrian portraits, and is referred to for various particulars in "Modern Painters," vol. v. Titian and Tintoret necessarily reappear in this group, their work having been introduced before only for comparison with that of other schools.

41. *Prince of the House of Savoy.* (Vandyck.)
42. *Princess of the House of Savoy.* (Vandyck.) Lowest in the frame, beneath a little lady of the Strozzi family, by Titian.
43. *An English Girl.* (Reynolds.)
44. *An English Gentleman.* (Dr. Armstrong.) (Reynolds.)
45. *Margaret of Austria* (?). (Velasquez.)
46. *Portrait of a Knight* (unknown). (Velasquez.)
47. *Charles V on Horseback.* (Titian.)
48. *Charles V with his Irish Dog.* (Titian.)
49. (Tintoret—not yet chosen.)
50. *Two Senators.* Above, the "*Paradise.*" (Tintoret.)

I have placed these two last; for the range and grasp of intellect exhibited by the works of which they indicate two extremities of the scale, (the one being an example of sim-

plest veracity in character, the other of imagination as facile as it is magnificent,) is, I am convinced, the greatest ever reached by human intellect in the arts.

This fiftieth example will terminate the group for illustration of methods. The next group, 51 to 100, will be chosen chiefly from the Tuscan schools, to illustrate the forms of thought which found noblest expression in the art of painting in Christian periods.

Next, I hope to arrange a series of a hundred examples from the schools of sculpture and architecture, which, essentially beginning with the Egyptian, found themselves on the visions and emotions connected with fixed faith in a future life; this group including the greater part of Northern and so-called Gothic sculpture, and nearly all architecture dependent on vastness, on mystery, or on fantasy of form.

Following these may be placed, in a third series of a hundred, the sculpture and architecture founded chiefly on the perception of the truths or laws which regulate the life of this present world; beginning with the earliest Greek, and proceeding through the derivative Roman forms to the Tuscan and Venetian architecture of the Revival.

I must collect these standards very slowly and carefully. A few only, and these not placed in their ultimate order, are added to the present series to show what I mean, and for such present service as may be in them.

101. *Rameses III and suppliants.*

102. *Chariot of Rameses III.*

103. *Encampment of Rameses III.* Rosellini, Tavole, tom. i. pl. 83. See the text, tom. iv. p. 119, &c.

104. *Minepthah II adoring Phre.* Rosellini, Tavole, tom. i. pl. 118. Text, tom. iv. p. 305.

105. *Rameses IV adoring Isis and Osiris.* Rosellini, Tavole, tom. i. pl. 145. Text, tom. v. p. 104.

These plates, of which 101 and 102 are portions of 103 enlarged, represent, accurately enough for genuine intelligibility, the manner of fine Egyptian art in colored intaglio. And the study of the development of this form of decoration will introduce us to every condition of good Gothic sculpture.

Observe, respecting these plates of Rosellini, that the colors are in great part conjecturally restored; slight traces of the original pigments, and those changed by time, being interpreted often too arbitrarily: and that the beauty or vulgarity of any given color, much more than of its harmony with others, is determined by delicacies of hue which no restorer can be secure of obtaining, and few attempt to obtain.

The student, therefore, can only depend on these plates for the disposition of the colors, not for their qualities.

141. *Windows from Chalons-sur-Marne.*

151. *Porch of Church of San Zenone, Verona.*

155. *Porches of Chartres Cathedral, west front.*

160. *Flanking pier of porch, Rheims Cathedral, west front.*

I have placed these four examples at once where they are to remain, in order to mark clearly the character of the architecture, whatever its date or country, which depends chiefly for its effect on the sculpture or coloring of surfaces, as opposed to that which depends on construction or proportion of forms. Both these schools have their own peculiar powers; and neither of them are to be praised, or blamed, for the principle they maintain, but only for their wise or unwise manner of maintaining it.

The buildings in which the walls are treated as pages of manuscript are good when what is written upon them is rational, and bad when it is foolish; and, similarly, buildings whose structure is their principal merit, are good when they are strong and delicately adjusted, and bad when they are weak and ungraceful.

201. *The resurrection of Semele.*

This beautiful design is characteristic of mythic symbolism in its purest development: only the student must remember that in taking these dark figures on their red ground as primarily typical of Greek art, we are to consider them only as holding the relation to Greek advanced painting that mediæval illumination does to the work of Giorgione or Bellini. To what extent chromatic power was finally obtained, we have not yet data for determining; but there is no question that throughout the best periods of Greek mural design, the colors were few and grave; and the merit of the composition almost as strictly dependent on the purity of the terminal lines as in the best vases. Neither is there any doubt that the precision of this terminal line is executively the safeguard of noble art in all ages: and in requesting the student to practice the difficult exercises in drawing with the brush, which are placed in the Educational series, my purpose is not to relax the accuracy of his use of the pen, but to bring precision and elasticity into his laying of color. The actual relations of the two skills require too copious illustration to admit of definition in this introductory course of lectures. The manner of execution, for instance, resulting from the use of the style, or any other incisive or modeling instrument, on wax and clay, and which entirely governs the early system both of Greek and Italian mural painting, is to be considered together with the various functions of incised lines on any solid substance, from Egyptian bas-relief to finished line engraving: similarly, the use of the brush cannot be rightly explained except by reference

to the variously adhesive pigments to be laid by it. But, briefly, the pen, or any other instrument of pure delineation, is always best used when with the lightness of the brush; and the brush always best used when, either at its point or edge, it is moving with the precision of the pen. All these line exercises are therefore prepared with the primary view of forming this poised and buoyant accuracy of handling, whatever the instrument held.

The design itself is the best I can find to show the character of early Greek conception of divine power, in alliance with whatever was strong and true in the national temper. The Semele and Dionysus of this noble period represent the fruitful, as distinct from other, powers of the sky and earth; Semele being the sun-heated cloud which dissolves in beneficent rain, distinguished from the wandering and shadowy cloud represented by Hermes. Rising again in light from the earth in which she had been lost, she takes the name of Thyone: signifying that she rises as burnt incense expanding in the air. Compare the various meanings of *θύω* and *θύσος*. Dionysus, under her influence, enters his chariot, and is moved as the life of earth. In these relations, the power of Semele and Dionysus is distinguished from that of Ceres and Triptolemus, as the fruitful sun and rain on the rocks, giving the miracle of juice in the vine, are distinguished from the nourishing strength of the dark soil plowed for corn.

202. *Triptolemus with Dionysus*, of the early time, both in their chariots.

Beneath, *Triptolemus*, of the Phidian time, in his chariot, attended by *Demeter and Persephone*.

This is the first of a group of examples, extending from 202 to 220, arranged chiefly with the view of showing the change in Greek conception of deity, which, variously hastened or retarded in different localities, may be thought of as generally taking place between the sixth and fourth centuries B. C. It is one of the most important phenomena in

the history of art, and must be studied under all its conditions; but this group of examples from vase-paintings will, at a glance, show the three circumstances in which it principally consists:—

1. The gods are at first thought of only as vital embodiments of a given physical force, but afterwards as high personal intelligences, capable of every phase of human passion.

2. They are first conceived as in impetuous and ceaseless action; afterwards, only in deliberate action or in perfect repose.

3. They are first conceived under grotesque forms, implying in the designer, with great crudeness and unripeness of intellect, a certain savage earnestness incapable of admitting or even perceiving jest; together with an almost passive state of the imagination, in which it is no more responsible for the spectra it perceives than in actual dreaming. Afterwards, they are conceived by deliberately selective imagination, under forms of beauty which imply in the designer a relative perception and rejection of all that is vulgar and ludicrous.

Together with these three great mental changes, an important transition takes place executively, within very narrow limits of time, between the early and late work. The figures of the first period are outlined by fine incision, then filled with black paint laid frankly, and modifying the incised outline, on the red or pale clay of the vase, and the lines of the muscles and drapery are then scratched through to the clay. It is not easy to thicken a line thus incised, and the severity and fineness of style in the drawing are greatly secured by this inability. In the second style, the figures, similarly outlined by incision, are inclosed first with a black line about the eighth of an inch broad, and the external spaces are then easily filled with the same pigment; but this outlining the figures with a broad band, gradually induced carelessness in contour, while also the interior lines of drapery, &c., being now painted, became coarse if too quickly laid, (the incised line, on the contrary, might be hasty and wrong, but

was always delicate). Hence, in concurrence with gradual deadening in conception, arose a bluntness in work which eventually destroyed the art.

The best vases, taken for all in all, are however those with light figures on black ground, just after the transition, (the lower Poseidon in 203 is from a very fine one); but decadence rapidly sets in, and the best field for general study will be found in vases with black figures of the most refined epoch, such as 201 and 220.

203. *Poseidon*. Above, as the physical power of the sea.
Beneath, as the Olympian deity.

In the upper figure, the serpent-body represents the force of undulation, but is borrowed from Eastern design. White hair is given generally to old men, but here partly represents foam.

The lower design is pure Greek, and very noble.

204. *Apollo*, as the solar power, *with Athena and Hermes*,
as the morning breeze and morning cloud.
Beneath, *Athena and Hermes*, the Olympian deities.

205. *Athena*, as the morning breeze on the hills, *with attendant nymphs*.
Beneath, The contest of *Athena and Poseidon*, from one of the last vases of the early time, on the very edge of the transition.

206. *Artemis*, as the moon of morning.
Beneath, *Artemis and her brother*, the Olympian deities.

207. *Apollo*, the sun of morning.
Beneath, *The Delphic Apollo crossing the sea*.

208. Above, *Hermes releasing Io from Argus*.
In the center, *Apollo, Artemis, Hermes, and Latona*,
representing the course of a summer's day.
Beneath, *the flying cloud—Hermes*.

209. Above, *Zeus Gigantomachos*.
Beneath, *Zeus with Victory*.
210. Above, *Zeus with Hera*.
Beneath, *Head*, probably of Hera, from a somewhat late vase.
211. *Hephaestus at the birth of Athena*.
Beneath, as the laborer, aged and youthful.
212. *Hera, Hermes, Herakles, and Ares at the birth of Athena*. Ares has an archaic type of the Gorgon on his shield.
213. *Panathenaic procession*.
220. *Aphrodite driving Poseidon*.

These last six examples require fuller illustration than I can give in this catalogue, and are for future service: 220 is very beautiful, from a vase which once belonged to Mr. Rogers (now in the British Museum), and is of great interest, because Aphrodite, who is here a sea-power, and somewhat angry, wears an ægis at first sight like Athena's, and indeed representing also the strength of storm-cloud, but not of electric and destructive storm; therefore its fringes are not of serpents.

The remaining pieces, 301 to 304, beginning the Standard series of recent art, are referred to in the lectures, and need no further illustration at present.

II. EDUCATIONAL SERIES.

I went into my garden at half-past six this morning, April 21, 1870, to think over the final order of these examples for you.

The air was perfectly calm, the sunlight pure, and falling

on the grass through thickets of the standard peach (which has bloomed this year perfectly, owing to the wholesome restraint of protracted winter), and of plum and pear trees, in their first showers of fresh silver, looking more like much-broken and far-tossed spray of fountains than trees; and just at the end of my hawthorn walk, one happy nightingale was singing as much as she could in every moment. Meantime, in the still air, the roar of the railroads from Clapham Junction, New Cross, and the Crystal Palace (I am between the three), sounded constantly and heavily, like the surf of a strong sea three or four miles distant; and the whistles of the trains passing nearer mixed with the nightingale's notes. That I could hear her at all, or see the blossoms, or the grass, in this best time of spring, depended on my having been long able to spend a large sum annually in self-indulgence, and in keeping my fellow-creatures out of my way. Of these who were causing all that murmur, like the sea, round me, and of the myriads imprisoned by the English Minotaur of lust for wealth, and condemned to live, if it is to be called life, in the labyrinth of black walls, and loathsome passages between them, which now fills the valley of the Thames, and is called London, not one could hear, this day, any happy bird sing, or look upon any quiet space of the pure grass that is good for seed.

But they might have the blessing of these things for all and each of them, if they chose, and that vast space of London might be full of gardens, and terraced round with hawthorn-walks, with children at play in them, as fair as their blossoms. Gentlemen, I tell you once more, unless you are minded to bring yourselves, and all whom you can help, out of this curse of darkness that has fallen on our hearts and thoughts, you need not try to do any art-work,—it is the vainest of affectations to try to put beauty into shadows, while all the real things that cast them are left in deformity and pain.

1. Here, therefore, is the first of your Educational series

chosen for you, not that you may try to copy, but that you may look at, when you would be put in right temper for work. It will seem to speak to you if you look long; and say again, and yet again, *Idē — ó aĩpov*. It is by good Cima of Conegliano; his own Alps are in the distance, and he shall teach us how to paint their wild flowers, and how to think of them.

2. *Rosa Canina*. (R *.) (Budding shoot.)

And as, among our own wild flowers, this must lead, I have sketched a leaf or two, as they are now opening, very quickly with pencil, securing the shade with a little thin color (cobalt and light red) above; merely that if you have any power of drawing already, you may try how far you can follow simple curves. There is no fine drawing here of any kind: what grace of effect it may have depends wholly on the curves being approximately true. The next is to be your first real exercise.

3. *Laurel. Head of the Scepter of Apollo*. (R.) Outline from an Italian early engraving, probably by Baccio Baldini of Florence.

This is the first of a series of studies of the plants and flowers either directly connected with the Greek mythology, or expressive of more recent phases of thought or sentiment which have risen out of the more ancient myths. And I place these floral exercises first, because they will test what faculty you have for real drawing in the simplest way; and will at once draw your attention to some of the most interesting features both of Greek decoration, of mediæval sculpture, and of pictorial backgrounds of the best periods towards the close of the fifteenth century. And even should you do no more than endeavor to measure and trace one or two of them, they will open your eyes to the differences between

* The drawings marked R. are by my own hand; those marked A. by my assistant, Mr. A. Burgess.

fine ornamentation and the rigidities and equalities of modern vulgar design.

After these, the eight examples, 13 to 20, with their sequels, when completed, will illustrate the conventional system of the early schools of color, and their special methods of ornamental line, as derived from vegetation or other organic forms.

Then the group 21 to 30, with their sequels, will illustrate the Greek treatment of ornamental line, and the forms of good architectural decoration in every school.

The following group, 31 to 40, introduces the practice of chiaroscuro, and the complete methods of ornamentation founded on perfect draughtsmanship and perception of light and shade.

Lastly, the group 41 to 50 is for practice in colors in the methods of the fully accomplished schools of painting.

It is of so great importance in any series of examples arranged for general service, that the references should be fixed and clear, that I shall sacrifice at once to this object every pretense to formal succession in arrangement. I have begun almost miscellaneously, with slight exercises in various methods of work: to these, I shall gradually add more difficult and interesting ones. But I will not alter the numbers of this first group; but distinguish the supplementary ones by letters after the numbers. Some even of the drawings intended for this opening series are not yet prepared; but I have named them in the catalogue notwithstanding, and will complete and add them as soon as may be.

I have several reasons for choosing this conventional branch of laurel for your first exercise. It will show you in the outset, that refinement in design does not depend on minuteness or fineness of work, but on its precision and care. These lines look coarse, but you will find they cannot be altered in curvature by a very small fraction of an inch without losing grace, and that it is very difficult to follow their curvatures without altering them, owing to their continual subtlety of change.

Also, it is not possible to express the general characters of growth in noble vegetation, with fewer or simpler lines. It is easy to make leaves and stems graceful, but not to make them springy and vigorous as well: and the especial beauty of this group of foliage as terminating the rod of Apollo is the strength with which it is springing, and the visible presence in the god's virgin scepter of the life which in the king's is lost. (Look at the words of the vow of Achilles.)

Also, note the quaint little stiff leaf at the bottom, which you would think had been drawn wrongly. In vulgar design, everything is equally graceful; but in fine design, there are local uncouthnesses, as, in fine music, discords.

For the rest, the diminution of the stem for each leaf is much greater than it would be in reality: this is a necessary conventionalism, in order to terminate the strong rod within brief limits; but nothing can be more perfect than its rendering of the universal law of ramification; and even the apparent coarseness of the lines is only caused by enlargement of scale, for this example is much magnified; in the original it is only about an inch high, and the lines are all thickened by cross strokes, not by deeper engraving.

In copying it, take the finer outline, 3 B; measure all the rectilinear dimensions accurately, and having thus fixed the points of the leaves, draw the contours with light pencil, as in 3 B, as truly as you can, then finally draw them with the brush (as in 3), with violet carmine mixed with Indian red, keeping the outside edge of the broad color line, terminated by the fine pencil one. But first, read the directions given for color under No. 14; and observe also that, even in the most complicated forms, as 11 D, for instance, you are to fit points with absolute accuracy by rectilinear measurement, and not to use squares over the whole. Squaring is good for reduction, and for advanced practice, but at first all must be measured point by point.

3 B. *Outline for measurements of No. 3. (A.)*

3 C. *Laurel leaf seen on the under surface and in profile. (R.)*

Pencil, washed with cobalt and light red. If you have been at all used to pencil drawing, you will probably succeed with this easily enough; if not, let it pass for the present.

4. *Study of olive (under surface of leaves). (R.)*

Pencil only, the outline secured by the pen. From a spray gathered at Verona, and now dry; you shall have a better one soon. It is of the real size, and too small for you to draw yet awhile; but it is placed here that Athena's tree may be next Apollo's. Take the next exercise instead.

4 B. *Outline, with the brush, of part of No. 3, twice as large. (A.)*

Measure this as 3 B is measured, and draw it as 3 B is drawn.

5. *Study of ear of wheat, at the side. (R.)*

We must have the plant of Triptolemus next Athena's, but you cannot use this copy for some time yet. It is much magnified.

5 B. *Study of ear of wheat in front.*

Pencil, with outlines determined with the pen.

6. *Strawberry blossom, for Demeter.*

In Greece she should have the poppy; but it is well to think of her as the queen of the fruitful blossoming of the earth; so she shall have the strawberry, which grows close to it, and whose leaves crown our English peers.

7. *Fleur de Lys*, for Cora.

She ought traditionally to have the violet, and, sometimes, narcissus; but see note on 23 K.

8. *Lily*, for Artemis.

I will look for a characteristic white lily, by Luini or Mantegna, this summer; and we must connect with this and with Cora's irids the groups of amaryllis and asphodel, and the water-lilies; and we shall obtain the elements of form in a very large division of architectural design.

9. *Erica*, for Hephæstus.

This group will contain, besides, the rhododendron and Alpine rose;—the last we may keep for Aglaia, leaving the *Erica* for Hephæstus, because its name seems to come from its having been rent from the rocks either to serve as fuel, or for a couch of rest after hill-labor. I put a little study of *Erica tetralix* in the frame 9 B, and must draw an Alpine rose for 9.

9 B. *Cluster of the bells of Erica tetralix.* (R.)
Beautifully engraved on wood by Mr. Burgess.

Copy it with steel crowquill, and note that in all clustered flowers it is necessary, to the expression of their complete character, to draw them on two, or more, sides. The head of dandelion below, by Mr. Burgess, is to show the right use of wood in plant-engraving; but I shall change the place of this, and put *Erica cinerea* below *Erica tetralix*.

10. *Pine*, for Poseidon.

Study of trunks of stone-pine at Sestri, in the Gulf of Genoa. Pencil, secured with pen outline, and a slight wash of sepia. It is a good way of studying trees hastily.

11. *Ivy*, for Dionysus.

I take the ivy rather than the vine, because it is our own; and I want to connect the ivy-shaped leaves of the *Linaria* with it, and some of the associated Draconid group. This pencil sketch is only begun, but may serve to show the general form of the group of leaves from which it is enlarged, that behind the horseman on the right in the picture of Mantegna's (S. 35).

11 B. *Outlines of ivy leaves.*

Construct the figures for measurement with pencil lightly; then draw the leaf-lines, as above, with the brush, and rub out the pencil construction. Make as many studies of leaves as you can from nature, in this manner, when your time is too short for drawing anything else.

11 C. *Wreath of conventional ivy.*

From the missal out of which S. 7 is taken. Draw it with the brush, constructing it first as in 11 D. I give you this wreath merely that you may begin to feel what Gothic design means. It is very rude, but interesting, as we shall see afterwards, for some special characters in the transition of styles.

11 D. *Outline for construction of 11 C.*12. *Oak*, for Zeus.

Spray of free-growing oak from the picture of Cima's. (Standard, No. 8.) The color here is daubed on without thought of anything but true outline.

Make studies of leaves seen against the sky, as many as you can, in this manner.

12 B. *Sketch of the action of leaves in Mantegna's oak tree, at the top of S. 35.*

13. *Egyptian drawings of birds.* Rosellini, tom. ii. pl. 11, No. 2; and pl. 9, No. 13. .

Measure and draw the outlines of these lightly, but most carefully, with pencil. Then, when the outlines are black, go over them with pen and Indian ink; when red, with vermillion; and lay the flat colors so as not to disturb the outlines, retouching them afterwards when necessary. All these exercises are for precision, and are only for somewhat advanced students.

14. *Egyptian chair.* Rosellini, Tavole, tom. ii. pl. 90, No. 6.

Try, at all events, to do some portion of this example. It is colored by hand, and will give you simple but severe discipline in laying flat color in small portions.

And now, note that there are two distinct modes of excellence in laying water-color. Its own speciality is to be mixed with much water, and laid almost as a drop or splash on the paper, so that it dries evenly and with a sharp edge. When so laid, the color takes a kind of crystalline bloom and purity as it dries, and is as good in quality as a tint of the kind can be. The two little drawings of Turner's, 45 and 46, and nearly all his early work, are laid with transparent color in this way. The difference between good painting and bad painting in this manner, is, that a real painter is as careful about the outline of the tint, laid liquid, as if it were laid thick or nearly dry, while a bad painter lets the splash outline itself as it will.

The exercises from Egyptian furniture and dress are intended to cure you at once of any carelessness of this kind. They are to be laid with perfectly wet color, so that the whole space you have to fill, large or small, is to be filled before any of the color dries; and yet you are never to go over the outlines. The leaf exercises (41 B, C, and D) are easier practice of the same kind. You had better do them first, though they are put, for other reasons, with the more ad-

vanced series. The white nautilus shell (47 C) is entirely painted with small touches of very wet color of this kind, in order to get as much transparency into the structure of the tint as is possible. So also the shadows of the piece of sculpture (25). The exquisite skillful drawing of Prout's interior (29, right hand), owes much of its effect of light to the perfect flatness of the wet tints; and the character of the crumbling stone in the gable of Amiens (24) is entirely got by using the color very wet, and leaving its dried edge for an outline when it is needed.

The simplest mode of gradating tints laid in this manner, when they extend over large spaces, is by adding water; but a good painter can graduate even a very light tint by lightness of hand, laying less or more of it, so that in some places it cannot be seen when it ends. The beautiful light on the rapid of the Tees (S. 2) is entirely produced by subtlety of gradation in wet color of this kind.

But, secondly, by painting with opaque color, or with any kind of color ground so thick as to be unctuous, not only the most subtle lines and forms may be expressed, but a gradation obtained by the breaking or crumbling of the color as the brush rises from the surface—a quality all good painters delight in.

For all the exercises, therefore, which consist of lines to be drawn with the brush, prepare a mixture of Indian red with violet carmine, of a full, dark, and rich consistence. Fill your brush with it; then press out on the palette as much as will leave the brush not heavily loaded, and with a nice point, and then draw the line slowly; at once, if possible; but where it fails, re-touch it, the object being to get it quite even throughout, whether thin or thick. It may be thickened when you miss a curve, to get it right, and it may taper to nothing when it vanishes in ribs of leaves, &c.; but it must never be made thin towards the light, and thick towards the dark, side. It expresses only the terminations of form, not the lighting of it.

I have left my lines, in nearly every case, with their mis-

takes and re-touchings unconcealed, and have not tried always to do them as well as I could; so that I think you will generally be able to obtain an approximate result.

14. B. *Egyptian chair*. Rosellini, *Tavole*, tom. ii. pl. 90, No. 3.

Draw the curves carefully, and a piece of the pattern.

15. *Egyptian head-dress*. B, C, &c., the same. See for these and No. 16, Rosellini, tom. i. plates 7, 10, and 22.

Measure and draw these first with pencil; then, if you are able, with fine brush, or with pen and Indian ink, if the brush is unmanageable to you.

16. *Egyptian costume*. B, C, &c., the same. Rosellini, *Tavole*, tom. i. pl. 17.

Draw the spotted head-dress of 16 very carefully, observing how pleasantly grouped and varied the spots are; in vulgar work they would be placed without thought. The more you can copy of these figures the better, always measuring with precision.

17. *Letter of twelfth century Norman MS.*, showing the terminations of conventional foliage which develop afterwards into the finest forms of capital.

You cannot find better practice, after gaining some firmness of hand, than in endeavoring to copy rich letters of this period; the pen lines are always superb, and the color delicate and simple: and all study of Gothic sculpture must begin by obtaining accurate knowledge of the forms of ornamentation developed in the twelfth century. I will arrange, in connection with these letters, a series of enlarged examples, for advanced practice; but they would be too difficult for present service.

17 B. *Another letter of the same class.*

18. *Letters of early thirteenth century, of fine style.*

The examples from 17 to 20 are merely given as types of style, and standards of execution, for students who may previously have interested themselves in illumination: until I can add their illustrative sequels, they are useless for beginners.

They are copied from various MSS. in the British Museum; Nos. 19, 19 B, and 20, which are almost inimitable in execution, are by my late assistant, Mr. J. J. Laing; the rest by others of my pupils.

19. *Illumination of late thirteenth century, somewhat inferior in style and invention of decorative line, but very perfect in finish and in treatment of figures.*

20. *Illumination of early fourteenth century. Finest style of that time; partly unfinished; showing the way in which the work was executed by the early illuminators.*

20 B. *Study of Chinese enamel.*

The Oriental color is more subtle than the Gothic; but the want of power over form indicates total inferiority of intellect and general art capacity. Compare the bird, here, with the perfect though quaint delineation of the Egyptians (13).

This example may serve to remind you of the general principle for good color which is stated in my 'Elements of Drawing:' 'Make the white precious, and the black conspicuous.'

21. *Curve of the capitals of the Parthenon*, of the real size. Drawn by Mr. Burgess from the actual capital in the British Museum.

It is a curve everywhere, as you will find by applying your ruler to it. Measure, and draw it with pencil and brush. You shall have the curves of all characteristic heads of pillars and their foliage in the same way; but they are terribly difficult things to do, and would not interest you at present.

22. *Spiral of the Ionic capital of the temple of Athena Polias*. Enlarged from Stewart's 'Athens,' vol. ii, chap. ii. pl. 9.

- 22 B. *Involute of the Circle*. Inner whorl, in complete circuit.

- 22 C. *Spiral of common snail-shell*, enlarged.

Landshells are usually rude in contour, and this is a very imperfect line, but interesting from its variety. In this particular instance it is more varied than usual, for the shell had been broken and repaired.

- 22 D. *Spiral of Helix Gualteriana*.

Try to draw the outlines of more univalve shells in this manner: first placing them so that you look straight at the apex of their cone, in the direction of its axis; and next, so that you see them at right angles to their axis; in both cases with the mouth downwards, and its edge brought to a level with the circular part of the shell. You may then easily determine other characteristic positions; but the great point is to draw every shell in exactly the same position, so as to admit of accurate comparison.

All these lines are to be drawn with the brush.

22 E. *Spiral of Neritopsis.*

This is the first perfect spiral we have had, the shell being one of the most pure and lovely symmetry. You shall have more complete ones, as soon as you are able for them. The broad curve is drawn through the varied waves of the lip, that you may see their concurrence. 22 C and D are by me; 22, 22 B, and 22 E, by Mr. Burgess, and better done.

23. *Chariot-race*, from vase of finest time, of red clay, in the British Museum. No. 447* in Mr. Newton's Catalogue.*

By Mr. Burgess, and carefully drawn, so that it may be a standard to you of good execution in the early vases. It is a little too difficult, however, for you to copy; the next is ruder and easier.

23 B. *Herakles and the Nemean Lion.* From vase of finest time, of pale clay. British Museum. No. 648 in Mr. Newton's Catalogue.

I have drawn this for you myself, entirely with the brush, and it will be good for you so to copy it, though in the vases the light lines are scratched or incised, and therefore perfectly firm; so that they must be each outlined with the pen to get them quite right, as by Mr. Burgess in No. 23. It is not my fault that one of the limbs is thinner than the other, it is so on the vase.

The purple color, observe, in the hair of Herakles, and the lion's mane, stands in both cases for the glow or luster connected with anger and strength, as on the crest of Achilles.

* Catalogue of the Greek and Etruscan Vases in the British Museum. (Nicol, Pall Mall, 1851.) It is highly desirable that you should possess this book, and if Mr. Newton will kindly see that every vase named in it retains its number, as described, painted on the vase in white on a black label, whatever future changes may be made in the arrangement of the collection, it will be of the utmost use for all purposes of study.

It is continually used on the manes of the chariot horses. All the purple spots, like a crown, on the head of Herakles, are meant for the luxuriant but crisp hair; they are not leaves.

- 23 C. *Floral ornaments from earliest Greek vases*, showing the entire freedom and boldness of their manner.

They are never literally symmetrical, but always in some way oblique or changeful, being drawn by the free hand.

- 23 D. *Apollo before the altar of Delphi*. Le Normand, tom. ii. pl. 4.

Outline the head and falling hair with pencil, wash the whole over with red, lay in the black with the brush, and put the ivy leaves on with opaque white.

Note the large chin, characteristic of the finest time of Greek art.

- 23 E. *Apollo and Creusa*. Le Normand, tom. ii. pl. 13.

Outline with pencil, wash with red, draw with the pen, and lay the black round with the brush.

- 23 F. *Selene, rising full*. Le Normand, tom. ii. pl. 116.

- 23 G. *Selene in white clouds at midnight*. Le Normand, tom. ii. pl. 117.

I am in a little doubt whether 23 F may not rather be Helios. In either case, the introduction of the tree with the golden apples of the Hesperides in the background, is singular, for if it is moonrise, the east should have been indicated; if sunset, the horses should have been descending. I believe,

however, it is Selene, and the Hesperides tree simply expresses her rule over the night, though she is seen in the day. In 23 G, the wings of the horses, with their spots, and guttæ, and the broken spirals of the chariot, variously express the cloud powers of dew, rain, and circling breeze. Compare the Hermes as the cloud (S. 208).

The breaking of the border of the patera (by the sphere of the moon) is characteristic of fine design of all periods. There is always a curious instinct in a good designer to show that he can go beyond his assigned limit, if he chooses; and that circumstances are sure to happen somewhere which make it right that he should. Copy the head of the light Selene with the pen, the incised lines of the other make it too difficult.

23 H. *Triptolemus, Demeter, and Persephone.* Le Normand, tom. iii. pl. 64.

From a vase of the time of incipient decadence, the lines becoming rounded, loose, and vulgar. I only want you to copy, the plow in Proserpine's hand; but the design is interesting, because, comparing the wings of the car with those of No. 23 G, you will see that one of their meanings, at all events, is the cloud with dew and rain as necessary to the growth of the seed:—also, though in a late vase, the fox-like head of the serpent is of an archaic form:—it is seen on one of the British Museum vases, as clearly derived from the germination of the seed, with its root for the point of the dragon's head, and the cotyledon, or two cotyledons, when Triptolemus is the spirit of all agriculture, for the crest or ears.

23 I. *Triptolemus of the early time.* Le Normand, tom. iii. pl. 48.

Hermes is here put for the cloud, instead of wings to the chariot! his caduceus reversed to show that he is descending.

Draw the outlines of the whole with the pen, and the curves of the stalks of corn, and ears, in full black.

23 K. *Triptolemus and Demeter.* Le Normand, tom. iii. pl. 47.

From a vase of good time, but on the edge of decadence. He is here the spirit of agriculture generally, Demeter having the ears of corn in her own hand, and Triptolemus the floral scepter. This Greek flower is the origin of all conventional forms of the Fleur-de-Lys, and it stands for all floral power in spring; therefore, in our series of mythic vegetation, since Triptolemus must by right have the ear of corn, we will keep the Fleur-de-Lys with the violet, for Cora.

The germination of the seed is again sufficiently indicated in the serpent-crest; and the floor of the chariot, with the rod of the Fleur-de-Lys, takes the form of a plowshare.

I give you this for its interest only; it is not good enough to copy; but you have now copies enough from Greek early design. We will work out the myths of the other gods, however, in due time.

24. *North porch of the west front of the Cathedral of Amiens.* (R.) Sketch taken before its "restoration."

I introduce you to Gothic sculpture by this memorial, now valuable, slight as it is, of what was, at the time the sketch was made, one of the most beautiful things in all the world. The color of the front of Amiens, in 1856, was an exquisitely soft gray touched with golden lichen; and the sheltered sculpture was as fresh as when first executed, only the exposed parts broken or moldering into forms which made them more beautiful than if perfect. All is now destroyed; and even the sharp, pure rose-molding (of which hardly a petal was injured) cut to pieces, and, for the most part, replaced by a modern design.

Draw this rose-molding with pencil, and the top of the gable with color.

- 25 B. *Outline of the same sculpture.* (R.)
Palace, Venice. (R.)

Sketch with pencil, and shade with flat wet touches of cobalt with light red.

- 25 B. *Outline of the same sculpture.* (R.)

To show how fine work depends, first, on minute undulation and variety in its outlines; secondly, on the same qualities carried out in the surfaces.

Measure, and draw with the brush.

26. *Houses of the seventeenth century at Abbeville.* (R.)

For practice of brush drawing in expression of merely picturesque subject. Sketch made in 1848.

27. *South entrance of St. Mark's, Venice.* (R.)

For practice in rapid laying of flat color, observing the several tints in shade and sunshine.

28. *York Minster.* Pencil sketch, by Samuel Prout.

29. *Helmsley, &c.* Pencil sketches washed with neutral tint. (Samuel Prout.)

30. *Street in Strasburg.* Lithograph by the artist's own hand. (Samuel Prout.)

- 30 B. *The same street, seen, and drawn, with modern sentiment.*

- 30 C. *Hôtel de Ville, Brussels.*

30 D. *Fountain at Ulm.*

30 E. *Street in Ghent.*

30 F. *Gate at Prague.*

Copy any of these drawings that you like, with B B pencil. They are entirely admirable in their special manner; and their tranquil shadows will give important exercise in light handling of lead pencil, while their lines are as decisive and skillful abstracts of form as it is possible to obtain.

The modern view of Strasburg is, as you will readily perceive, not given as admirable or exemplary, but as an exponent of opposite qualities. The contrast between Nos. 30 and 30 B is partly in the real scenes, partly in the art of their representation. Practical modernism has removed the fountain which gave Prout the means of forming the whole into a good composition, as an obstacle to traffic; (I saw it in 1835, but forget how long it has been destroyed): and has brightened and varnished the street and the old timbers of it, as best it may, to look like a Parisian boulevard. And poetical modernism exhibits the renovated city with renovated art. Yet, remember, Prout's delight in the signs of age in building, and our own reverence for it, when our minds are healthy, are partly in mere revulsion from the baseness of our own epoch; and we must try to build, some day what shall be venerable, even when it is new.

31. *Isis.* Photograph of Turner's sepia sketch for the subject in the Liber Studiorum.

31 B. *Moonlight (off the Needles, Isle of Wight).*
Photograph from a sepia sketch of Turner's,
unpublished. See Lect. VI. § 165.

31 C. *Windmill and lock on an English canal.* (Liber Studiorum.)

31 D. *Watermill on the torrent of the Grand Chartreuse.* (Liber Studiorum.)

31 E. *Holy Island Cathedral.* (Liber Studiorum.)

31 F. *Near Blair Athol.* (Liber Studiorum.)

This last subject is on the stream which comes down from Glen Tilt, about half a mile above its junction with the Garry. The projecting rock is conspicuous, and easily found. You will think at first the place itself much more beautiful than Turner's study; the rocks are lovely with lichen, the banks with flowers; the stream-eddies are foaming and deep. But Turner has attempted none of these minor beauties, and has put into this single scene the spirit of Scotland.

31 G. *Valley of Chamouni.* (Liber Studiorum.) The source of the Arveron seen low down through the cluster of distant pines.

This group of our series, from 31 to 40, is arranged to show you the use of the sepia wash and of the pen and pencil for studies of chiaroscuro and of definite form.

Nos. 31, 31 B, show you how to use sepia, or black, rapidly in the flat wash: the engraved plates, but especially 31 G, which was engraved by Turner himself, the qualities of finished drawing for light and shade.

You cannot, however, without great pains, imitate these mezzotint plates, in which the lights are scraped out, with your sepia wash, which leaves them. But if you copy the etchings accurately (35, 35 B, &c.), and then lay your sepia so that the shades of it shall be "dolce e sfumose," you will soon gain sufficient power of rendering chiaroscuro from nature.

32. *Study of the wall-cabbage.* Photograph from Dürer's drawing.)

I do not know if the original is in color or not; probably

in color. But, as translated for us into brown, it is equally exemplary. You cannot copy it too carefully or too often.

- 32 B. *Study of scarlet geranium*. Mezzotint by my assistant, Mr. G. Allen, from a sketch of mine in pencil on gray paper, outlined with pen and touched with white.

See Lect. VI. § 163.

- 32 C. *Study of young shoot of box*. (R.) Pencil, washed with cobalt and light red; outline here and there determined with the pen; buds touched with white—very badly, but, if I had begun to work upon them, the whole must have been more completed.

I have sketched this rapidly to show you, in 32 B and C, the two uses of gray paper, for form seen in light against dark, and in dark against light, with power of final white in each.

33. *Rostrum of common prawn*, magnified. (R.)

To show use of pencil and white for studies of organic form. It is nearly always necessary to make these on a larger scale than nature's, else it is impossible to express the refinements of structure; but they should not be drawn by help of a lens; they should be the easy expression on a large scale of the form, attentively observed by the naked eye, at the distance which the size of the object may render convenient.

- 33 B. *Calyx and stamens of bean blossom* (petals removed). *Calyx and stamens of Rose Acacia blossom* (petals removed), both magnified; and *blossom of Agrimony*, natural size. (R.) Pen and ink, on common blue lined writing paper (leaves of my botanical note-book), touched with white.

You will find this a most wholesome and useful manner of drawing. Take care always to keep leaning well on the firm outline: it is much easier to draw things as the bean blossom is drawn, than as the agrimony is.

34. *St. Michael*, sketch with ink and neutral tint. (Holbein.)

34 B. *Decorative design* (Holbein), pen and neutral tint.

34 C. *Companion sketch*. (Holbein.)

34. D. *Design for hilt and sheath of dagger* (Dürer), brush drawing heightened with white.

The last is peculiarly beautiful in the painter-like touch with which the white is gradated; but is too difficult to be of present use. Copy whatever parts of the Holbeins you are most interested in, with utmost care in the outline; laying the tint afterwards at once, so as to disturb it as little as possible. You will soon discover some of the splendid qualities of Holbein's work, however far you may fail of imitating any of them.

35. *Isis*. The etching (by Turner's own hand on copper), for the *Liber* subject.

35 B. *Etching for mill and lock*.

35 C. *Etching for Holy Land*.

35 D. *Etching for fall of Reuss*. (S. 302.)

35 E. *Etching for composition*. (S. 303.)

35 F. *Etching for scene on St. Gothard*. (S. 304.)

I have not given you the etching for the mill on the Char- treuse, for it is not by Turner; he probably allowed that

plate, and the Raglan, to be etched by other hands, that his mind might be fresh in its impression of the subject when he took the plates to engrave. He both etched and engraved 35 F, having always great interest in the scene.

Copy these etchings with intense care and fidelity to every touch, with pen, and rather thick ink, on smooth paper.

36. *Shield with skull.* (Dürer.)

This is the best of all his engravings for any endeavor at imitation. Try the woman's crown, and any manageable portions of the crest and foliage, with finest steel pen and very black ink. The satyr's head is unequaled among his works for its massive and rich composition, every space of light being placed unerringly.

37. *Madonna, with crown of stars.* (Dürer.)

- 37 B. Sketch of the action of the lines of the crown, to show how free Dürer's hand is on the metal. Every line is swept with the precision of the curve of a sail in a breeze.

38. *St. George.* Facsimile of pen drawing with free hand, by Dürer.

- 38 B. *St. George with the dead dragon*, from the same book. (Now at Munich.)

39. *Woodcut, one of the series of the Apocalypse.* (Dürer.) Chap. XLII.

40. *Woodcut from the same series.* Chaps. XVII. XVIII.

Whenever you have no time for long work, copy any piece, however small, of these woodcuts with pen and ink, with the greatest care, I will add sequels to each in a little

while; but I do not choose to disturb your attention by multiplying subjects. I want you to know every line in these two first: then you shall have more. I meant to have given some pieces of them magnified, but have not had time; no work is so difficult.

I give you these two, rather than any others of the series, first, because there is the greatest variety of subject and wood-cutting in them; secondly, because Dürer's power over human character and expression is shown definitely in them, together with his wild fancy; lastly, because they are full of suggestions of thought. I cannot give you any guidance as to the direct significance of the chapters illustrated by them; nor will I enter here on any close inquiry as to Dürer interpretation of their meaning. But if you read them in their secondary and general purpose, and consider 39 as the worship of false wealth and intellect, and 40 as the worship of false pleasure, you will probably get nearer their sense than by more specific conjectures. It can hardly be doubtful that Dürer himself, (in his sympathy with whatever part of the passion of the Reformation was directed against the vices of the Roman Church, but not against its faith,) meant the principal group in No. 40 to indicate the contentment of men of the world in a religion which at that time permitted them to retain their pride and their evil pleasures; and the wonderful figure of the adoring monk on the left, to express the superstition which could not be disturbed by any evidence of increasing sin in the body of the Church. But you had better read the whole as one of the great designs which are produced almost involuntarily by the workman's mind; and which are capable of teaching different truths to successive generations. For us, at present, it is entirely profitable, if read simply as the worship of false pleasure.

41. *Alchemilla*. Copy of drawing by Andrea Amadio, in illustration of Benedetto Rino's Herbal. (1415.)

The wonderful MSS. in St. Mark's Library, at Venice,

from which this drawing is copied, contains the earliest botanical drawings I know of approximate accuracy. They are, however, like all previous work, merely suggestive of the general character of the plant, and are very imaginative in details. But I should like you to copy this one, because it will show you the delicacy and care of Venetian school-work; and farther impress on you the Venetian respect for law. Every plant, whatever its own complexity of growth, is reduced in this book to some balanced and ornamental symmetry of arrangement.

There is a beautiful piece of fancy in the page representing the common blue chicory. Its current Latin name in the fifteenth century, from its rayed form, was "*Sponsa Solis*." But its blue color caused it to be thought of as the favorite, not of the sun only, but of the sky. And the sun is drawn above it with a face, very beautiful, in the orb, surrounded by vermilion and golden rays, which descend to the flower through undulating lines of blue, representing the air. I have never seen the united power of Apollo and Athena more prettily symbolized.

I think, then, you cannot be introduced to the practice of color under better augury than by this good old Venetian herbalist, with his due reverence for aerial and stellar influences; nor by any worthier plant than this wild one of the lowlands and of the hills; which indeed once grew freely with us "in divers places, as in the towne pastures by Andover, and also upon the banke of a mote that incloseth a house in Bushey, fowerteene miles from London:" and which I doubt not grows now, at least the Alpine variety of it, as it did then, "on Bernard's Hill in Switzerland." And with its fair little folded mantle of leaf, and Arabian alchemy, strong to heal wounds and to prolong youth, it may take happy place, with the white mountain Dryas, among the thornless roses.

And now in beginning color:—remember once for all (and it is the main meaning of what I said long ago—"you are always safe if you hold the hand of a colorist"), that you

cannot color unless you are either happy as a child is happy, or true as a man is true—sternly, and in harmony through his life. You cannot paint without one or the other virtue—peace of heart, or strength of it. Somehow, the very color fails, itself, under the hand which lays it coldly or hesitatingly. If you do not enjoy it, or are not resolved it shall be faithful, waste no time with it.

41 B. *Maple and Oak. Heads of young shoots.*

41 C. *Grass.*

41 D. *Wreath of bramble-leaves.*

These old sketches of mine may be useful to you as showing the pleasantness of the simplest forms of foliage when carefully outlined; and the first (41 B) how some little note of color may be made with one tint, changed, when necessary, as it is laid. You will find this a quick and helpful method of study.

42. *Cluster of leaves* (real size) from the foreground of Mantegna's picture of the Madonna, with the Magdalene and St. John, in the National Gallery. (By my assistant, Mr. W. Ward.)

We were both of us, however, foiled, successively, in trying to get the exquisite outlines of this cluster. But it will give you some idea of the symmetry and precision of Mantegna's design, and of his grave though pale color. Copy it as well as you can.

43. *Grapes and peach.* (William Hunt.)

It is not a first-rate Hunt; you shall have a better, some day, among the Standards: this, however, illustrates several matters of importance, and is placed here for present comparison, and eventual service.

First, I want you to notice its general look of green-grocery, and character of rustic simplicity, as opposed to the grave refinement of Mantegna. Generally speaking, you will find our best modern art has something of this quality,—it looks as if done by peasants or untrained persons, while good Italian work is visibly by accomplished gentlemen. The reason of this, of course, primarily is, that our artists do not think their general education of importance, nor understand that it is an essential part of their eventual art-power; but it results also much from an Englishman's delight in taking his own way, and his carelessness and general ignorance of vital abstract principle, so only that he gets a momentarily pleasant effect; which carelessness he thinks a "practical" turn of mind in him. "I like to see a thing *fudged* out," said William Hunt once to me. Yes, but to see it felt out, and known, both out and in, is better still.

Nevertheless, the simplicity has its own charm, when it is modest also; as in Hunt and Bewick: unhappily there is a tendency in the modern British mind to be at once simple and insolent; a most unfortunate base-metal.

Secondly, note of the method of work of this picture. It assumes that you are looking at the fruit very near it; and at that only. And the mode of finish is on those conditions admirable; but only on the condition, observe, that this piece of painting is to be no part of a larger scene. If these grapes were in the hand of a figure, and, to see the figure, you had to retire six or seven feet, all this laborious and careful completion of bloom would be useless, and wrong. Here, 43 B, are bunches of black and white grapes, from Rubens' "Peace and War," in the National Gallery. Mr. Ward has fairly enough for my present purpose (he shall do it afterwards better), facsimiled the few touches, by which (in about ten minutes of the master's work, these masses of fruit have been set nobly in their place. The two examples will show you clearly the difference between genre painting and that of the great schools; only remember, that Rubens always errs by inattention and violence, and if the higher example had been

by Titian, it would have seemed as complete as Hunt's, though majestic also.

Lastly, note in the Hunt, that though the peach is yellow, and the grapes blue, it is as easy to throw the blue fruit before the golden one, as it would have been to throw a cluster of golden grapes before a blue plum. And be advised, once for all, that there are no such things as "retiring" or "advancing" colors; but that every color, well taught, is equally ready to retire when you wish it to retire, and to advance when you wish it to advance; and that you must by your own magic, and by that alone, command the delicate amber into the infinite of twilight, or complete it into the close bloom of the primrose in your hand.

43 B. *Study of grapes*, from Rubens. See notes on 43.

43 C. *Garden-wall at Abbeville*. (W. Ward.)

43 D. *Gable at Abbeville*, seen through the stems of the trees in the little square before the Palais de Justice. (W. Ward.)

To show you the "retiring" of color by mystery of texture; and the use of two important substantial pigments in northern countries—chalk, and red brick, and a little of the grace of French trees, inimitable by ours, I know not why; and other things besides, for future service.

44. *Scarborough Castle*. Sketch on the spot. (Turner.)

Copy this as well as you can, and observe how the bloom and texture is beginning to come on the distant rocks, by the mere purity of the calmly-laid color. And put out of your head, finally, any idea of there being tricks or secrets in Turner's coloring. Flat wash on white paper, of the shape that it should be, and the color it should be—that is his secret.

45. *Gothic Mansion*. Early drawing by Turner, probably when he was a boy of 15 or 16.

“Of the shape it should be?” Yes. And to that end we must sometimes pencil it in very carefully first.

Try either the forms of the white clouds in color, or those of the building in pencil, and you will soon know what to think of the assertion that, “Turner could not draw.”

46. *Unfinished drawing of ruined abbey*. (Turner.)

This is a perfect example of Turner’s method of work in his early time—every color deliberately chosen, and set in its place like Florentine mosaic.

47. *Sketch of common snail-shell*, enlarged.

- 47 B. *Sketch of Helix Gualteriana*, enlarged.

- 47 C. *Study of Paper Nautilus*.

I have left the first two of these sketches slight. They are merely to show you the mode in which the contours (22 C and 22 D) appear to be altered by the colors that fill them; and observe that all contours whatsoever are to be determined with this absolute accuracy, before you trust yourself to color them. The third is carried farther, but does not efface its pencil outlines.

48. *Study of sculpture of the perfect school of Venice; from the base of a pilaster in the interior of the church of the Madonna de’ Miracoli*.

Exercise in transparent wash of simple tints, with body color for the lights.

49. *Sketch of the Head of Danae.* (Edward Burne Jones.)

Showing, better than any other modern example I have by me, some parallel to the nobly subdued methods of color employed in the thoughtful schools of the Venetians, after their union with those of light and shade.

50. *Study of part of Tintoret's picture of the Presentation in the Temple in the Scuola di San Rocco.* (Edward Burne Jones.)

As like Tintoret's color as the material will permit, the picture is one gloom of black and crimson, lighted with gray and gold, and a type of all that is mightiest in the arts of color and shade.

Into the analysis of which we will try to enter farther hereafter: enough work is before us for our present strength.

NOTES ON SOME OF
THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY, 1875.

PREFACE.

It is now just twenty years since I wrote the first number of these notes; and fifteen since they were discontinued. I have no intention of renewing the series, unless occasionally, should accident detain me in London during the spring. But this year, for many reasons, it seemed to me imperatively proper to say as much as is here said.

And that the temper of the saying may not, so far as I can prevent it, be mistaken, I will venture to ask my reader to hear, and trust that he will believe, thus much concerning myself. Among various minor, but collectively sufficient, reasons for the cessation of these notes, one of the chief was the exclamation of a young artist, moving in good society—authentically, I doubt not, reported to me—“D—— the fellow, why doesn’t he back his friends?” The general want in the English mind of any abstract conception of justice, and the substitution for it of the idea of fidelity to a party, as the first virtue of public action, had never struck me so vividly before; and thenceforward it seemed to me useless, so far as artists were concerned, to continue criticism which they would esteem dishonorable, unless it was false.

But Fortune has so sternly reversed her wheel during these recent years, that I am more likely now to be accused of malice than of equity; and I am therefore at the pains to beg the honest reader to believe that, having perhaps as much pleasure as other people, both in backing my friends and fronting my enemies, I have never used, and shall never use, my power of criticism to such end; but that I write now, and have always written, so far as I am able, what may show that there is a fixed criterion of separation between right art and

wrong; that no opinion, no time, and no circumstances can ever in one jot change this relation of their Good and Evil; and that it would be pleasant for the British public to recognize the one, and wise in them to eschew the other.

HERNE HILL, *May* 23, 1875

NOTES.

BEFORE looking at any single picture, let us understand the scope and character of the Exhibition as a whole. The Royal Academy of England, in its annual publication, is now nothing more than a large colored *Illustrated Times* folded in saloons:—the splendidest May Number of the *Graphic*, shall we call it? That is to say, it is a certain quantity of pleasant, but imperfect, “illustration” of passing events, mixed with as much gossip of the past, and tattle of the future, as may be probably agreeable to a populace supremely ignorant of the one, and reckless of the other.

Supremely ignorant, I say—ignorant, that is, on the lofty ground of their supremacy in useless knowledge.

For instance: the actual facts which Shakespeare knew about Rome were, in number and accuracy, compared to those which M. Alma-Tadema knows, as the pictures of a child’s first story-book, compared to Smith’s “Dictionary of Antiquities.”

But when Shakespeare wrote,

“The noble sister of Publicola,
The Moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That’s curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian’s temple,”

he knew Rome herself, to the heart; and M. Tadema, after reading his Smith’s “Dictionary” through from A to Z, knows nothing of her but her shadow; and that cast at sunset.

Yet observe, in saying that Academy work is now nothing more, virtually, than cheap colored woodcut, I do not mean to depreciate the talent employed in it. Our public press is supported by an ingenuity and skill in rapid art unrivaled

at any period of history; nor have I ever been so humbled, or astonished, by the mightiest work of Tintoret. Turner, or Velasquez, as I was one afternoon last year, in watching, in the Dudley gallery, two ordinary workmen for a daily newspaper, finishing their drawings on the blocks by gaslight, against time.

Nay, not in skill only, but in pretty sentiment, our press illustration, in its higher ranks, far surpasses—or indeed, in that department finds no rivalship in—the schools of classical art; and it happens curiously that the only drawing of which the memory remains with me as a possession, out of the old water-color exhibition of this year—Mrs. Allingham's "Young Customers"—should be, not only by an accomplished designer of woodcut, but itself the illustration of a popular story. The drawing, with whatever temporary purpose executed, is forever lovely; a thing which I believe Gainsborough would have given one of his own pictures for—old-fashioned as red-tipped daisies are—and more precious than rubies.

And I am conscious of, and deeply regret, the inevitable warp which my own lately exclusive training under the elder schools gives to my estimate of this current art of the day; and submissively bear the blame due to my sullen refusal of what good is offered me in the railroad station, because I cannot find in it what I found in the Ducal Palace. And I may be permitted to say this much, in the outset, in apology for myself, that I determined on writing this number of Academy notes, simply because I was so much delighted with Mr. Leslie's School—Mr. Leighton's little Fatima, Mr. Hook's Hearts of Oak, and Mr. Couldery's kittens—that I thought I should be able to write an entirely good-humored, and therefore, in all likelihood, practically useful, sketch of the socially pleasant qualities of modern English painting, which were not enough acknowledged in my former essays.

As I set myself to the work, and examined more important pictures, my humor changed, though much against my will. Not more reluctantly the son of Beor found his utterances

become benedictory, than I mine—the reverse. But the need of speaking, if not the service (for too often we can help least where need is most), is assuredly greater than if I could have spoken smooth things without ruffling anywhere the calm of praise.

Popular or classic—temporary or eternal—all good art is more or less didactic. My artist-adversaries rage at me for saying so; but the gayest of them cannot help being momentarily grave; nor the emptiest-headed occasionally instructive; and whatever work any of them do, that is indeed honorable to themselves, is also intellectually helpful, no less than entertaining, to others. And it will be the surest way of estimating the intrinsic value of the art of this year, if we proceed to examine it in the several provinces which its didactic functions occupy; and collect the sum of its teaching on the subjects—which will, I think, sufficiently embrace its efforts in every kind—of Theology, History, Biography, Natural History, Landscape, and as the end of all, Policy.

THEOLOGY.

584. Dedicated to all the Churches. (G. F. Watts, R.A.)

Here, at least, is one picture meant to teach; nor failing of its purpose, if we read it rightly. Very beautiful, it might have been; and is, in no mean measure; but as years pass by, the artist concedes to himself, more and more, the privilege which none but the feeble should seek, of substituting the sublimity of mystery for that of absolute majesty of form. The relation between this gray and soft cloud of visionary power, and the perfectly substantial, bright, and near presence of the saints, angels, or Deities of early Christian art, involves questions of too subtle interest to be followed here; but in the essential force of it, belongs to the inevitable expression, in each period, of the character of its own faith. The Christ of the 13th century was vividly present to its

thoughts, and dominant over its acts, as a God manifest in the flesh, well pleased in the people to whom He came; while ours is either forgotten; or seen, by those who yet trust in Him, only as a mourning and departing Ghost.

129. Ezekiel's Vision. (P. F. Poole, R.A.)

Though this design cannot for a moment be compared with the one just noticed, in depth of feeling, there is yet, as there has been always in Mr. Poole's work, some acknowledgment of a supernatural influence in physical phenomena, which gives a nobler character to his storm-painting than can belong to any merely literal study of the elements. But the piece is chiefly interesting for its parallelism with that "dedicated to all the churches," in effacing the fearless realities of the elder creed among the confused speculations of our modern one. The beasts in Raphael's vision of Ezekiel are as solid as the cattle in Smithfield; while here, if traceable at all in the drift of the storm-cloud (which, it is implied, was all that the prophet really saw), their animal character can only be accepted in polite compliance with the prophetic impression, as the weasel by Polonius. And my most Polonian courtesy fails in deciphering the second of the four—not-living—creatures.

218. Rachel and her Flock. (F. Goodall, R.A.)

This is one of the pictures which, with such others as Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat," Millais' "Dove Returning to the Ark," etc., the public owe primarily to the leading genius of Dante Rossetti, the founder, and for some years the vital force, of the pre-Raphaelite school. He was the first asserter in painting, as I believe I was myself in art-literature (Goldsmith and Molière having given the first general statements of it), of the great distinctive principle of that school, that things should be painted as they probably did look and happen, and not as, by rules of art developed under Raphael, Correggio, and Michael Angelo, they might be supposed gracefully, deliciously, or sublimely to have happened.



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.
(Dedicated to all the churches.)
By G. F. Watts, R.A.

The adoption of this principle by good and great men, produces the grandest art possible in the world; the adoption of it by vile and foolish men—very vile and foolish art; yet not so entirely nugatory as imitations of Raphael or Correggio would be by persons of the same caliber: an intermediate and large class of pictures have been produced by painters of average powers; mostly of considerable value, but which fall again into two classes, according to the belief of the artists in the truth, and understanding of the dignity of the subjects they endeavor to illustrate, or their opposite degree of incredulity and materialistic vulgarism of interpretation.

The picture before us belongs to the higher class, but is not a fine example of it. We cannot tell from it whether Mr. Goodall believes Rachel to have wept over Ramah from her throne in heaven; but at least we gather from it some suggestion of what she must have looked like, when she was no more than a Syrian shepherdess.

That she was a very beautiful shepherdess, so that her lover thought years of waiting but as days, for the love he bore to her, Mr. Goodall has scarcely succeeded in representing. And on the whole he would have measured his powers more reasonably in contenting himself with painting a Yorkshire shepherdess instead of a Syrian one.* Like everybody except myself—he has been in the East. If that is the appearance of the new moon in the East, I am well enough content to guide, and gild, the lunacies of my declining years by the light of the old western one.

518. Julian the Apostate, presiding, etc. (E. Armytage, R.A.)

This, I presume, is a modern enlightened improvement on the *Disputa del Sacramento*. The English Church is to be congratulated on the education she gives her artists. Fumbling with sham Gothic penny tracts, and twopenny Scrip-

* Compare, however, at once, 582, which is, on the whole, the most honorably complete and scholastic life-size figure in the rooms, with well-cast, and unaffectedly well-painted, drapery.

ture prints, among the embers of reverence and sacred life that yet linger on from the soul of ancient days, she holds her own, in outward appearance at least, among our simple country villages; and, in our more ignorant manufacturing centers, contentedly enamels the service of Mammon with the praise of God. But in the capital of England—here, on her Vatican hill above St. Peter's church, and beside St. Paul's—*this* is the testimony she wins from art, as compared with the councils of Fathers, and concourses of Saints, which poor dark-minded Italy once loved to paint. Mr. Armytage, however, has not completed his satire with subtlety; he knows the higher virtue of sectarians as little as Gibbon knew those of Julian, whose sincere apostasy was not the act of a soul which could "enjoy the agreeable spectacle" of vile dispute among any men—least of all, among those whom he had once believed messengers of Christ.

1293—1295. Terra-cottas, representing, etc. (S. Tinworth.)

Full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive; able also to conceive far more than can be rightly expressed on this scale. And, after all the labors of past art on the Life of Christ, here is an English workman fastening, with more decision than I recollect in any of them, on the gist of the sin of the Jews, and their rulers, in the choice of Barabbas, and making the physical fact of contrast between the man released, and the man condemned, clearly visible. We must receive it, I suppose, as a flash of really prophetic intelligence on the question of Universal Suffrage.

These bas-reliefs are the most earnest work in the Academy, next to Mr. Boehm's study of Carlyle. But how it happens that after millions of money have been spent in the machinery of art education at Kensington, an ornamental designer of so high faculty as this one, should never in his life have found a human being able to explain to him the first principles of relief, or show him the difference between dec-

orative foliage-sculpture, and Norman hatchet-work—I must leave the Kensington authorities to explain; for it passes all my capacities of conjecture, and all my hitherto experience of the costly and colossal public institution of—Nothing—out of which, to wise men, as here, can come nothing; but to fools everywhere,—worse than nothing. Kensington has flattened its thousands of weak students into machine pattern-papers: here, it had a true man to deal with; and for all he has learned of his business, he might as well have lived in South Australia.

HISTORY.

26. The Sculpture Gallery. (L. Alma-Tadema.)

This, I suppose, we must assume to be the principal historical piece of the year; a work showing artistic skill and classic learning, both in high degree. But both parallel in their method of selection. The artistic skill has succeeded with all its objects in the degree of their unimportance. The piece of silver plate is painted best; the griffin bas-relief it stands on, second best; the statue of the empress worse than the griffins, and the living personages worse than the statue. I do not know what feathers the fan with the frightful mask in the handle, held by the nearest lady, is supposed to be made of; to a simple spectator they look like peacock's, without the eyes. And, indeed, the feathers, under which the motto "I serve" of French art seems to be written in these days, are, I think, very literally, all feather and no eyes—the Raven's feather to wit, of Sycorax. The selection of the subject is similarly—one might say, filamentous—of the extremity, instead of the center. The old French Republicans, reading of Rome, chose such events to illustrate her history, as the battle of Romulus with the Sabines, the vow of the Horatii, or the self-martyrdom of Lucretia. The modern Republican sees in the Rome he studies so profoundly, only a central establishment for the manufacture and sale of imitation-Greek articles of virtù.

The execution is dextrous, but more with mechanical steadiness of practice than innate fineness of nerve. It is impossible, however, to say how much the personal nervous faculty of an artist of this caliber is paralyzed by his education in schools which I could not characterize in my Oxford inaugural lectures otherwise than as the "schools of clay," in which he is never shown what Venetians or Florentines meant by "painting," and allowed to draw his flesh steadily and systematically with shadows of charcoal, and lights of cream-soap, without ever considering whether there would be any reflections in the one, or any flush of life in the other. The head on the extreme left is exceptionally good; but who ever saw a woman's neck and hand blue-black under reflection from white drapery, as they are in the nearer figure? It is well worth while to go straight from this picture to the two small studies by Mr. Albert Moore, 356 and 357, which are consummately artistic and scientific work: examine them closely, and with patience; the sofa and basket especially, in 357, with a lens of moderate power; and, by way of a lesson in composition, hide in this picture the little honeysuckle ornament above the head, and the ribbon hanging over the basket, and see what becomes of everything! Or try the effect of concealing the yellow flower in the hair, in the "flower walk." And for comparison with the elementary method of M. Tadema look at the blue reflection on the chin in this figure; at the reflection of the warm brick wall on its right arm; and at the general modes of unaffected relief by which the extended arm in "Pansies" detaches itself from the background. And you ought afterward, if you have an eye for color, never more to mistake a tinted drawing for a painting.

233. The Festival. (E. J. Poynter, A.)

I wonder how long Mr. Poynter thinks a young lady could stand barefoot on a round-runged ladder; or that a sensible Greek girl would take her sandals off to try, on an occasion when she had festive arrangements to make with care. The

ladders themselves, here and in No. 236 (The Golden Age), appear to me not so classical, or so rude, in type, as might have been expected; but to savor somewhat of the expeditious gas-lighting. Of course Mr. Poynter's object in No. 236 is to show us, like Michael Angelo, the adaptability of limbs to awkward positions. But he can only, by this anatomical science, interest his surgical spectators; while the Golden Age, in this pinchbeck one, interests nobody. Not even the painter—for had he looked at the best authorities for account of it, he would have found that its people lived chiefly on corn and strawberries, both growing wild; and doubtless the loaded fruit-branches drooped to their reach. Both these pictures are merely studies of decorative composition, and have far too much pains taken with them for their purpose. Decorative work, however complete, should be easy.

401. Ready! (P. Cockerell.)

I suppose this is meant for portrait, not history. At all events, the painter has been misled in his endeavor, if he made any, to render Swiss character, by Schiller's absurd lines. Schiller, of all men high in poetic fame whose works are in anywise known to me, has the feeblest hold of facts and the dullest imagination. "Still as a lamb!" Sucking, I suppose? They are so very quiet in that special occupation; and never think of such a thing as jumping, when they have had enough, of course? And I should like to hear a Swiss (or English) boy, with any stuff in him, liken himself to a lamb! If there were any real event from which the legend sprung, the boy's saying would have been not in the smallest degree pathetic: "Never fear *me*, father; I'll stand like grandmother's donkey when she wants him to go"—or something to such effect.

482. The Babylonian Marriage Market. (E. Long.)

A painting of great merit, and well deserving purchase by the Anthropological Society. For the varieties of character in the heads are rendered with extreme subtlety, while, as a

mere piece of painting, the work is remarkable, in the modern school, for its absence of affectation; there is no insolently indulged indolence, nor vulgarly asserted dexterity—the painting is good throughout, and unobtrusively powerful.

It becomes a question of extreme interest with me, as I examine this remarkable picture, how far the intensely subtle observation of physical character and expression which rendered the painting of it possible, necessitates the isolation of the artist's thoughts from subjects of intellectual interest, or moral beauty. Certainly, the best expressional works of the higher schools present nothing analogous to the anatomical precision with which the painter has here gradated the feature and expression of the twelve waiting girls, from great physical beauty to absolute ugliness; and from the serene insolence and power of accomplished fleshly womanhood, to the restless audacity, and crushed resignation, of its despised states of personal inferiority, unconsolated by moral strength, or family affection. As a piece of anthropology, it is the natural and very wonderful product of a century occupied in carnal and mechanical science. In the total paralysis of conception—without attempt to disguise the palsy—as to the existence of any higher element in a woman's mind than vanity and spite, or in a man's than avarice and animal passion, it is also a specific piece of the natural history of our own century; but only a partial one, either of it, or of the Assyrian, who was once as "the cedars in the garden of God."

The painter has in the first instance misread his story, or been misled by his translation. This custom, called wise by Herodotus, is so called only as practiced in country districts with respect to the fortuneless girls of the lower laboring population; daughters of an Assyrian noble, however plain-featured, would certainly not be exposed in the market to receive dowry from the dispute for their fairer sisters.* But

* The passage in Strabo which gives some countenance to the idea of universality in the practice, gives a somewhat different color to it by the statement that over each of the three great Assyrian provinces a "temperately wise" person was set to conduct the ordinances of marriage.

there is matter of deeper interest in the custom, as it is compared to our modern life. However little the English educated classes now read their Bibles, they cannot but, in the present state of literary science, be aware that there is a book, once asserted to have been written by St. John, in which a spiritual Babylon is described as the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, and her ruin represented as lamentable, especially to the *merchants*, who trafficked with her in many beautiful and desirable articles, but above all in “souls of men.”

Also, the educated reader cannot but be aware that the animosity of Christian sects—which we have seen the subject of another important national-historical picture in this Academy—has for the last three hundred years wasted much of their energy in endeavors to find Scriptural reason for calling each other Babylonians, and whatever else that term may be understood to imply.

There is, however, no authority to be found in honestly read Scripture for these well-meaning, but ignorant, incivilities. Read in their entirety, the books of the Bible represent to us a literal and material deliverance of a visibly separated people, from a literal bondage; their establishment in a literally fruitful and peaceful land, and their being led away out of that land, in consequence of their refusal to obey the laws of its Lord, into a literal captivity in a small, material Babylon. The same Scriptures represent to us a spiritual deliverance of an invisibly separated people, from spiritual bondage; their establishment in the spiritual land of Christian joy and peace; and their being led away out of this land into a spiritual captivity in a great spiritual Babylon, the mother of abominations, and in all active transactions especially delightful to “merchants”—persons engaged, that is to say, in obtaining profits by exchange instead of labor.

And whatever was literally done, whether apparently wise or not, in the minor fleshly Babylon, will, therefore, be found spiritually fulfilled in the major ghostly one; and, for instance, as the most beautiful and marvelous maidens were

announced for literal sale by auction in Assyria, are not also the souls of our most beautiful and marvelous maidens announced annually for sale by auction in Paris and London, in a spiritual manner, for the spiritual advantages of position in society?

BIOGRAPHY.

UNDER this head I include Drama, Domestic Incident, and Portrait: this last being, if good, the sum of what drama and domestic chances have been wrought by, and befallen to, the person portrayed.

Not to begin with too high matters, and collapse subsequently, suppose we first contemplate the pretty little scene,

408. Domestic Troubles. (J. Burr.)

The boy peeping in fearfully at the door, has evidently, under the inspiration of modern scientific zeal, dissected the bellows; and whether they will ever help the pot to boil again is doubtful to grandpapa. The figure of the younger child, mute with awe and anxiety, yet not wholly guiltless of his naughty brother's curiosity, is very delightful. Avenging Fate, at the chimney-piece, is too severe.

I have marked, close by it, two other pictures, 403, 405, which interested me for reasons scarcely worth printing. The cloister of Assisi has been carefully and literally studied, in all but what is singular or beautiful in it; namely, the flattened dome over its cistern, and the central mossy well above. But there is more conscientious treatment of the rest of the building, and greater quietness of natural light than in most picture backgrounds of these days. Ponte della Paglia, 405, may be useful to travelers in at least clearly, if not quite accurately, showing the decorative use of the angle sculpture of the drunkenness of Noah on the Ducal Palace; and the Bridge of Sighs is better painted than usual.

242. *A Merrie Jest.* (H. S. Marks, A.)

Very characteristic of the painter's special gift. The difficulty of so subtle a rendering as this of the half-checked, yet extreme mirth, of persons naturally humorous, can only be judged of by considering how often aspects of laughter are attempted in pictures, and how rarely we feel ourselves inclined to join in the merriment. The piece of accessory landscape is very unaffected and good, and the painting, throughout, here, as well as in the equally humorous, and useless, picture of bygone days, 166, of good standard modern quality.

107. *The Barber's Prodigy.* (J. B. Burgess.)

A close and careful study of modern domestic drama, deserving notice, however, chiefly for its unaffected manner of work, and moderately pleasant incident, as opposed to over-labored pictures of what is merely ugly, or meanly faultful, 141, 241—wastes of attention, skill, and time. “Too Good to be True,” 153, another clever bit of minor drama, is yet scarcely good enough to be paused at; “Private and Confidential,” 375, deserves a few moments more. 879 (A. Lüben) is much surer and finer in touch than anything English that I can find in this sort. The Düsseldorf Germans, and the Neuchâtel Swiss have been doing splendid domestic work lately; but, I suppose, are too proud to exhibit here.

75. *Sophia Western.* (W. P. Frith, R.A.)

The painter seems not to have understood, nor are the public likely to understand, that Fielding means, in the passage quoted, to say that Miss Western's hands were white, soft, translucent, and at the moment, snow-cold. In the picture they cannot be shown to be cold—are certainly not white; do not look soft; and scarcely show the light of the fire on them, much less through them. But what is the use of painting from Fielding at all? Of all our classic authors, it is he who demands the reader's attention most strictly; and what modern reader ever attends to anything?

88. *Loot: 1797.* (A. C. Gore.)

An entirely fine picture of its class, representing an ordinary fact of war as it must occur, without any forced sentiment or vulgar accent. Highly skillful throughout, keenly seen, well painted, and deserving a better place than the slow cart-horses and solid waterfalls on the line have left for it.

89. *War Time.* (B. Rivière.)

Compare 626, at once; the first is a true piece of feeling—almost Wordsworthian; the second, disgraceful to it, both in the low pitch of its vulgar horror, and in its loss of power, by retreat to picturesque tradition, instead of dealing, like the other, with the facts of our own day.

If Mr. Rivière really feels as I think he feels, and means to do good, he must not hope to do anything with people who would endure the sight of a subject such as this. He may judge what they are worth by a sentence I heard as I stood before it. “Last of the garrison—ha! they’re all finished off, you see—isn’t that well done?” At all events, if he means to touch them, he must paint the cooking of a French pet poodle; not the stabbing of a bloodhound.

214. *The Crown of Love.* (J. E. Millais.)

Much of the painter’s old power remains in this sketch (it cannot be called a painting); and it is of course the leading one of the year in dramatic sentiment. This, then, it appears, is the best that English art can, at the moment, say in praise of the virtue, and promise of the reward, of Love; this, the subject of sentimental contemplation likely to be most pleasing to the present British public; torture, namely, carried to crisis of death, in the soul of one creature, and flesh of another. The British public are welcome to their feast; but, as purchasers, they ought to be warned that, compared with the earlier dual pictures of the school (Huguenot, Claudio and Isabella, April love, and the like), this composition balances its excess of sentiment by defect of industry; and that it is not a precedent advantageous to them, in the

arrangement of pictures of lovers, that one should have a body without a face, and the other a face without a body.

47. Hearts of Oak. (J. C. Hook, R.A.)

Beautiful, but incomplete; the painter wants more heart of oak himself. If he had let all his other canvases alone, and finished this, the year's work would have been a treasure for all the centuries; while now, it is only "the Hook of the season."

It looks right and harmonious in its subdued sunshine. But it isn't. Why should mussel-shells cast a shadow, but boats and hats none? Why should toy-carts and small stones have light and dark sides, and tall rocks none? I fancy all the pictures this year must have been painted in the sunless east wind; and only a bit of sunshine put in here and there out of the painter's head, where he thought it would do nobody any harm.

112. A November Morning, etc. (H. T. Wells, R.A.)

Fishermen's hearts being of oak, what are huntsmen's hearts made of?

They will have to ascertain, and prove, soon; there being question nowadays, among the lower orders, whether they have got any, to speak of.

A pleasant aristocratic picture—creditable to Mr. Wells, and the nobility. Not a Vandyck, neither.

430. Sunday Afternoon. (R. Collinson.)

This picture, though of no eminent power in any respect, is extremely delightful to myself; and ought, I think, to be so to most unsophisticated persons, who care for English rural life; representing, as it does, a pleasant and virtuous phase of such life, whether on Sunday or Saturday afternoon.

Why, by the way, *must* we accept it for Sunday? Have our nice old women no rest on any other day? Do they never put on a clean muslin kerchief on any other day? Do they never read their Bible (of course, it would be improper to

suppose any other book readable by them) on any other day? Whatever day it be—here, at all events, are peace, light, cleanliness, and content.

Luxury even, of a kind; the air coming in at that door must be delicious; and the leaves, outside of it, look like a bit of the kitchen-garden side of Paradise. They please me all the better because, since scientific people were good enough to tell us that leaves were made green by “green-leaf,” I haven’t seen a leaf painted green, by anybody. But this peep through the door is like old times, when we were neither plagued with soot, nor science.

Note, for a little piece of technical study in composition, that the painter would not have been able to venture on so pure color outside of the door, had he not painted the door green as well, only of a modified tint, and so led the subdued color forward into the red interior, taken up again by the shadows of the plants in the window. The management of the luminous shadow throughout is singularly skillful—all the more so because it attracts so little attention. *This* is true chiaroscuro; not spread treacle or splashed mud, speckled with white spots—as a Rembrandt amateur thinks.

Mr. Pettie, for instance, a man of real feeling and great dramatic power, is ruining himself by these shallow notions of chiaroscuro. If he had not been mimicking Rembrandt, as well as the “costume of the sixteenth century,” in 318, he never would have thought of representing Scott’s entirely heroic and tender-hearted Harry of Perth (223), merely by the muscular back and legs of him (the legs, by the way, were slightly bandy—if one holds to accuracy in anatomical respects); nor vulgarized the real pathos and most subtle expression of his Jacobites (1217) by the slovenly dark background, corresponding, virtually, to the slouched hat of a theatrical conspirator. I have been examining the painting of the chief Jacobite’s face very closely. It is nearly as good as a piece of old William Hunt; but Hunt never loaded his paint, except in sticks, and moss, and such like. Now there’s a wrinkle quite essential to the expression, under the Jaco-

bite's eye, got by a projecting ridge of paint, instead of a proper dark line. Rembrandt's bad bricklayer's work, with all the mortar sticking out at the edges, may be pardonable in a Dutchman sure of his colors; but it is always licentious; and in these days when the first object of manufacture is to produce articles that won't last, if the mortar cracks, where are we?

To return to the question of *chiaroscuro*. The present Academicians—most of whom I have had anxious talk of, with their fathers or friends, when they were promising boys—have since been, with the best part of their minds, amusing themselves in London drawing-rooms, or Eastern deserts, instead of learning their business; with the necessary result that they have, as a body, qualified themselves rather to be Masters of Ceremonies than of Studies; and guides rather of Caravans than Schools; and have not got an inkling of any principle of their art to bless themselves—or other people, with. So that they have not only filled their large railroad station and stalls (attached refreshment-room completing the nature of the thing) with a mass of heterogeneous pictures, of which at least two-thirds are beneath the level of acceptance in any well-established dealer's shop;* but they have encouraged, by favor of position, quite the worst abuses of the cheap art of the day; of which these tricks of rubbing half the canvas over with black or brown, that the rest may come out handsomer, or that the spectator may be properly, but at the same time economically, prepared for its melancholy or sublime tenor, are among the least creditable either to our English wits or honesty. The portrait, No. 437, for instance, is a very respectable piece of painting, and would have taken its place well in the year's show of work, if the inkstand had not been as evanescent as the vision of Ezekiel, and the library shelves so lost in the gloom of art, as to suggest, symbolically, what our bishops at home seem so much afraid of

* I permit myself to name, for instance, not as worse than others, but as peculiarly disagreeable to myself, because I love monks, herons, and sea—450, 291, and 837.

—indistinctness in colonial divinity. And the two highly moral pictures, 101 and 335, which are meant to enforce on the public mind the touching theories that, for the laboring poor, grass is not green, nor geese white; and that on the pastoral poor, the snow falls dirty; might have delivered their solemn message just as convincingly from a more elevated stage of the wall-pulpit, without leaving on the minds of any profane spectator like myself, the impression of their having been executed by a converted crossing-sweeper, with his broom, after it was worn stumpy.

If the reader is interested in the abstract qualities of art, he will find it useful at once to compare with these more or less feeble or parsimonious performances, two pictures—which, if not high in attainment, are at least, the one strong, and the other generous. 184. “Peasantry of Esthonia going to Market” (G. Bochman) is masterly work, by a man practiced in his business; but who has been taught it in a bad school. It is a true artistic abstraction of gray and angular natural facts; it indeed omits too much—for even in Esthonia there must be grass somewhere, or what could the horses eat?—and it omits the best things and keeps the worst; but it is done with method, skill, and a conscientious notion that to be gray and angular is to be right. And it deserves a place in an Academy exhibition.

On the other hand, 263, “Getting Better” (C. Calthrop), is an intensely laborious, honest, and intentionally difficult study of chiaroscuro in two lights, on varied color; and in all other respects it is well meant, and generously, according to the painter’s power, completed. I won’t say more of it, because at the height it hangs I can see no more; nor must the reader suppose that what I *have* said implies anything beyond what is stated. All that I certify is, that as a study of chiaroscuro it deserves close attention, much praise, and a better place than it at present occupies.

336. The Mayor of Newcastle. (W. W. Ouless.)

An agreeable and vigorous portrait, highly creditable to

the painter, and honorable to its subject and its possessors. Mr. Oulless has adopted from Mr. Millais what was deserving of imitation; and used the skill he has learned to better ends. All his portraits here are vigorous and interesting.

221. John Stuart Blackie. (J. Archer.)

An entirely well-meant, and I should conjecture successful, portrait of a man much deserving portraiture. The background has true meaning, and is satisfactorily complete; very notable, in that character, among the portrait backgrounds of the year. The whole is right and good.

718. The Countess of Pembroke. (E. Clifford.)

Mr. Clifford evidently means well, and is studying in the elder schools; and painting persons who will permit him to do his best in his own way.

There is much of interesting in his work, but he has yet to pass through the Valley of Humiliation before he can reach the Celestial Mountains. He must become perfectly simple before he can be sublime; above all, he must not hope to be great by effort. This portrait is over-labored; and, toward the finishing, he has not well seen what he was doing, and has not rightly balanced his front light against that of the sky. But his drawings always deserve careful notice.

317. Miss M. Stuart Wortley. (A. Stuart Wortley.)

The rightest and most dignified female portrait here—as Lady Coleridge’s drawing of Mr. Newman, 1069, is the most subtle among those of the members of learned professions (though Mr. Laurence’s two beautiful drawings, 1054, 1062, only fall short of it by exhibiting too frankly the practiced skill of their execution). 1052 is also excellent; and, on the whole—thinking over these, and other more irregular and skirmishing, but always well-meant, volunteer work, sprinkled about the rooms—I think the amateurs had better have an Academy of their own next year, in which indulgently, when

they had room to spare, they might admit the promising effort of an artist.

I have scarcely been able to glance round at the portrait sculpture; and am always iniquitously influenced, in judging of marble, by my humor for praise or dispraise of the model, rather than artist. Guarding myself, as well as I may, from such faultful bias, I yet venture to name 1342 as an exemplary piece of chiseling; carefully and tenderly composed in every touch. If the hair on the forehead were completely finished, this would be a nearly perfect bust. I cannot understand why the sculptor should have completed the little tress that falls on the cheek so carefully; and yet left so many unmodified contours in the more important masses.

1301. Thomas Carlyle. (J. E. Boehm.)

For this noble piece of portraiture I cannot trust myself to express my personal gratitude; nor does either the time I can give to these notes, or their limited intention, permit me—if even otherwise I could think it permissible—to speak at all of the high and harmonious measure in which it seems to me to express the mind and features of my dear Master.

This only it is within the compass of my present purpose to affirm—that here is a piece of vital and essential sculpture; the result of sincere skill spent carefully on an object worthy its care: motive and method alike right; no pains spared; and none wasted. And any spectator of sensitiveness will find that, broadly speaking, all the sculpture round seems dead and heavy in comparison, after he has looked long at this.

There must always be, indeed, some difference in the immediate effect on our minds between the picturesque treatment proper in portrait sculpture, and that belonging, by its grace of reserve, to classical design. But it is generally a note of weakness in an Englishman when he thinks he can conceive like a Greek; so that the plurality of modern Hellenic Academy sculpture consists merely of imperfect anatomical models peeped at through bath-towels; and is in the

essence of it quite as dull as it appears to be. Let us go back to less dignified work.

196. *School Revisited.* (G. D. Leslie, A.)

I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms, and was so delighted with it that it made me like everything else I saw, that morning; it is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English girlhood; and, on the whole, the most easy and graceful composition in the rooms. I had written first, "masterly" composition; but no composition is quite masterly which modifies or subdues any of the natural facts so as to force certain relations between them. Mr. Leslie at present subdues all greens, refuses all but local darks, and scarcely permits himself, even in flesh, color enough for life. Young ladies at a happy country boarding-school, like this, would be as bright as by the seaside; and there is no reason why a knowledge-gatherer, well cared for, should be less rosy than a samphire-gatherer.

Rich color may be in good taste, as well as the poorest; and the quaintness, politeness, and grace of Leslie might yet glow with the strength and freshness of Hook. It may perhaps be more difficult than I suppose to get the delicate lines and gradations on which the expression of these girls mainly depends in deeper color. But, at all events, the whole should be more in harmony, and more consistently precious. English girls are, perhaps, not all of them, St. Dorothys; but at least they are good enough to deserve to have their rose-leaves painted about them thoroughly.

The little thing on the extreme left, with the hoop, is as pleasant a shadow of nature as can be conceived in this kind: and I have no words to say how pretty she is.

But Mr. Leslie is in the very crisis of his artist life. His earlier pictures were finer in color—and color is the soul of painting. If he could resolve to paint thoroughly, and give the colors of Nature as they are, he might be a really great painter, and almost hold, to Bonifazio, the position that Reyn-

olds held to Titian. But if he subdues his color for the sake of black ribbons, white dresses, or faintly idealized faces, he will become merely an Academic leaf of the "*Magazin des Modes*."

For the present, however, this picture, and the clay portrait of Carlyle, are, as far as my review reaches, the only two works of essential value in the Exhibition of this year—that is to say, the only works of quietly capable art, representing what deserved representation.

English girls, by an English painter. Whether you call them Madonnas, or saints—or what not—it is the law of art-life; your own people, as they live, are the only ones you can understand. Only living Venice, done by Venetian—living Greece by Greek—living Scotland, perhaps, which has much loved Germany, by living Germany, which has much revered Scotland: such expansion of law may be granted; nay, the strangeness of a foreign country, making an artist's sight of it shrewd and selective, may produce a sweet secondary form of beautiful art; your Spanish Lewis—your French Prout—your Italian Wilson—and their like—second-rate nevertheless, always. Not Lewis, but only Velasquez, can paint a perfect Spaniard; not Wilson, nor Turner, but only Carpaccio, can paint an Italian landscape; and, too fatally, the effort is destructive to the painters, beyond all resistance; and Lewis loses his animal power among the arabesques of Cairo; Turner, his Yorkshire honesty at Rome; and Holman Hunt—painting the Light of the World in an English orchard—paints the gaslight of Bond Street in the Holy Land.

English maids, I repeat, by an English painter: that is all that an English Academy can produce of loveliest. There's another beautiful little one, by Mr. Leighton, with a purple drapery thrown over her, that she may be called Fatima (215, and 345), who would have been quite infinitely daintier in a print frock, and called Patty. And I fear there are no more, to speak of, by artists,* this year; the two vivid sketches, 222, 262, being virtually put out of court by their coarse

* But see note on 317, p. 77.

work. (Look close at the painting of the neck, in the one, and of the left hand, in the other.) Of English men, there is the Mayor, and the Chemist; a vigorous squire or two, and the group of grand old soldiers at Greenwich—a most notable, true, pathetic study; but scarcely artistic enough to be reckoned as of much more value than a good illustrative woodcut. Mr. Watts' portraits are all conscientious and subtle, and of great present interest, yet not realistic enough to last. Exclusively I return to my Carlyle and the schoolgirls, as, the one, sure to abide against the beating of the time stream; and the other, possibly floating on it, discernible as a flower in foam.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THERE ought to be a separate room in our Academy for the exhibition of the magnificent work in scientific drawing and engraving, done, at present, almost without public notice, for the illustrations of great European works on Palæontology, Zoölogy, and Botany. The feeling, on the part of our artists, that an idle landscape sketch, or a clever caricature, may be admitted into their rooms as “artistic;” and that work which the entire energy of early life must be given to learn, and of late life to execute—is to be excluded, merely because it is thoroughly true and useful—is I hope likely to yield, some day, to the scientific enthusiasm which has prevailed often where it should have been resisted, and may surely therefore conquer, in time, where it has honorable claims.

There is nothing of the kind, however, to be seen here. hitherto; but I may direct attention under this head, rather than that of landscape, to the exquisite skill of delineation with which Mr. Cooke has finished the group of palm-trees in his wonderful study of *Sunset at Denderah*. (443.) The sacrifice of color in shadow for the sake of brilliancy in light, essentially a principle of Holland as opposed to Venice, is in great degree redeemed in this picture by the extreme care

with which the relations of light are observed on the terms conceded: but surely, from so low sunset, the eastern slopes of the mountains on the left could not have been reached by so many rays?

To this division of our subject also must be referred Mr. Brett's "Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands" (497), but with less praise, for since the days when I first endeavored to direct the attention of a careless public to his conscientious painting of the *Stonebreaker* and *Woodcutter*, he has gained nothing—rather, I fear, lost, in subtlety of execution, and necessitates the decline of his future power by persistently covering too large canvas. There is no occasion that a geological study should also be a geological map; and even his earlier picture, which I am honored in possessing, of the *Val d'Aosta*, would have been more precious to me if it had been only of half the *Val d'Aosta*.

The extreme distance here, however, beyond the promontory, is without any question the best bit of sea and atmosphere in the rooms. The paint on the water surface in the bay is too loaded; but laid with extreme science in alternations of color.

At a still lower level, though deserving some position in the Natural History class for its essential, though rude, and apparently motiveless, veracity, must be placed "The Fringe of the Moor." (74.)

But why one should paint the fringe of the moor, rather than the breadth of it, merely for the privilege of carrying an ugly wooden fence all across the foreground, I must leave modern sentimentalists and naturalists to explain. Vestiges of the painter's former power of seeing true color remain in the iridescent distance, but now only disgrace the gentle hill-sides with their coarseness of harlequinade; and the daubed sky—daubed without patience even to give unity of direction to the bristle marks—seems to have been wrought in obtrusive directness of insult to every master, principle, and feeling revered, or experienced, in the schools of noble art, from its nativity to this hour.

And, closing the equivocal group of works in which Naturalism prevails unjustly over art, I am obliged to rank Mr. Leighton's interesting study of man in his Oriental function of scarecrow (symmetrically antithetic to his British one of game-preserved) 398. It is, I do not doubt, anatomically correct; and, with the addition of the corn, the poppies, and the moon, becomes semi-artistic; so that I feel much compunction in depressing it into the Natural History class; and the more, because it partly forfeits its claim even to such position, by obscuring in twilight its really valuable delineation of the body, and disturbing our minds, in the process of scientific investigation, by sensational effects of afterglow, and lunar effulgence, which are disadvantageous, not to the scientific observer only, but to less learned spectators; for when simple and superstitious persons like myself, greatly susceptible to the influence of low stage lamps and pink sidelights, first catch sight of the striding figure from the other side of the room, and take it, perhaps, for the angel with his right foot on the sea and his left foot on the earth, swearing there shall be Time no longer; or for Achilles alighting from one of his lance-cast-long leaps on the shore of Scamander; and find, on near approach, that all this grand straddling, and turning down of the gas, mean, practically, only a lad shying stones at sparrows, we are but too likely to pass on petulantly, without taking note of what is really interesting in this Eastern custom and skill—skill which I would recommend with all my heart to the imitation of the British game-preserved aforesaid, when the glorious end of Preservation is to be accomplished in Battue. Good slinging would involve more healthy and graceful muscular action than even the finest shooting; and might, if we fully followed the Eastern example, be most usefully practiced in other periods of the year, and districts of England, than those now consecrated to the sports of our aristocracy. I cannot imagine a more edifying spectacle than a British landlord in the middle of his farmer's cornfield, occupied in this entirely patriotic method of Protection.

The remainder of the pictures which I have to notice as belonging to the domain of Natural History, are of indubitable, though unpretending, merit: they represent indeed pure Zoölogy in its highest function of Animal Biography, which scientific persons will one day find requires much more learned investigation of its laws than the Thanatography which is at present their exclusive occupation and entertainment.

414. A Fascinating Tail. (H. H. Couldery.)

Quite the most skillful piece of minute and Düreresque painting in the exhibition—(it cannot be rightly seen without a lens); and in its sympathy with kitten nature, down to the most appalling depths thereof, and its tact and sensitiveness to the finest gradations of kittenly meditation and motion,—unsurpassable. It seems hard to require of a painter who has toiled so much, that, for this very reason, he should toil the more. But “The Little Epicure” (169) cannot be considered a picture till the cabbage leaves are as perfect as the fish.

1234. The First Taste. (S. Carter.)

Altogether enjoyable to me; and I am prepared to maintain (as a true lover of dogs, young and old), against all my heroic and tragically-minded friends, that this picture is exemplary in its choice of a moment of supreme puppy felicity, as properest time for puppy portraiture. And I thankfully—and with some shame for my generally too great distrust of modern sentiment—acknowledge, before it, that there is a real element of fine benevolence toward animals, in us, advanced quite infinitely, and into another world of feeling, from the days of Snyders and Rubens. “The Little Wanderers” (1173), by this same painter, are a most pathetic and touching group of children in the wood. You may see, if you will take your opera-glass to it, that the robin is even promising to cover them with leaves, if indeed things are to end, as seems too probable. And compare, by the way, the

still more meek and tender human destitution, "To be Left till Called for," 83, which I am ashamed of myself for forgetting, as one of the pretty things that first encouraged me to write these notes. "Nobody's Dog" may console us with his more cynical view of his position in the wide world; and finally, Miss Acland's Platonic puppy (737) shows us how events of the most unexpected, and even astounding, character may be regarded, by a dog of sense, with entire moral tranquillity, and consequently with undisturbed powers of reflection and penetration.

How strange that I cannot add to my too short list of animal studies—any, however unimportant, of Birds! (I do not count as deserving notice at all, dramatic effects of vulture, raven, etc.) Not a nest—not a plume! English society now caring only for kingfishers' skins on its hat, and plovers' eggs on its plate.

LANDSCAPE.

THE distinction between Natural Historic painting of scenery and true Landscape, is that the one represents objects as a Government Surveyor does, for the sake of a good account of the things themselves, without emotion, or definite purpose of expression. Landscape painting shows the relation between nature and man; and, in fine work, a particular tone of thought in the painter's mind respecting what he represents.

I endeavored, thirty years ago, in "Modern Painters," to explain this difference briefly, by saying that, in Natural History painting, the artist was only the spectator's horse; but in Landscape painting, his friend.

The worst of such friendliness, however, is that a conceited painter may at last leave Nature out of the question altogether, and talk of himself only; and then there is nothing for it but to go back to the Government Surveyor. Mr. Brett, in his coast scene above noticed, gives us things, without

thoughts; and the fuliginous moralists above noticed, thoughts—such as they are—without things: by all means let us rather have the geographical synopsis.

415. Hoppers on the Road. (W. Linnell.)

This is a landscape, however; and, if it were more lightly painted, we might be very happy with it. Mr. Linnell cares no more than his father for brush-dexterity; but he does no worse now, in that part of the business, than everyone else. And what a relief it is, for any wholesome human sight, after sickening itself among the blank horrors of dirt, ditch-water, and malaria, which the imitators of the French schools have begrimed our various exhibition walls with, to find once more a bit of blue in the sky, and a glow of brown in the coppice, and to see that Hoppers in Kent can enjoy their scarlet and purple—like empresses and emperors!

1199. Summer Days for Me. (A. W. Hunt.)

I am at some pause in expressing my pleasure in the realization of this beautiful scene, because I have personal interest in it, my own favorite summer walk being through this very field. As, however, I was far away at Assisi when the artist painted it, and had nothing whatever to do with either the choice or treatment of his subject, it is not indecorous for me to praise a work in which I am able so securely to attest a fidelity of portraiture, happily persisted in without losing the grace of imagination.

It is the only picture of the year which I saw in the studio; and that by chance; for it is one of my fixed laws not to look at pictures before they take their fair trial in the Academy. But I ventured to find fault with the sky. The sky was courteously changed to please me; but I am encroaching enough to want it changed more. "Summer days are" *not* "for me" unless the sky is blue in them, and especially unless it looks—what simple mortals too often make it in reality,—a great way off. I want this sky to look bluer at the top, and farther away at the bottom. The brook on the right is one

of the very few pieces of stream which, this year, have been studied for their beauty, not their rage.

256. *Wise Saws.* (J. C. Hook, R.A.)

I suspect that many, even of the painter's admirers, pass this pretty sketch without noticing the humor with which he has expressed the gradations of feminine curiosity, scientific attention, and conscientious sense of responsibility, in the faces of the troop of cows who approach to investigate the nature of the noisy phenomenon upon the palings. It is a charming summer sketch, but scarcely worth sending to the Academy; and time was wasted by the good painter in carrying so far, what he felt his skill would be misapplied in carrying farther.

I am sure that Mr. Hook cannot lately have been reading his *Richard II.*; but, whether the line quoted for his motto chanced idly to occur to his memory, or was suggested to him by some acquaintance, he will, I trust, find a more decorous, as he easily may a more amusing, motto for his pretty cattle piece, before it becomes known in the picture market as the parody of one of the most pathetic utterances in all Shakespearian tragedy.

123. *On the River Mole.* (Birket Foster.)

In doubt whether the spectator, without assistance, would see all the metaphysical distinctions between the cows in Mr. Hook's landscape, I need a more keen-sighted spectator's assistance to tell me, in Mr. Foster's, whether those animals on the opposite bank of the Mole are cows at all. If so, the trunks of the trees in the hedge beyond are about twenty yards in girth. What do our good water-color painters mean by wasting their time in things like this (and I could name one or two who have done worse), for the sake of getting their names into the Academy catalogue?

69, 81. *The Horse-dealer.* Crossing the Moor.

I have not looked long enough at these to justify me in

saying more of them than that they should not be here on the line. That much I *must* say; and emphatically.

265. (I venture to supply a title, the painter seeming to have been at a loss.) A Wild Rose, remarkable in being left on its stalk, demonstrates to the poet Campbell that there has been a garden in this locality.

Little thought I, when I wrote the first line of "Modern Painters," that a day would come when I should have to say of a modern picture what I must say of this. When I began my book, Wilkie was yet living; and though spoiled by his Spanish ambition, the master's hand was yet unpalsied, nor had lost its skill of practice in its pride. Turner was in his main color-strength, and the dark room of the Academy had, every year, its four or five painted windows, bright as the jewel casements of Aladdin's palace, and soft as a kingfisher's wings. Mulready was at the crowning summit of his laborious skill; and the "Burchell and Sophia in the Hayfield," and the "Choosing of the Wedding Dress," remain in my mind as standards of English effort in rivalry with the best masters of Holland. Constable's clumsy hand was honest, and his flickering sunshine fair. Stanfield, sea-bred, knew what a ship was, and loved it; knew what rocks and waves were, and wrought out their strength and sway with steadiest will. David Roberts, though utterly destitute of imagination, and incapable of color, was at least a practiced draughtsman in his own field of architectural decoration; loved his Burgos or Seville cathedral fronts as a woman loves lace; and drew the details of Egyptian hieroglyph with dutiful patience, not to show his own skill, but to keep witness of the antiquity he had the wisdom to reverence; while, not a hundred yards from the Academy portico, in the room of the old water-color, Lewis was doing work which surpassed, in execution, everything extant since Carpaccio; and Copley Fielding, Robson, Cox, and Prout were every one of them, according to their strength, doing true things with loving minds.

The like of these last-named men, in simplicity and tenderness of natural feeling, expressing itself with disciplined (though often narrow) skill, does not, so far as I can see, now exist in the ranks of art-laborers; and even of men doing their absolute best according to their knowledge, it would be difficult to find many among the most renowned exhibitors of London and Paris; while here, full on the line, with highest Academic name, and hailed by explosive applause from the whole nation, here is—— I cannot use strength of words enough to tell you what it is, unless you will first ascertain for yourselves what it is *not*.

Get what good you can of it, or anything else in the rooms to-day; but to-morrow, or when next you mean to come to the Academy, go first for half an hour into the National Gallery, and look closely and thoroughly at the painting of the soldier's helmet, and crimson plume in John Bellini's Peter Martyr; at the horse-bridle in the large, nameless Venetian picture of the Madonna and kneeling Knight; at the herbage in the foreground of Mantegna's Madonna; and at Titian's columbines and vine in the Bacchus and Ariadne. All these are examples of true painter's work in minor detail; unsurpassable, but not, by patience and modesty, inimitable. There was once a day when the painter of this (*soi-disant*) landscape promised to do work as good. If, coming straight from that to this, you like this best, be properly thankful for the blessings of modern science and art, and for all the good guidance of Kensington and Messrs. Agnew. But if you think that the four-petaled rose, the sprinkle of hips looking like ill-drawn heather, the sundial looking like an ill-drawn fountain, the dirty birch-tree, and the rest—whatever it is meant for—of the inarticulate brown scrabble, are not likely to efface in the eyes of future generations the fame of Venice and Etruria, you have always the heroic consolation given you in the exclamation of the *Spectator*—"If we must choose between a Titian and a Lancashire cotton mill—give us the cotton mill."

Literally, here you have your cotton mill employed in its

own special Art-produce. Here you have, what was once the bone and sinew of a great painter, ground and carded down into black-podded broom-twigs. That is what has come to pass upon him; that, *his* finding on his "ruinous walk" over the diabolic Tom Tidler's ground of Manchester and Salford. Threshed under the mammon flail into threads and dust, and shoddy-fodder for fools; making manifest yet, with what ragged remnant of painter's life is in him, the results of mechanical English labor on English land. Not here the garden of the sluggard, green with frank weeds; not here the garden of the Deserted Village, overgrown with ungathered balm; not here the noble secrecy of a virgin country, where the falcon floats and the wild goat plays; but here the withering pleasure of a fallen race, who have sold their hearths for money, and their glory for a morsel of bread.

231. The Quarries of Holmeground. (J. S. Raven.)

The painter has real feeling of the sublimity of hill forms, and has made the most of his Langdale pikes. But it is very wonderful that in all this Academy, so far as I have yet seen, there is not a single patient study of a mossy rock. Now the beauty of foreground stone is to be mossy, as the beauty of a beast is to be furry; and a quarried rock is to a natural one what a skinned leopard is to a live one. Even if, as a simple painter, and no huntsman, one liked one's leopard or tiger better dead than alive, at least let us have him dead in his integrity; or—if so much as that cannot be,—for pictorial purpose it is better to have, as in No. 697, the skin without the tiger, than, as here, the tiger without the skin. (No. 697, by the way, should have been named in the Natural History class, for a good study as far as it reaches, and there may be more substantial drawing in it than I can see at the height where it is hung.)

Another sorrowful character in the mountain-painting of this year, is the almost total absence of any attempt to render calm and full sunshine. 564 and 368 are, I think, the only exceptions, though scarcely worth noticing except as

such; unless the latter, for the extreme and singular beauty of the natural scene it represents. The "Mountain Twilight," 759, W. C. Eddington, is evidently a pure and careful study of evening air among noble hills. What an incomparably ridiculous mob this London mob is!—to let some square leagues of room lie about its metropolis in waste brick-field, and occupy immeasurable space of wall with advertisements of pills and pictures of newly-opened shops; and lift a lovely little drawing like this simply—out of its way.

237. Richmond Hill. (Vicat Cole, A.)

The passages on the left, under the trees, of distant and subdued light, in their well-studied perfection, are about the most masterly things in landscape work in this exhibition; but has the painter never in his life seen the view from Richmond Hill on a clear day? Such a thing is still possible; and when it happens, is the time to paint that distance, or at least (for the passages on the left imply mist), when the indistinctness of it may be in golden mist, not gas fume. The last line quoted from Thomson seems to have been written prophetically, to describe the England of our own day. But Thomson was never thinking of real smoke when he wrote it. He was as far from imagining that English landscape would ever be stifled in floating filth, as that the seasons should stop rolling, or April not know itself from November. He means merely the warm mist of an extreme horizon; and has at least given us something to look at before we come to it. What has Mr. Vicat Cole done with all those hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires, which he leads us to expect?

I think I never saw a large picture so much injured by a little fault, as this is by the white wake of the farthest boat on the river. As a fact, it is impossible; as a white line, it cuts all to pieces.

651. The Head of a Highland Glen. (F. C. Newcome.)
The best study of torrent, including distant and near water,

that I find in the rooms: 1075 has been most carefully and admirably studied from nature by Mr. Raven: only what is the use of trying to draw water with charcoal? and what makes nearly all the painters this year choose to paint their streams in a rage, and foul with flood, instead of in their beauty, and constant beneficence? Our manufacturers have still left, in some parts of England and Scotland, streams of what may be advertised in the bills of Natural Scenery as "real water;" and I myself know several so free from pollution that one can sit near them with perfect safety, even when they are not in flood.

The rest of this mountain scene by Mr. Newcome is also carefully studied, and very right and good.

756. The Llugwy at Capel Curig. (I. J. Curnock.)

I find this to be the most attentive and refined landscape of all here; too subdued in its tone for my own pleasure, but skillful and affectionate in a high degree; and one of the few exceptions to my general statement above made; for here is a calm stream patiently studied. The distant woods and hills are all very tender and beautiful.

636 is also a singularly careful and unassumingly true drawing;—but are the town and rail not disquieted enough,—that we should get no rest in a village?

POLICY.

WE finally inquire what our British artists have to say to us on the subject of good Government, and its necessary results;—what triumph they express in the British Constitution and its present achievements.

In old times, all great artistic nations were pictorially talkative, chiefly, next to religion, on the subject of Government. Venice, Florence, and Siena did little else than expound, in figures and mythic types, the nature of civic dig-

nity, statesmanly duty, and senatorial or soldierly honor; and record, year by year, the events conducive to their fame.

I have not exhaustively overlooked the Academy; but, except Miss Thomson's study of a battle fought just "sixty years since,"—I find no English record of any important military or naval achievement; and the only exhibition of the mode in which Britannia at present rules the waves, is Mr. Cooke's "*Devastation*" being reviewed; somewhat sable and lugubrious as a national spectacle, dubious as a national triumph, and to myself, neither in color nor sentiment enjoyable, as the pictures of *Victorys* and *Téméraires* one used to see in days of simpler warfare. And of political achievement there seems still less consciousness or regard in the British artist; so that future generations will ask in vain for any aid to their imagination of the introduction of Dr. Kenealy to the Speaker, or any other recent triumph of the British Constitution.

The verdict of existing British Art on existing British Policy is, therefore, if I understand it rightly, that we have none; but, in the battle of life, have arrived at declaration of an universal *Sauve qui peut*;—or explicitly, to all men, Do as you like, and get what you can. Something other than this may however be gathered, it seems to me, from the two records given us of the war,—so unwise, and yet so loyal,—of sixty years ago.

613. *La Charge des Cuirassiers Français à Waterloo.* (Philippoteau.)

This carefully studied and most skillful battle piece is but too likely to be overlooked in the confused rush to Miss Thomson's more attractive composition. And of all in the Academy, this is the picture which an Englishman, of right feeling, would least wish to overlook. I remember no so impartial and faithful representation of an historical battle. I know no war-painting by the artists of any great race, however modest, in which the object has not hitherto been definitely—self-laudation. But here is a piece of true war-his-

tory, of which it is not possible to say, by observance of any traceable bias, whether a Frenchman or Englishman painted it. Such a picture is more honorable to France than the taking of the Malakoff.

I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it, than I did Miss Thomson's; partly because I have always said that no woman could paint; and secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about, *must* be good for nothing.

But it is Amazon's work, this; no doubt of it, and the first fine pre-Raphaelite * picture of battle we have had;—profoundly interesting; and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. Of course, all that need be said of it, on this side, must have been said twenty times over in the journals; and it remains only for me to make my tardy genuflection, on the trampled corn, before this Pallas of Pall Mall;—and to murmur my poor words of warning to her, that she remember, in her day of triumph, how it came to pass that Atalanta was stayed and Camilla slain.

Camilla-like the work is—chiefly in its refinement, a quality I had not in the least expected, for the cleverest women almost always show their weakness in endeavors to be dashing. But actually, here, what I suppose few people would think of looking at, the sky, is the most tenderly painted, and with the truest outlines of cloud, of all in the exhibition;—and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below—is wrought, through all the truth of its frantic passion, with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death.

* Miss Thomson may perhaps not in the least know herself for a sister of the school. But the entire power of her picture, as of her own mind, depends first on her resolution to paint things as they really are, or were; and not as they might be poetically fancied to be. See above, the note on 218, p. 62.

I place these two paintings under the head of "Policy," because it seems to me that, especially before the Quatrebras, one might wisely consider with Mr. Carlyle, and with one's self, what was the "net upshot" and meaning of our modern form of the industry of war. Why should these wild and well-meaning young Irish lads have been brought, at great expense, all the way to Four Arms, merely to knock equally wild and well-meaning young French lads out of their saddles into their graves; and take delight in doing so? And why should the English and French squires at the head of their regiments, have, practically, no other object in life than deceiving these poor boys, and an infinite mob besides of such others, to their destruction?

Think of it. Suppose this picture, as well as the one I was so happy in praising of Mr. Collinson's, had been called—as it also, quite properly, might have been—"Sunday Afternoon" (only dating "June 18th, 1815"). Suppose the two had been hung side by side. And, to complete our materials for meditation, suppose Mr. Nicol's "The Sabbath Day" (1159)—which I observed the *Daily Telegraph* called an exquisitely comic picture, but which I imagine Mr. Nicol meant for a serious one—representing the conscientious Scottish mountain-matron setting out for the place where she may receive her cake of spiritual oatmeal, baken on the coals of Presbyterian zeal; suppose, I say, this ideal of Scottish Sabbath occupation placed beside M. Philippoteau's admirable painting of the Highland regiment at evening missionary service, in that sweet and fruitful foreign land; while Miss Thomson enables us also, thus meditating in our fields at eventide, to consider, if not the Lilies, at least the Poppies of them; and to understand how in *this* manner of friction of ears of corn—by his bent knees instead of his fingers—the modern Christian shows that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?

"Well—and if this were so done,—should we not feel that the peace of the cottage, and the honor of the mountain-side, were guarded and won for them by that mighty Evening Ser-

vice, with the thunder of its funeral march rolled deep among the purple clouds?"

No! my soldier friends; no: do not think it. They were, and are, guarded and won by silent virtues of the hearth and the rock, which must endure until the time when the prayer we pray in our every Sabbath Litany, to be delivered from battle, murder, and sudden death—shall have been offered with sincere hearts, fervently; and so found its way at last to the audience of Heaven.

NOTE TO PICTURE 518.

"The rarity and grandeur of his character being that he was a Greek in ideas and a Roman in action; who really did, and abstained, strictly to ideal, in a time when everybody else was sadly fallen from his ideal.

"In 353 he is made Cæsar (Constantius having no sons, and he being last of his race); and from that to Constantius' death in 361 he has to fight the Franks and Alemanni. During the last few years of this time I find he lived mostly at Paris—that he fortified the ancient Lutetia (l'Île de la Cité), built the Thermæ Juliani, the remains of which, (Thermes de Julien) are still visible in the Rue de la Harpe, between Palais de Cluny and Ecole de Médecine. Also, in a scarcity of corn from inroads of the Germans, he got a great supply of corn from England (calculated at 120,000 quarters *at once*)—and fed people all along the Rhine from Bingen to Cologne. He says (Epist. ii.) he was a Christian up to his twentieth year, 351; and he said nothing about his change (in public) till 361. Then he felt himself the successor of M. Aurelius, and seems to have gone to work in his determined, clear-sighted way. But the Pagans seem to have been surprised at his faith as much as the Christians at his apostasy."—REV. R. ST. J. TYRWHITT.

GUIDE TO THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES
IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS AT VENICE.

ARRANGED FOR ENGLISH TRAVELERS.

PART I.

OVER the entrance gate of the Academy are three of the most precious pieces of sculpture in Venice; her native work, dated; and belonging to the school of severe Gothic which indicates the beginning of her Christian life in understanding of its real claims upon her.

St. Leonard on the left, St. Christopher on the right, under Gothic cusped niches. The Madonna in the center, under a simple gable; the bracket-cornice beneath bearing date 1345; the piece of sculpture itself engaged in a rectangular panel, which is the persistent sign of the Greek schools; descending from the Metopes of the Parthenon.

You see the infant sprawls on her knee in an ungainly manner; she herself sits with quiet maiden dignity, but in no manner of sentimental adoration.

That is Venetian naturalism; showing their henceforward steady desire to represent things as they really (according to the workman's notions) might have existed. It begins first in this century, separating itself from the Byzantine formalism—the movement being the same which was led by Giotto in Florence fifty years earlier. These sculptures are the result of his influence, from Padua, and other such Gothic power, rousing Venice to do and think for herself, instead of letting her Greek subjects do all for her. This is one of her first performances, independently of them. She has not yet the least notion of making anybody stand rightly on their feet; you see how St. Leonard and St. Christopher point their toes. Clearly, until we know how to do better than this, in perspective and such matters, our painting cannot come to much. Accordingly, all the Venetian painting of any importance you are now to see in the Academy is subsequent to these sculptures. But these are, fortunately, dated—1378

and 1384. Twenty years more will bring us out of the fourteenth century. And therefore, broadly, all the painter's art of Venice begins in the fifteenth; and we may as well at once take note that it ends with the sixteenth. There are only these two hundred years of painting in Venice. Now, without much pause in the corridor, though the old well in the cortile has its notabilities if one had time—up the spiral stairs, and when you have entered the gallery and got your admission tickets—(quite a proper arrangement that you should pay for them; if I were a Venetian prefect, you should pay a good deal more for leave to come to Venice at all, that I might be sure you cared to come)—walk straight forward till you descend the steps into the first room in the arrangement of the Academy catalogue. On your right, at the bottom of the steps, you see a large picture (16) in a series of compartments, of which the central one, the Crowning of the Virgin, was painted by a Venetian vicar (vicar of St. Agnes), in 1380. A happy, faithful, cheerful vicar he must have been; and any vicar, rector, or bishop who could do such a thing now would be a blessing to his parish, and delight to his diocese. Symmetrical, orderly, gay, and in the heart of it nobly grave, this work of the old Plebanus has much in it of the future methods of Venetian composition. The two angels peeping over the arms of the throne may remind you to look at its cusped arches, for we are here in central Gothic time, thirty years after the sea-façade of the Ducal Palace had been built.

Now, on the opposite side of the room, over the door leading into the next room, you see (1) in the Academy catalogue “The work of Bartholomew Vivarini of Murano, 1464,” showing you what advance had been made in eighty years. The figures still hard in outline—thin (except the Madonna's throat, which always, in Venice, is strong as a pillar), and much marked in sinew and bone (studied from life, mind you, not by dissection); exquisitely delicate and careful in pure color; in character, portraits of holy men and women, such as then were. There is no idealism here whatever. Monks

and nuns had indeed faces and mien like these saints, when they desired to have the saints painted for them.

A noble picture; not of any supreme genius, but completely containing the essence of Venetian art.

Next, going under it, through the door, you find yourself in the principal room of the Academy, which please cross quietly to the window opposite, on the left of which hangs a large picture which you will have great difficulty in seeing at all, hung as it is against the light; and which, in any of its finer qualities, you absolutely cannot see; but may yet perceive what they are, latent in that darkness, which is all the honor that the kings, nobles, and artists of Europe care to bestow on one of the greatest pictures ever painted by Christendom in her central art-power. Alone worth an entire modern exhibition-building, hired fiddlers and all; here you have it jammed on a back wall, utterly unserviceable to human kind, the little angels of it fiddling unseen, unheard by anybody's heart. It is the best John Bellini in the Academy of Venice; the third best in Venice, and probably in the world. Repainted, the right-hand angel, and somewhat elsewhere; but on the whole perfect; unspeakably good, and right in all ways. Not inspired with any high religious passion; a good man's work, not an enthusiast's. It is, in principle, merely the perfecting of Vivarini's; the saints, mere portraits of existing men and women; the Madonna, idealized only in that squareness of face and throat, not in anywise the prettier for it, otherwise a quite commonplace Venetian woman. Such, and far lovelier, you may see living to-day, if you can see—and may make manifest, if you can paint.

And now, you may look to the far end of the room, where Titian's "Assumption" has the chairs put before it; everybody being expected to sit down, and for once, without asking what o'clock it is at the railroad station, reposefully admire.

Of which, hear first what I wrote, very rightly, a quarter of a century ago.

“The traveler is generally too much struck by Titian’s great picture of ‘The Assumption’ to be able to pay proper attention to the other works in this gallery. Let him, however, ask himself candidly how much of his admiration is dependent merely on the picture’s being larger than any other in the room, and having bright masses of red and blue in it; let him be assured that the picture is in reality not one whit the better either for being large or gaudy in color, and he will then be better disposed to give the pains necessary to discover the merit of the more profound works of Bellini and Tintoret.”

I wrote this, I have said, *very* rightly, not *quite* rightly. For if a picture is good, it *is* better for being large, because it is more difficult to paint large than small; and if color is good, it *may be* better for being bright.

Nay, the fault of this picture, as I read it now, is in not being bright enough. A large piece of scarlet, two large pieces of crimson, and some very beautiful blue, occupy about a fifth part of it; but the rest is mostly fox color or dark brown: majority of the apostles under total eclipse of brown. St. John, there being nobody else handsome to look at, is therefore seen to advantage; also St. Peter and his beard; but the rest of the lower canvas is filled with little more than flourishings of arms and flingings of cloaks, in shadow and light.

However, as a piece of oil painting, and what artists call “composition,” with entire grasp and knowledge of the action of the human body, the perspectives of the human face, and the relations of shade to color in expressing form, the picture is deservedly held unsurpassable. Enjoy of it what you can; but of its place in the history of Venetian art observe these three following points:

I. The throned Madonnas of Vivarini and Bellini were to Venice what the statue of Athena in the Brazen House was to Athens. Not at all supposed to *be* Athena, or to *be* Madonnas; but symbols, by help of which they conceived the presence with them of a real Goddess. But this picture of Ti-

tian's does not profess to symbolize any Virgin here with us, but only to show how the Virgin was taken away from us a long time ago. And professing to represent this, he does not in the least believe his own representation, nor expect anybody else to believe it. He does not, in his heart, believe the Assumption ever took place at all. He is merely putting together a stage decoration of clouds, little boys, with wings stuck into them, and pantomime actors in studied positions, to amuse his Venice and himself.

II. Though desirous of nothing but amusement, he is not, at heart, half so much amused by his work as John Bellini, or one-quarter so much amused as the innocent old vicar. On the contrary, a strange gloom has been cast over him, he knows not why; but he likes all his colors dark, and puts great spaces of brown, and crimson passing into black, where the older painters would have made all lively. Painters call this "*chiaroscuro*." So also they may call a thunder-cloud in the sky of spring; but it means more than light and shade.

III. You see that in all the three earlier pictures everybody is quiet. Here, everybody is in a bustle. If you like to look at my pamphlet on the relation of Tintoret to Michael Angelo, you will see how this comes to pass, and what it means. And that is all I care for your noticing in the Assumption, just now.

Next, look on right and left of it, at the two dark pictures over the doors (63, 25).

Darkness visible, with flashes of lightning through it. The thunder-cloud upon us, rent with fire.

Those are Tintorets; finest possible Tintorets; best possible examples of what, in absolute power of painting, is supremest work, so far as I know, in all the world.

Nothing comes near Tintoret for colossal painter's power as such. But you need not think to get any good of these pictures; it would take you twenty years' work to understand the fineness of them as painting; and for the rest, there is little good in them to be got. Adam and Eve no more sat in

that warm-weather picnic manner, helping each other politely to apples, on the occasion of their fall, than the Madonna went up all bending about in her red and blue cloak on the occasion of her Assumption. But of the wrong and the truth, the error and the glory, of these pictures, I have no time to speak now; nor you to hear. All that you have to notice is that painting has now become a dark instead of bright art, and in many ways a frightful and unpleasant art, or else I will add once for all, referring you for proof of it to the general examples of Venetian work at this late epoch, supplied as a luxury to foreign courts, a lascivious art.*

Nevertheless, up to the time when Tintoret painted the Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco, Venice had not in heart abjured her religion. The time when the last chord of its faith gives way cannot be discerned, to day and hour; but in that day and hour of which, for external sign, we may best take the death of Tintoret in 1594, the Arts of Venice are at an end.

I have therefore now shown you the complete course of their power, from 1380 at the Academy gates, to 1594—say, broadly, two centuries (her previous art being only architectural, mosaic, or decorative sculpture). We will now go through the rooms, noticing what is best worth notice in each of the epochs defined; essentially, you observe, three. The first we may call the Vivarini epoch, bright, innocent, more or less elementary, entirely religious art—reaching from 1400 to 1480; the second (which for reasons presently to be shown, we will call the Carpaccian epoch), sometimes classic

* One copy of Titian's work bearing such commercial value, and showing what was briefly the Gospel preached by Missionary Venice to foreign nations in the sixteenth century, you will find presently in the narrow corridor, No. 347: on which you will usually also find some modern copyist employed, for missionary purposes; but never on a Vivarini. And in thus becoming dark, terrific, and sensual, Venetian art led the way to the mere naturalism and various baseness of following European art with the rubbish of which that corridor (Sala ix. Numbers 276 to 353) is mostly filled.

and mythic, as well as religious, 1480-1520; the third, supremely powerful art corrupted by taint of death, 1520-1600, which we will call the Tintoret epoch.

Of course the lives of the painters run in and out across these limits; yet if you fasten these firmly in your mind—80, 40, 80—you will find you have an immense advantage and easy grip of the whole history of Venetian art.

In the first epoch, however, I do not mean to detain you; but the room you first entered, into which I will now ask you to return, is full of pictures which you will find interesting if you have time to decipher them, and care for Christianity and its expressions. One only I will ask you to look at, after Titian's Assumption; the little Ascension by Nicolo Semitecolo, low down, on the right of the vicar's picture in Number 16. For that Ascension is painted in real belief that the Ascension *did* take place; and its sincerity ought to be pleasant to you, after Titian's pretense.

Now, returning up the steps, and taking the corridor to your right, opposite the porter's table, enter the little room through the first door on your right; and therein, just on your right as you go in, is Mantegna's St. George, No. 273; to which give ten minutes quietly, and examine it with a magnifying glass of considerable power. For in that you have a perfect type of the Italian methods of execution corresponding to the finish of the Dutch painters in the north; but far more intellectual and skillful. You cannot see more wonderful work in minute drawing with the point of the brush; the virtue of it being that, not only every touch is microscopically minute, but that, in this minuteness, every touch is considered, and every touch right. It is to be regarded, however, only as a piece of workmanship. It is wholly without sentiment, though the distant landscape becomes affecting through its detailed truth—the winding road under the rocks, and the towered city, being as full of little pretty things to be searched out as a natural scene would be.

And I have brought you first, in our now more complete review, to this picture, because it shows more clearly than

any other through what tremendous work the Italian masters obtained their power.

Without the inherited strength won by this precision of drawing in the earlier masters, neither Titian nor Tintoret could have existed.

Return into the corridor, and walk along it to the end without wasting time;—there is a Bonifazio, No. 326, worth a painter's while to stop at, but in general mere Dutch rubbish. Walk straight on, and go in at the last door on the left, within which you will find

456, Cima da Conegliano. An entirely sincere and noble picture of the central epoch. Not supreme in any artistic quality, but good and praiseworthy in all; and, as a conception of its subject, the most beautiful you will find in Venice. Grudge no time upon *it*; but look at nothing else here; return into the corridor, and proceed by it into the great room.

Opposite you is Titian's great "Presentation of the Virgin," interesting to artists, and an unusually large specimen of Titian's rough work. To me, simply the most stupid and uninteresting picture ever painted by him: if you can find anything to enjoy in it, you are very welcome. I have nothing more to say of it, except that the color of the landscape is as false as a piece of common blue tapestry, and that the "celebrated" old woman with her basket of eggs is as dismally ugly and vulgar a filling of spare corner as was ever daubed on a side-scene in a hurry at Drury Lane.

On the other side of the room, 543, is another wide waste of canvas; miserable example of the work subsequent to Paul Veronese; doubly and trebly mischievous in caricaturing and defiling all that in the master himself is noble: to look long at such a thing is enough to make the truest lovers of Venetian art ashamed of Venice, and of themselves. It ought to be taken down and burned.

Turn your back to it, in the center of the room; and make up your mind for a long stand; for opposite you, so standing, is a Veronese indeed, of the most instructive and noble

kind (489); and beneath it, the best picture in the Academy of Venice, Carpaccio's "Presentation" (488).

Of the Veronese, I will say nothing but that the main instructiveness of it is in the exhibition of his acquired and inevitable faults (the infection of his era), with his own quietest and best virtues. It is an artist's picture, and even only to be rightly felt by very good artists; the aerial perspectives in it being extremely subtle, and rare, to equal degree, in the painter's work. To the general spectator, I will only observe that he has free leave to consider the figure of the Virgin execrable; but that I hope, if he has a good opera-glass, he will find something to please him in the little rose-bush in the glass vase on the balustrade. I would myself give all the bushes—not to say all the trees—and all the seas, of Claude and Poussin, in one bunch and one deluge—for this little rose-bush and its bottle.

488. "The Presentation in the Temple." Signed "Victor Carpaccio, 1510." From the Church of St. Job.

You have no similar leave, however, good general spectator, to find fault with anything *here!* You may measure yourself, outside and in—your religion, your taste, your knowledge of art, your knowledge of men and things—by the quantity of admiration which honestly, after due time given, you can feel for this picture.

You are not required to think the Madonna pretty, or to receive the same religious delight from the conception of the scene, which you would rightly receive from Angelico, Filippo Lippi, or Perugino. This is essentially Venetian—prosaic, matter of fact—retaining its supreme common-sense through all enthusiasm.

Nor are you required to think this a first-rate work in Venetian color. This is the best picture in the Academy precisely because it is *not* the best piece of color there; because the great master has subdued his own main passion, and restrained his color-faculty, though the best in Venice, that you might *not* say the moment you came before the picture,

as you do of the Paris Bourdone (492), "*What a piece of color!*"

To Paris, the Duke, the Senate, and the Miracle are all merely vehicles for flashes of scarlet and gold on marble and silk; but Carpaccio, in this picture of the Presentation, does not want you to think of *his* color, but of *your* Christ.

To whom the Madonna also is subjected—to whom all is subjected; you will not find such another Infant Christ in Venice. (But always look carefully at Paul Veronese's, for it is one of the most singular points in the character of this usually decorative and inexpressive painter, that his Infant Christs are always beautiful.)

For the rest, I am not going to praise Carpaccio's work. Give time to it; and if you don't delight in it, the essential faculty of enjoying good art is wanting in you, and I can't give it to you by ten minutes' talk; but if you begin really to feel the picture, observe that its supreme merit is in the exactly just balance of all virtue—detail perfect, yet inconspicuous; composition intricate and severe, but concealed under apparent simplicity; and painter's faculty of the supremest, used nevertheless with entire subjection of it to intellectual purpose. Titian, compared to Carpaccio, paints as a circus-rider rides—there is nothing to be thought of in him but his riding. But Carpaccio paints as a good knight rides; his riding is the least of him; and to himself—unconscious in its ease.

When you have seen all you can of the picture as a whole, go near, and make out the little pictures on the edge of St. Simeon's robe; four quite lovely ones; the lowest admitting, to make the whole perfect, delightful grotesque of fairy angels within a heavenly castle wall, thrusting down a troop of supine devils to the deep. The other three, more beautiful in their mystery of shade; but I have not made them out yet. There is one solemn piece of charge to a spirit folding its arms in obedience; and I think the others must be myths of creation, but can't tell yet, and must now go on quickly to

note merely the pictures you should look at, reserving talk of them for a second number of this Guide.

483, 500, 524, containing all you need study in Bonifazio. In 500, he is natural and does his best; in 483, he pretends to religion, which he has not; in 524, to art, which he has not. The last is a monstrous example of the apathy with which the later Italian artists, led by Raphael, used this horrible subject to exhibit their ingenuity in anatomical posture, and excite the feeble interest of vulgar spectators.

503. Quiet Tintoret; very noble in senators, poor in Madonna.

519. Quiet Paul Veronese; very noble in St. Jerome's robe and Lion, and in little St. John's back. Not particularly so in anybody's front, but a first-rate picture in the picture way.

507. Dashing Tintoret; fearfully repainted, but grand yet in the lighter figures of background.

496-502. Dashing Paul Veronese—splendid in art; in conception of Evangelists—all that Venice wanted of them, at that day. You must always, however, judge her as you would a sailor—what would be ridiculous or bombastic in others has often some honesty in it with *her*. Think of these Evangelists as a kind of figure-heads of ships.

Enter now the great room with the Veronese at the end of it, for which the painter (quite rightly) was summoned before the Inquisition of State: you will find his examination, translated by a friend to whom I owe much in my old Venetian days, in the Appendix to my second Guide; but you must not stop now at this picture, if you are in a hurry, for you can see the like of it, and better, in Paris; but you can see nothing in all the world, out of Venice, like certain other pictures in this room.

Glancing round it, you see it may be generally described as full of pictures of street architecture, with various more or less interesting transactions going on in the streets. Large Canalettos, in fact; only with the figures a little more interesting than Canaletto's figures; and the buildings, on the whole, red and white or brown and white, instead of, as with Canaletto, black and white. And on consideration, and observation, you will perceive, if you *have* any perception of color, that Venetian buildings, and most others, being really red and white or brown and white, not black and white, this is really the right manner of painting them, and these are true and sufficient representations of streets, of landscapes, and of interiors of houses, with the people, as I said, either in St. Mark's Place, 555, or at Grand Cairo, 540, or before the castle of St. Angelo at Rome, 546, or by the old Rialto here, 564, being themselves also more or less interesting, if you will observe them, first in their dresses, which are very curious and pretty, and afterward in many other particulars, of which for the present I must leave you to make out what you can; for of the pictures by Carpaccio in this room I must write an entirely separate account (begun already for one of them only, the *Dream of St. Ursula*, 533),* and of the *Gentile Bellini* you can only know the value after good study of St. Mark's itself. Observe, however, at least in this, and in 548 and 564, the perfectly true representation of what the *Architecture of Venice* was in her glorious time; trim, dainty—red and white like the blossom of a carnation—touched with gold like a peacock's plumes, and frescoed, even to its chimney-pots, with fairest arabesque—its inhabitants, and it together, one harmony of work and life—all of a piece, you see them, in the wonderful palace-perspective on the left in 548, with everybody looking out of their windows. And in

* Of which, with her legend, if you care to hear more, you will find more in the three numbers of "*Fors Clavigera*" now purchasable of my agent in Venice (Mr. Bunney, *Fondamenta San Biagio*, 2143), from whom all my recent publications on Venice may be also procured.

this picture of St. Mark's, painted by John Bellini's good brother, true as he could, hue for hue, and ray for ray, you see that all the tossing of its *now* white marble foliage against the sky, which in my old book on Venice I compared to the tossed spray of sea waves (believing then, as I do still, that the Venetians in their living and breathing days of art were always influenced in their choice of guiding lines of sculpture by their sense of the action of wind or sea), were not, at all events, meant to be like sea foam white in anger, but like light spray in morning sunshine. They were all overlaid with gold.

Not yet in vicious luxury. Those porches of St. Mark's, so please you, English friends, were not thus gilt for the wedding of Miss Kilmansegg, nor are those pictures on the vaults advertisements, like yours in your railway stations; all the arts of England bent on recommending you cheap bathing machines and painless pills. Here are purer baths and medicines told of; here have been more ingenious engineers. From the Sinai desert, from the Sion rock, from the defiles of Lebanon, met here the ghosts of ancient builders to oversee the work, of dead nations, to inspire it—Bezaleel and the maids of Israel who gave him their jewels; Hiram and his forgers in the vale of Siddim, his woodmen of the Syrian forests; David the lord of war, and his Son the Lord of Peace, and the multitudes that kept holyday when the cloud filled the house they had built for the Lord of All—these in their myriads stood by, to watch, to guide; it might have been, had Venice willed, to bless.

Literally so, mind you. The wreathen work of the lily capitals and their archivolts, the glass that keeps unfaded their color—the design of that color itself, and the stories that are told in the glow of it—all these were brought by the Jew or the Tyrian, bringing also the treasures of Persia and Egypt; and with these, laboring beside them as one brought up with them, stood the Athena of Corinth, and the Sophia of Byzantium.

Not in vicious luxury these, yet—though in Tyrian splen-

dor glows St. Mark's: nor those quiet and trim little houses on the right, joining the Campanile. You are standing (the work is so completely done that you may soon fancy yourself so) in old St. Mark's Place, at the far end of it, before it was enlarged; you may find the stone marking the whole length of it in the pavement, just opposite the easternmost door of the Café Florian. And there were none of those pompous loggie then, where you walk up and down before the café, but these trim, dainty, happily inhabited houses, mostly in white marble and gold, with disks of porphyry; and look at the procession coming toward you underneath them—what a bed of moving flowers it is! Not Birnam Wood coming, gloomy and terrible, but a very bloom and garland of good and knightly manhood—its Doge walking in the midst of it—simple, valiant, actual, beneficent, magnificent king. Do you see better sights than this in St. Mark's Place now, in your days of progress?

Now, just to get some little notion how the figures are “put in” by these scrupulous old formalists, take the pains to look closely at the first you come upon of the procession on the extreme left—the three musicians, namely, with the harp, violin, and lute. Look at them as portraits only; you will not find more interesting ones in all the rooms. And then you will do well to consider the picture as a reality for a little while, and so leave the Academy with a vision of living Venice in your heart. We will look at no more painting to-day.

PART II.

IF you have looked with care at the three musicians, or any other of the principal figures, in the great town or landscape views in this principal room, you will be ready now with better patience to trace the order of their subjects, and such character or story as their treatment may develop. I can only help you, however, with Carpaccio's, for I have not been able

to examine, or much think of, Mansueti's, recognizing, nevertheless, much that is delightful in them.

By Carpaccio, then, in this room,* there are in all eleven important pictures, eight from the legend of St. Ursula, and three of distinct subjects. Glance first at the series of St. Ursula subjects, in this order:

I.—539. Maurus the King of Brittany receives the English ambassadors: and has talk with his daughter touching their embassy.

II.—533. St. Ursula's Dream.

III.—537. King Maurus dismisses the English ambassadors with favorable answer from his daughter. (This is the most beautiful piece of *painting* in the rooms.)

IV.—549. The King of England receives the Princess's favorable answer.

V.—542. The Prince of England sets sail for Brittany—there receives his bride, and embarks with her on pilgrimage.

VI.—546. The Prince of England and his bride, voyaging on pilgrimage with the eleven thousand maidens, arrive at Rome, and are received by the Pope, who, "with certain Cardinals," joins their pilgrimage. (The most beautiful of all the series, next to the Dream.)

VII.—544. The Prince, with his bride, and the Pope, with his Cardinals, and the eleven thousand maids, arrive in the land of the Huns, and receive martyrdom there. In the second part of the picture is the funeral procession of St. Ursula.

VIII.—St. Ursula, with her maidens, and the pilgrim Pope, and certain Cardinals, in glory of Paradise. I have always forgotten to look for the poor bridegroom in this picture, and on looking, am by no means sure of him. But I suppose it is he who holds St. Ursula's standard. The architecture and landscape are unsurpassably fine; the rest much imperfect; but containing nobleness only to be learned by long dwelling on it.

* Or at least in the Academy: the arrangement may perhaps be

In this series, I have omitted one picture, 544, which is of scarcely any interest—except in its curious faults and unworthiness. At all events, do not at present look at it, or think of it; but let us examine all the rest without hurry.

In the first place, then, we find this curious fact, intensely characteristic of the fifteenth as opposed to the nineteenth century—that the figures are true and natural, but the landscape false and unnatural, being by such fallacy made entirely subordinate to the figures. I have never approved of, and only a little understand, this state of things. The painter is never interested in the ground, but only in the creatures that tread on it. A castle tower is left a mere brown bit of canvas, and all his coloring kept for the trumpeters on the top of it. The fields are obscurely green; the sky imperfectly blue; and the mountains could not possibly stand on the very small foundations they are furnished with.

Here is a Religion of Humanity, and nothing else—to purpose! Nothing in the universe thought worth a look, unless it is in service or foil to some two-legged creature showing itself off to the best advantage. If a flower is in a girl's hair, it shall be painted properly; but in the fields, shall be only a spot; if a striped pattern is on a boy's jacket, we paint all the ins and outs of it, and drop not a stitch; but the striped patterns of vineyard or furrow in field, the enameled mossy mantles of the rocks, the barred heraldry of the shield of the sky—perhaps insects and birds may take pleasure in them, not we.

To his own native lagoons and sea, the painter is yet less sensitive. His absurd rocks, and dotty black hedges round bitumen-colored fields (542), are yet painted with some grotesque humor, some modest and unworldly beauty; and sustain or engird their castellated quaintnesses in a manner pleasing to the pre-Raphaelite mind. But the sea—waveless as a deal board—and in that tranquillity, for the most part reflecting nothing at its edge—literally, such a sea justifies altered before this Guide can be published; at all events we must not count on it.

that uncourteous saying of earlier Venice of her Doge's bride—"Mare sub pede pono." *

Of all these deficiencies, characteristic not of this master only, but of his age, you will find various analysis in the third volume of "Modern Painters," in the chapter on mediæval landscape; with begun examination of the causes which led gradually to more accurate observance of natural phenomena, until, by Turner, the method of Carpaccio's mind is precisely reversed, and the Nature in the background becomes principal; the figures in the foreground, its foil. I have a good deal more, however, to say on this subject now—so much more, indeed, that in this little Guide there is no proper room for any of it, except the simple conclusion that both the painters are wrong in whatever they either definitely misrepresent, or enfeeble by inharmonious deficiency.

In the next place, I want you to notice Carpaccio's fancy in what he does represent very beautifully—the architecture, real and ideal, of his day.

His fancy, I say; or fantasy; the notion he has of what architecture should be; of which, without doubt, you see his clearest expression in the Paradise, and in the palace of the most Christian King, St. Ursula's father.

And here I must ask you to remember, or learn if you do not know, the general course of transition in the architecture of Venice—namely, that there are three epochs of good building in Venice; the first lasting to 1300, Byzantine, in the style of St. Mark's; the second, 1300 to 1480, Gothic, in the style of the Ducal Palace; and the third, 1480 to 1520, in a manner which architects have yet given no entirely accepted name to, but which, from the name of its greatest designer, Brother Giocondo, of Verona,† I mean, myself, henceforward to call "Giocondine."

* On the scroll in the hand of the throned Venice on the Piazzetta side of the Ducal Palace, the entire inscription is,

"Fortis, justa, trono furias, mare sub pede, pono."

"Strong, and just, I put the furies beneath my throne, and the sea beneath my foot."

† Called "the second Founder of Venice," for his engineering work

Now, the dates on these pictures of Carpaccio's run from 1480 to 1485, so that you see he was painting in the youthful gush, as it were, and fullest impetus of Giocondine architecture, which all Venice, and chiefly Carpaccio, in the joy of art, thought was really at last the architecture divinely designed, and arrived at by steady progress of taste, from the Creation to 1480, and then the *ne plus ultra*, and real Babel-style without bewilderment—its top truly reaching to heaven—style which was never thenceforth to be bettered by human thought or skill. Of which Giocondine manner, I really think you had better at once see a substantially existent piece. It will not take long—say an hour, with lunch; and the good door-keeper will let you come in again without paying.*

So (always supposing the day fine), go down to your boat, and order yourself to be taken to the church of the Frari. Landing just beyond it, your gondoliers will show you the way, up the calle beside it, to the desolate little courtyard of the School of St. John the Evangelist. It might be one of the most beautiful scenes among the cities of Italy, if only the good Catholics of Venice would employ so much of their yearly alms in the honor of St. John the Evangelist as to maintain any old gondolier, past rowing, in this courtyard by way of a Patmos, on condition that he should suffer no wildly neglected children to throw stones at the sculptures, nor grown-up creatures to defile them; but with occasional ablution by sprinkling from garden water-engine, suffer the weeds of Venice to inhabit among the marbles where they listed.

How beautiful the place might be, I need not tell you. Beautiful it is, even in its squalid misery; but too probably, some modern designer of railroad stations will do it up with new gilding and scrapings of its gray stone. The gods forbid; understand, at all events, that if this happens to it, you

on the Brenta. His architecture is chiefly at Verona; the style being adopted and enriched at Venice by the Lombardi.

* If you have already seen the school of St. John, or do not like the interruption, continue at page 121.

are no more to think of it as an example of Giocondine art. But, as long as it is let alone there, in the shafts and capitals you will see, on the whole, the most characteristic example in Venice of the architecture that Carpaccio, Cima, and John Bellini loved.

As a rule, observe, square-piered, not round-pillared; the square piers either sculptured all up with floral tracery, or, if plain, decorated half-way up, by a round panel of dark-colored marble or else a bas-relief, usually a classic profile; the capitals, of light leafage, playing or springing into joyful spirals at the angles; the moldings and cornices on the whole very flat or square cut—no solid round moldings anywhere, but all precise, rectangular, and shallow. The windows and doors either square-headed or round—never pointed; but, if square-headed, having often a Greek gable or pediment above, as here on the outer wall; and, if round-headed, often composed of two semicircles side by side, with a circle between; * the wall decoration being either of round inlaid marbles, among floral sculpture, or of fresco. Little to be conceived from words; but if you will look well inside and outside of the cortile of the Evangelist, you will come away with a very definite primary notion of Giocondine work.

Then back, with straight speed to the Academy; and before landing there, since you can see the little square in front of it, from your boat, read on.

The little square has its name written up at the corner, you see—"Field of Charity," or rather of *the* Charity, meaning the Madonna of Charity, and church dedicated to her. Of which you see the mere walls, variously defaced, remaining yet in their original form, traces of the great circular window in the front yet left, also of the pointed windows at the

* In returning to your boat, just walk round to the back of the church of the Frari, and look at the windows of the Scuola di San Rocco, which will fix the form in your mind. It is an entirely bad one; but took the fancy of men, for a time, and of strong ones, too. But don't stop long just now to look at this later building; keep the St. John's cortile for your type of Giocondine work, pure.

sides—filled up, many a year ago, and the square holes below cut for modern convenience; there being no space in the length and breadth of Italy to build new square-holed houses on, the Church of Charity must be used for makeshift.

Have you charity of imagination enough to cover this little field with fresh grass—to tear down the iron bridge which some accursed Englishman, I suppose, greedy for filthy job, persuaded the poor Venetians to spoil their Grand Canal with, at its noblest bend—and to fill the pointed lateral windows with light tracery of quatrefoiled stone? So stood, so bloomed, the church and its field, in early fourteenth century—dismal time! the church in its fresh beauty then, built toward the close of the thirteenth century, on the site of a much more ancient one, first built of wood; and, in 1119, of stone; but still very small, its attached monastery receiving Alexander III. in 1177; here on the little flowery field landed the Pontiff Exile, whose foot was to tread so soon on the Lion and the Adder.

And some hundred years later, putting away, one finds not why, her little Byzantine church, more gravely meditative Venice, visited much by Dominican and Franciscan friars, and more or less in cowed temper herself, built this graver and simpler pile; which, if any of my readers care for either Turner or me, they should look at with some moments' pause; for I have given Turner's lovely sketch of it to Oxford, painted as he saw it fifty years ago, with bright golden sails grouped in front of it where now is the ghastly iron bridge.*

Most probably (I cannot yet find any direct document of it), the real occasion of the building of the church whose

* "Very convenient for the people," say you, modern man of business. Yes; very convenient to them also to pay two centesimi every time they cross—six for three persons, into the pockets of that English engineer; instead of five for three persons, to one of their own boatmen, who now take to begging, drinking, and bellowing for the wretched hordes at the tables d'hôte, whose ears have been rent by railroad whistles till they don't know a howl from a song—instead of ferrying.

walls yet stand, was the founding of the Confraternita di S. Maria della Carita, on St. Leonard's day, 6th November, 1260,* which brotherhood, in 1310, fought side by side with the school of the Painters in St. Luke's field, against one body of the conspirators for Bajamonte, and drove them back, achieving the right thenceforward of planting their purple standard there, in St. Luke's field, with their stemma (all this bears on Carpaccio's pictures presently, so have patience yet a minute or two); and so increasing in number and influence, bought in 1344, from the Monks of the Church of Charity, the ground on which you are presently going to see pictures; and built on it their cloister, dedicated also to St. Mary of Charity; and over the gate of it, by which you are going to enter, put St. Mary of Charity, as they best could get her carved, next year, 1345; and so you have her there, with cowed members of the confraternity kneeling to her; happy angels fluttering about her; the dark blue of her eyes not yet utterly faded from them. Blue-eyed as Athena she—the Greek tradition yet prevailing to that extent—a perfect type, the whole piece, of purest central fourteenth-century Gothic thought and work untouched, and indubitable of date, being inscribed below its bracket cornice,

MCCCXLV. I LO TEMPO DE MIS.

MARCHO ZULIAN FO FATO STO LAVORIER.

To wit—"1345, in the time" (of the Guardianship) "of Messer Mark Julian, was made this labored thing."

And all seemed to bid fair for Venice and her sacred schools; Heaven surely pleased with these her endeavors, and labored things.

Yes, with these, and such other, I doubt not. But other things, it seems, had been done in Venice, with which Heaven was *not* pleased; assuming always that there is a Heaven, for otherwise—what followed was of course only

* Archivio Veneto. (Venezia, 1876.) Tom. XII., Parte i., p. 112.

process of Darwinian development. But this *was* what followed. That Madonna, with her happy angels and humble worshipers, was carved as you see her over the Scuola cloister door—in 1345. And “on the 25th of January, 1347,* on the day, to wit, of the conversion of St. Paul, about the hour of vespers, there came a great earthquake in Venice, and as it were in all the world; and fell many tops of bell-towers, and houses, and chimneys, and the church of St. Basil: and there was so great fear that all the people thought to die. And the earth ceased not to tremble for about forty days; and when it remained quiet, there came a great mortality, and the people died of various evil. And the people were in so great fear, that father would not go to visit son, nor son father. And this death lasted about six months; and it was said commonly that there died two parts out of three, of all the people of Venice.”

These words you may read (in Venetian dialect), after you have entered the gate beneath the Madonna; they are engraved under the Gothic arch on your right hand; with other like words, telling the various horror of that Plague; and how the guardian of the Scuola died by it, and about ten of his officers with him, and three hundred of the brethren.

Above the inscription, two angels hold the symbol of the Scuola; carved as you see, conspicuously also on the outer sculptures in various places; and again on the well in the midst of the cloister. The first sign this, therefore, of all chosen by the greater schools of Venice, of which, as afore-said, “The first was that of St. Mary of Charity, which school has its wax candles red, in sign that Charity should be glowing; and has for its bearing a yellow” (meaning golden †) “cross, traversing two little circles also yellow; with red and green quartering the parts which the cross describes—those who instituted such sign desiring to show

* 1348, in our present calendar.

† Ex Cruce constat aurea, seu flava; ejus speciei, quam artis hujusmodi Auctores “ancorata” vocant.

thereby the union that Charity should have with Faith and Hope." *

The golden "anchored" cross stands for Faith, the golden outer circle for Charity, the golden inner for Hope—all on field quartered gules and vert, the colors of Charity and Hope.

Such the first symbol of Venetian Brotherhoods †—in reading which, I delay you, that you may be better prepared to understand the symbolism running through every sign and color in Venetian art at this time, down even to its tinting of wax candles; art which was indeed all the more symbolic for being rude, and complicated much with the use of signals and heraldries at sea, too distant for any art in them to be visible, but serviceably intelligible in meaning.

How far the great Scuola and cloisters of the Carita, for monks and confraternity together, reached from the gate under which you are pausing, you may see in Dürer's woodcut of the year 1500 (Correr Museum), which gives the apse with attached chapels; and the grand double cloister reaching back nearly to the Giudecca; a water-wheel—as I suppose—outside, on the (now filled up and paved) canal, moved by the tide, for molinary work in the kitchens. Of all which nothing now remains but these pillars and beams, between you and the gallery staircase; and the well with two brothers on each side holding their Stemma, a fine free-hand piece of rough living work. You will not, I think, find that you have ill spent your hour of rest when you now return into the Carpaccio room, where we will look first, please, at No. IV. (549), in which many general points are better shown than in the rest.

Here is the great King of ideal England, under an octag-

* In tabulam Græcam insigni sodalitis S. M. Caritatis, Venetiarum, ab amplissimo Cardinali Bessarione dono datam, Disserattio. —(St. Mark's library, 33331, page 146.)

† At least according to the authority above quoted; as far as I have consulted the original documents myself, I find the school of St. Theodore primal.

onal temple of audience; all the scene being meant to show the conditions of a state in perfect power and prosperity.

A state, therefore, that is at once old and young; that has had a history for centuries past, and will have one for centuries to come.

Ideal, founded mainly on the Venice of his own day; mingled a little with thoughts of great Rome, and of great antagonist Genoa: but, in all spirit and hope, the Venice of 1480-1500 is here living before you. And now, therefore, you can see at once what she meant by a "Campo," allowing for the conventional manner of representing grass, which of course at first you will laugh at; but which is by no means deserving of your contempt. Any hack draughtsman of Dalziel's can sketch for you, or any member of the Water-color or Dudley Societies dab for you, in ten minutes, a field of hay that you would fancy you could mow, and make cocks of. But this green ground of Carpaccio's, with implanted flowers and tufts of grass, is traditional from the first Greek-Christian mosaics, and is an entirely systematic ornamental ground, and to be understood as such, primarily, and as grass only symbolically. Careless indeed, more than is usual with him—much spoiled and repainted also; but quite clear enough in expression for us of the orderliness and freshness of a Venetian campo in the great times; garden and city you see mingled inseparably, the wild strawberry growing at the steps of the king's court of justice, and their marble sharp and bright out of the turf. Clean everything, and pure—no cigars in anybody's poisoned mouth—no voiding of perpetual excrement of saliva on the precious marble or living flowers. Perfect peace and befittingness of behavior in all men and creatures. Your very monkey in repose, perfect in his mediæval dress; the Darwinian theory in all its sacredness, breadth, divinity, and sagacity—but reposeful, not venturing to thrust itself into political council. Crowds on the bridges and quays, but untumultuous, close set as beds of flowers, richly decorative in their mass, and a beautiful mosaic of men, and of black, red, blue, and golden bonnets. Ruins, in-

deed, among the prosperity; but glorious ones—not shells of abandoned speculation, but remnants of mighty state long ago, now restored to nature's peace; the arches of the first bridge the city had built, broken down by storm, yet what was left of them spared for memory's sake. (So stood for a little while, a few years ago, the broken Ponte-à-Mare at Pisa; so at Rome, for ages, stood the Ponte Rotto, till the engineers and modern mob got at it, making what was in my youth the most lovely and holy scene in Rome, *now* a place where a swineherd could not stand without holding his nose, and which no woman can stop at.)

But here, the old arches are covered with sweet weeds, like native rock, and (for once!) reflected a little in the pure water under the meadowy hills. Much besides of noteworthy, if you are yourself worthy of noting it, you may find in this lovely distance. But the picture, it may be complained, seems for the most part—distance, architecture, and scattered crowd; while of foreground objects, we have principally cloaks, and very curiously thin legs.* Well, yes—the distance is indeed the prettiest part of this picture; and since, in modern art and drama, we have been accustomed, for anatomical and other reasons, to depend on nothing else but legs, I admit the supply of legs to be here scanty, and even of brachial, pectoral, and other admirable muscles. If you choose to look at the *faces* instead, you will find something in them; nevertheless, Carpaccio has been, on the whole, playing with himself, and with us, in his treatment of this subject. For Carpaccio is, in the most vital and conclusive sense, a man of genius, who will not at all supply you, nor can in the least supply himself, with sublimity and pathos to order; but is sublime, or delightful, or sometimes dull, or frequently grotesque, as Heaven wills it; or—profane persons will say—as the humor takes him. And his humor here has been dominant. For since much depends on the answer brought back from St. Ursula, besides the young

* Not in the least unnaturally thin, however, in the forms of persons of sedentary life.

Prince's happiness, one should have thought, the return of the embassy might have been represented in a loftier manner. But only two of the ambassadors are here; the king is occupied in hearing a cause which will take long—(see how gravely his minister is reading over the documents in question); meantime the young prince, impatient, going down the steps of the throne, makes his own private inquiries, proudly: “Your embassy has, I trust, been received, gentlemen, with a just understanding of our diplomatic relations?” “Your Royal Highness,” the lowly and gravely bowing principal ambassador replies, “must yourself be the only fitting judge of that matter, on fully hearing our report.” Meantime, the *chargé d'affaires* holds St. Ursula's answer—behind his back.

A piece of play, very nearly, the whole picture; a painter living in the midst of a prosperous city, happy in his own power, entirely believing in God, and in the saints, and in eternal life; and, at intervals, bending his whole soul to the expression of most deep and holy tragedy—such a man needs must have his times of play; which Carpaccio takes, in his work. Another man, instead of painting this piece with its monkey, and its little fiddler, and its jesting courtiers, would have played some ape-tricks of his own—spent an hour or two among literal fiddlers, and living courtiers. Carpaccio is not heard of among such—amuses himself still with pencil in hand, and us also, pleasantly, for a little while. You shall be serious enough, soon, with him, if you will.

But I find this guide must run into greater division, for I can't get the end of it properly done yet for some days; during the winter the gallery was too cold for me to think quietly in, and so I am obliged, as Fate always lately obliges me, to do this work from pen to print—at speed; so that, quitting Carpaccio for the nonce, I will tell you a little more about the general contents of the rooms; and so afterward take up St. Ursula's pilgrimage, undisturbed.* Now, there—

* This I am now doing in a separate Guide to the works of Carpaccio in Venice; these two parts, now published, contain all I have to say about the Academy.

fore, I will simply follow the order of the room circuit, noting the pieces worth study, if you have proper time.

From before this picture which has so long held us, go down the steps on the right of it, into the lower room.

Turning round immediately, you have good sight of two Paul Veroneses, one on each side of the steps. The upper group of the picture on your left (603), Madonna borne by angels at her knees, and encompassed by a circle of them, is the loveliest piece of Veronese in these galleries, nor can you see a better in the world; but, considered as a whole, the picture is a failure; all the sub-celestial part of it being wholly dull. Nevertheless, for essential study of Veronese's faculty, you cannot find anything better in Venice than that upper group; and the opposite picture, though confused, is worth attentive pause from all painters.

597. Le Brun. Sent from Paris, you see, in exchange for the Cena of Paul Veronese.

The Cena of Paul Veronese being worth—at moderate estimate of its eternal and intrinsic art-value—I should say, roughly, about ten good millions of sterling ducats, or twenty ironclads; and the Le Brun, worth, if it were put to proper use, precisely what its canvas may now be worth to make a packing-case of; but, as hung here, in negative value, and effectual mischief, in disgracing the rooms, and keeping fine pictures invisibly out of the way—a piece of vital poverty and calamity much more than equivalent to the presence of a dirty, torn rag, which the public would at once *know* to be worthless, in its place instead.

569, 570. Standard average portrait-pieces, fairly representative of Tintoret's quiet work, and of Venetian magistrates—Camerlenghi di Comune. Compare 587; very beautiful.

581, 582, 583. Spoils of the Church of the Carita, whose ruins you have seen. Venice being of all cities the only one

which has sacked *herself*, not in revolution, but mere blundering beggary; suppressing every church that had blessed her, and every society that had comforted. But at all events you *see* the pictures here; and the Cima is a fine one; but what time you give to this painter should be spent chiefly with his John the Baptist at the Madonna dell' Orto.

586. Once a Bonifazio of very high order; sorrowfully repainted with loss of half its life. But a picture, still, deserving honor.

From this room you find access either to the modern pictures, or by the door on the left hand of the Cima, to the collection of drawings. The well-known series by Raphael and Lionardo are of the very highest historical value and artistic interest; but it is curious to find, in Venice, scarcely a scratch or blot remaining of elementary study by any great Venetian master. Her painters drew little in black and white, and must have thrown such sketches, when they made them, away for mere waste paper. For all discussion of their methods of learning to draw with color from the first, I must refer my readers to my Art lectures.

The Lionardo drawings here are the finest I know; none in the Ambrosian library equal them in execution.

The staircase leading out of this room descends into the Hall of Titian's Assumption, where I have said nothing yet of his last picture (33), nor of that called in the Guide-books an example of his first style (35).

It has always been with me an intended piece of work to trace the real method of Titian's study, and the changes of his mind. But I shall never do it now; * and am hitherto entirely unacquainted with his early work. If this be indeed his, and a juvenile piece, it indicates a breadth of manner, and conventionally artistic way of looking at nature, entirely peculiar to him or to his era. The picture which he left unfinished might most fittingly be called the Shadow of Death.

* For reasons which any acute reader may enough discover in my lecture on Michael Angelo and Tintoret.

It is full of the profoundest metaphysical interest to me; but cannot be analyzed here.

In general, Titian is ill-represented in his own Venice. The best example of him, by far, is the portrait group of the Pesaro family in the Frari. The St. Mark in the Sacristy of the Salute was, in my early days, entirely glorious; but has been daubed over into ruin. The roof of the Sacristy in the Salute, with the fresco of St. Christopher,* and the portrait of the Doge Grimani before Faith, in the Ducal Palace, are all the remnants of him that are worth study here, since the destruction of the Peter Martyr.† The St. John the Baptist in this gallery (366), is really too stupid to be endured, and the black and white scramble of landscape in it is like a bad copy of Ruysdael.

45. The Miracle of St. Mark; a fine, but much-overrated, Tintoret. If any painter of real power wishes to study this master, let him be content with the Paradise of the Ducal Palace, and the School of St. Roch, where no harmful repainting has yet taken place. The once mighty pictures in the Madonna dell' Orto are destroyed by restoration; and those which are scattered about the other churches are scarcely worth pursuit, while the series of St. Roch remains in its purity.

In the next room to this (Sala III.) the pictures on the ceiling, brought from the room of the State Inquisitors, are more essential, because more easy, Tintoret-work, than the St. Mark, and very delightful to me; I only wish the Inquisitors were alive to enjoy them again themselves, and inquire into a few things happening in Venice, and especially into the religious principles of her "Modern Painters."

* An admirable account of this fresco is given by Mr. Edward Cheney, in "Original Documents Relating to Venetian Painters and their Pictures in the Eighteenth Century," pp. 60, 61.

† Of the portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti, in my own possession at Oxford, I leave others to speak, when I can speak of it no more. But it must be named here as the only fragment left of another great picture destroyed by fire, which Tintoret had so loved and studied that he replaced it from memory.

We have made the round of the rooms, all but the Pinacoteca Contarini, Sala V. and VI., and the long gallery, Sala X.-XIV., both containing many smaller pictures of interest; but of which I have no time, nor much care, to speak—except in complaint that detestable daubs by Callot, Dujardin, and various ignoti, should be allowed to disgrace the sixth sala, and occupy some of the best of the very little good light there is in the Academy; thrusting the lovely little Tintoret, 179—purest work of his heart and fairest of his faculty—high beyond sight of all its delicious painting; and the excellent quiet portrait, 168, into an unregarded corner. I am always puzzled by the smaller pictures of John Bellini; many of them here, of whose authorship there can be little doubt, being yet of very feeble merit. 94 is fine; and the five symbolical pictures, 234-238, in the inner room, Sala VI., are interesting to myself; but may probably be little so to others. The first is (I believe), Domestic Love, the world in her hand becoming the color of Heaven; the second, Fortitude quitting the effeminate Dionysus; the third (much the poorest and least intelligible), Truth, or Prudence; the fourth, Lust; and the fifth, Fortune as Opportunity, in distinction from the greater and sacred Fortune appointed of Heaven.

And now, if you are yet unfatigued,* you had better go back into the great room, and give thorough examination to the wonderful painting, as such, in the great Veronese, considering what all its shows and dexterities at last came to, and reading, before it, his examination concerning it, given in Appendix, which shows you that Venice herself felt what they were likely to come to, though in vain; and then, for contrast with its reckless power, and for final image to be remembered of sweet Italian art in its earnestness, return into the long gallery (through the two great rooms, turning your back on the Veronese, then out by the door opposite Titian's huge picture; then out of the corridor by the first door on the right, and walk down the gallery), to its little Sala X., where, high on your left, 360, is the Beata Cath-

* If you *are*, end with 179, and remember it well.

erine Vigri's St. Ursula; Catherine Vigri herself, it may be, kneeling to her. Truly a very much blessed Catherine, and, I should say, far more than half-way to a saint, knowing, however, of her, and her work, only this picture. Of which I will only say in closing, as I said of the Vicar's picture in beginning, that it would be well if any of us could do such things nowadays—and more especially, if our vicars and young ladies could.

APPENDIX.

THE little collection of "Documents relating to Venetian" Painters already referred to (p. 127), as made with excellent judgment by Mr. Edward Cheney, is, I regret to say, "communicated" only to the author's friends, of whom I, being now one of long standing, emboldened also by repeated instances of help received from him, venture to trespass on the modest book so far as to reprint part of the translation which it gives of the questioning of Paul Veronese.

"It is well known," says Mr. Cheney in his prefatory remarks, "to the students of Venetian history, that the Roman Inquisition was allowed little influence, and still less power, in the states of the Signory; and its sittings were always attended by lay members, selected from the Senate, to regulate and report its proceedings.

"The sittings of the Holy Office were held in the chapel of St. Theodore, fronting the door leading from St. Mark's Church to the Fondamenta di Canonica."

On Saturday, the 8th July, 1573, Master Paul Caliari, of Verona, a painter, residing in the parish of St. Samuel, was brought before the Sacred Tribunal; and being asked his name and surname, answered as above; and being asked of his profession, answered:

"A. I invent and draw figures.

Q. Do you know the reason why you have been summoned?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Can you imagine it?

A. I can imagine it.

Q. Tell us what you imagine.

A. For the reason which the Reverend Prior of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, whose name I know not, told me that he had been here, and that your illustrious lordships had given him orders that I should substitute the figure of the Magdalen for that of a dog; and I replied that I would willingly have done this, or anything else for my own credit and the advantage of the picture, but that I did not

think the figure of the Magdalen would be fitting (!!)* or would look well, for many reasons, which I will always assign whenever the opportunity is given me.

Q. What picture is that which you have named?

A. It is the picture representing the last† supper that Jesus took with His disciples in the house of Simon.

Q. Where is this picture?

A. In the refectory of the Friars of SS. Giovanni and Paolo.

Q. Is it painted on the wall, on panel, or on cloth?

A. On cloth.

Q. How many feet is it in height?

A. It is about seventeen feet.

Q. How wide?

A. About thirty-nine feet.

Q. In this supper of our Lord have you painted any attendants?

A. Yes, my lord.

Q. Say how many attendants, and what each is doing.

A. First, the master of the house, Simon; besides, I have placed below him a server, who I have supposed to have come for his own amusement to see the arrangement of the table. There are

* I must interpolate two notes of admiration. After all one has heard of the terrors of the Inquisition, it seems, nevertheless, some people ventured to differ with it in opinion, on occasion. And the Inquisition was entirely right, too. See next note.

† "*Cena ultima* che," etc.: the last, that is to say, of the two which Veronese supposed Christ to have taken with this host; but he had not carefully enough examined the apparently parallel passages. They are confusing enough, and perhaps the reader will be glad to refer to them in their proper order.

I. There is first, the feast given to Christ by St. Matthew after he was called; the circumstances of it told by himself; only saying "*the house*" instead of "*my house*" (Matt. ix. 9-13). This is the feast at which the objection is taken by the Pharisees—"Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" the event being again related by St. Luke (v. 29), giving Matthew the name of Levi. No other circumstance of interest takes place on this occasion.

II. "One of the Pharisees desired Him that He would eat with him: and He went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat" (Luke viii. 36).

To *this* feast came the Magdalen, and "stood at His feet, behind Him, weeping." And you know the rest. The same lesson given to the Pharisees who *forbade* the feast of Matthew, here given—in how much more pathetic force—to the Pharisee at whose feast Jesus now sat. Another manner of sinner this, who stands uncalled, at the feast, weeping: who in a little while will stand weeping—not for herself. The name of the Pharisee host is given in Christ's grave address to him—"Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee."

III. The *supper* at Bethany, in the house of Simon "the Leper," where Lazarus sat at table, where Martha served, and where her sister Mary poured the ointment on Christ's head, "for my burial" (Mark xiv. 3: Matt. xxvi. 7; and John xii. 2, where in the following third verse doubtless some copyist, confusing her

besides several others,* which, as there are many figures in the picture, I do not recollect.

Q. What is the meaning of those men dressed in the German fashion? † each with a halbert in his hand?

A. It is now necessary that I should say a few words.‡

The Court. Say on.

A. We painters take the same license that is permitted to poets, and jesters (!). I have placed those two halberdiers—the one eating, the other drinking §—by the staircase, to be supposed ready to perform any duty that may be required of them; it appearing to me quite fitting that the master of such a house, who was rich and great (as I have been told), should have such attendants.

Q. That fellow dressed like a buffoon, with the parrot on his wrist—for what purpose is *he* introduced into the canvas?

A. For ornament, as is usually done.||

Q. At the table of the Lord whom have you placed?

A. The twelve apostles.

with the Magdalen, added the clause of her wiping His feet with her hair—so also, more palpably, in John xi. 2). Here the objection is made by Judas, and the lesson given—"The poor ye have always with you."

We cannot seriously suppose Simon the Leper to be the same person as Simon the Pharisee; still less Simon the Pharisee to be the same as Matthew the publican: but in Veronese's mind their three feasts had got confused, and he thinks of them as *two* only, and calls this which he represents here the last of the two, though there is nothing whatever to identify it as first, last, or middle. There is no Magdalen, no Mary, no Lazarus, no hospitable Levi, no supercilious Simon. Nothing but a confused meeting of very mixed company; half of them straggling about the table without sitting down; and the conspicuous brown dog, for whom the Inquisitors would have had him substitute the Magdalen—which, if he had done, the picture would have been right in all other particulars, the scarlet-robed figure opposite Christ then becoming Simon the Pharisee; but he cannot be Matthew the apostle, for Veronese distinctly names the twelve apostles after "the master of the house;" and the text written on the balustrade on the left is therefore either spurious altogether, or added by Veronese to get rid of the necessity of putting in a Magdalen to satisfy his examiners, or please the Prior of St. John and Paul.

* Yes, there certainly are "several others"—some score of idlers about, I should say. But this longer answer of the painter's was probably little attended to, and ill reported by the secretary.

† My lords have suspicions of leaning toward the principles—no less than the taste—of Holbein; and of meaning some mischief.

‡ He instantly feels the drift of this last question, and that it must not be passed lightly. Asks leave to speak—(usually no license but of direct answer being given).

§ On the right. *One* has got all the eating and drinking to himself, however, as far as I can see.

|| Alas, *everything* is for ornament—if you would own it, Master Paul!

Q. What is St. Peter doing, who is the first? *

A. He is cutting up a lamb, to send to the other end of the table.

Q. What is he doing, who is next to him?

A. He is holding a plate to receive what St. Peter will give him.

Q. Tell us what he is doing, who is next to this last?

A. He is using a fork as a toothpick.†

Q. Who do you really think were present at that supper?

A. I believe Christ and His apostles were present; but in the foreground of the picture I have placed figures for ornament, of my own invention.

Q. Were you commissioned by any person to paint Germans, and buffoons, and such like things in this picture?

A. No, my lord; my commission was to ornament the picture as I judged best, which, being large, requires many figures, as it appears to me.

Q. Are the ornaments that the painter is in the habit of introducing in his frescoes and pictures suited and fitting to the subject and to the principal persons represented, or does he really paint such as strike his own fancy without exercising his judgment or his discretion? ‡

A. I design my pictures with all due consideration as to what is fitting, and to the best of my judgment.

Q. Does it appear to you fitting that at our Lord's last supper § you should paint buffoons, drunkards, Germans,|| dwarfs, and similar indecencies?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Why, then, have you painted them?

A. I have done it because I supposed that these were not in the place where the supper was served.

Q. Are you not aware that in Germany, ¶ and in other places infected with heresy, they are in the habit of painting pictures full of scurrility for the purpose of ridiculing and degrading the Holy Church, and thus teaching false doctrines to the ignorant and foolish?

A. Yes, my lord, it is bad; but I return to what I said before; I thought myself obliged to do as others—my predecessors—had done before me.

* Very curious that no question is asked as to what Christ Himself is doing. One would have greatly desired Veronese's answer.

† Scarcely seen, between the two pillars. I must needs admit that Raphael would have invented some more dignified apostolic action.

‡ Admirably put, my lord.

§ Not meaning the Cena, of course; but what Veronese also meant.

|| and ¶ The gist of the business, at last.

Q. And have your predecessors, then, done such things?

A. Michael Angelo, in the Papal Chapel in Rome, has painted our Lord Jesus Christ, His mother, St. John, and St. Peter, and all the Court of Heaven, from the Virgin Mary downward, all naked, and in various attitudes, with little reverence.

Q. Do you not know that in a painting like the Last Judgment, where drapery is not supposed, dresses are not required, and that disembodied spirits only are represented; but there are neither buffoons, nor dogs, nor armor, nor any other absurdity? And does it not appear to you that neither by this nor any other example you have done right in painting the picture in this manner, and that it can be proved right and decent?

A. Illustrious Lord, I do not defend it; but I thought I was doing right. I had not considered all these things, never intending to commit any impropriety; the more so as figures of buffoons are not supposed to be in the same place where our Lord is.

Which examination ended, my lords decreed that the above-named Master Paul should be bound to correct and amend the picture which had been under question, within three months, at his own expense, under penalties to be imposed by the Sacred Tribunal."

This sentence, however severe in terms, was merely a matter of form. The examiners were satisfied there was no malice prepense in their fanciful Paul; and troubled neither him nor themselves farther. He did not so much as efface the inculpatèd dog; and the only correction or amendment he made, so far as I can see, was the addition of the inscription, which marked the picture for the feast of Levi.

NOTES ON SAMUEL PROUT
AND WILLIAM HUNT.

ILLUSTRATED BY

A LOAN COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS

EXHIBITED AT

THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES,

148 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

1879-80.

PREFACE.

It has been only in compliance with the often and earnestly urged request of my friend Mr. Marcus Huish, that I have thrown the following notes together, on the works of two artists belonging to a time with which nearly all associations are now ended in the mind of general society; and of which my own memories, it seemed to me, could give little pleasure (even if I succeeded in rendering them intelligible) to a public indulged with far more curious arts, and eager for otherwise poignant interests than those which seemed admirable,—though not pretending to greatness, and were felt to be delightful,—though not provoking enthusiasm, in the quiet and little diverted lives of the English middle classes, “sixty years since.”

It is especially to be remembered that drawings of this simple character were made for the same middle classes, exclusively: and even for the second order of the middle classes, more accurately expressed by the term “bourgeoisie.” The great people always bought Canaletto, not Prout, and Van Huysum, not Hunt. There was indeed no quality in the bright little water-colors, which could look other than pert in ghostly corridors, and petty in halls of state; but they gave an unquestionable tone of liberal-mindedness to a suburban villa, and were the cheerfulest possible decorations for a moderate-sized breakfast parlor, opening on a nicely mown lawn. Their liveliness even rose, on occasion, to the charity of beautifying the narrow chambers of those whom business or fixed habit still retained in the obscurity of London itself; and I remember with peculiar respect the pride of a benevolent physician, who never would exchange his neighborhood to the poor of St. Giles’s for the lucrative luster of a West End Square, in wreathing his tiny little front drawing-room

with Hunt's loveliest apple-blossom, and taking the patients for whom he had prescribed fresh air, the next instant on a little visit to the country.

Nor was this adaptation to the tastes and circumstances of the London citizen, a constrained or obsequious compliance on the part of the kindly artists. They were themselves, in mind, as in habits of life, completely a part of the characteristic metropolitan population whom an occasional visit to the Continent always thrilled with surprise on finding themselves again among persons who familiarly spoke French; and whose summer holidays, though more customary, amused them nevertheless with the adventure, and beguiled them with the pastoral charm, of an uninterrupted picnic. Mr. Prout lived at Brixton, just at the rural extremity of Cold Harbor Lane, where the spire of Brixton church, the principal architectural ornament of the neighborhood, could not but greatly exalt, by comparison, the impressions received from that of Strasburg Cathedral, or the Hôtel de Ville of Bruxelles; and Mr. Hunt, though often in the spring and summer luxuriating in country lodgings, was only properly at home in the Hampstead road,* and never painted a cluster of nuts without some expression, visible enough by the manner of their presentation, of the pleasure it was to him to see them in the shell, instead of in a bag at the greengrocer's.

The lightly rippled level of this civic life lay, as will be easily imagined, far beneath the distractions, while it maintained itself meekly, yet severely, independent of the advantages held out by the social system of what is most reverently called "Town." Neither the disposition, the health, nor the means of either artist admitted of their spending their evenings, in general, elsewhere than by their own firesides; nor could a spring levée of English peeresses and foreign ambassadors be invited by the modest painter whose only studio was his little back-parlor, commanding a partial view of the scullery steps and the water-butt. The fluctuations of moral and æsthetic sentiment in the public mind were of small

* See his own inscription, with LONDON in capitals, under No. 78.

moment to the humble colorist, who depended only on the consistency of its views on the subject of early strawberries; and the thrilling subjects presented by the events of politics of the day were equally indifferent to the designer who invited interest to nothing later than the architecture of the 15th century. Even the treasures of scientific instruction, and marvels of physical discovery, were without material influence on the tranquillity of the two native painters' uneducated skill. Prout drew every lovely street in Europe without troubling himself to learn a single rule of perspective; while Hunt painted mossy banks for five-and-twenty years without ever caring to know a *Sphagnum* from a *Polypody*, and embossed or embowered his birds' eggs to a perfection, which Greek connoisseurs would have assured us the mother had unsuspectingly sate on—without enlarging his range of ornithological experience beyond the rarities of tomtit and hedge-sparrow.

This uncomplaining resignation of patronage, and unblushing blindness to instruction, were allied, in both painters, with a steady consistency in technical practice, which, from the first, and to the last, precluded both from all hope of promotion to the honors, as it withheld them from the peril of entanglement in the rivalries, connected with the system of exhibition in the Royal Academy. Mr. Prout's method of work was entirely founded on the quite elementary qualities of white paper and black Cumberland lead; and expressly terminated within the narrow range of prismatic effects producible by a brown or blue outline, with a wash of ochre or cobalt. Mr. Hunt's early drawings depended for their peculiar charm on the most open and simple arrangement of transparent color; and his later ones, for their highest attainments, on the flexibility of a pigment which yielded to the slightest touch and softest motion of a hand always more sensitive than firm. The skill which unceasing practice, within limits thus modestly unrelaxed, and with facilities of instrument thus openly confessed, enabled each draughtsman in his special path to attain, was exerted with a vividness

of instinct somewhat resembling that of animals, only in the slightest degree conscious of praiseworthiness, but animated by a healthy complacency, as little anxious for external sympathy as the self-content of a bee in the translucent symmetry of its cell, or of a chaffinch in the silvery tracery of her nest—and uniting, through the course of their uneventful and active lives, the frankness of the bird with the industry of the insect.

In all these points of view the drawings to which I venture, not without hesitation, to call the passing attention of the public, can claim regard only as examples of genius both narrowed and depressed; yet healthy enough to become more elastic under depression; and scintillant enough to be made more vivid by contraction. But there are other respects in which these seemingly unimportant works challenge graver study; and illustrate phases of our own national mind—I might perhaps say, even of national civilization—which coincide with many curious changes in social feelings; and may lead to results not easily calculable in social happiness.

If the reader has any familiarity with the galleries of painting in the great cities of Europe, he cannot but retain a clear, though somewhat monotonously calm, impression of the character of those polished flower-pieces, or still-life pieces, which occupy subordinate corners in their smaller rooms; and invite to moments of repose, or frivolity, the attention and imagination which have been wearied in admiring the attitudes of heroism, and sympathizing with the sentiments of piety. Recalling to his memory the brightest examples of these which his experience can supply, he will find that all the older ones agree—if flower-pieces—in a certain courtliness and formality of arrangement, implying that the highest honors which flowers can attain are in being wreathed into grace of garlands, or assembled in variegation of bouquets, for the decoration of beauty, or flattery of noblesse. If fruit or still-life pieces, they agree no less distinctly in directness of reference to the supreme hour when the destiny of dignified fruit is to be accomplished in a royal dessert; and the

furred and feathered life of hill and forest may bear witness to the Wisdom of Providence by its extinction for the kitchen dresser.

Irrespectively of these ornamental virtues, and culinary utilities, the painter never seems to perceive any conditions of beauty in the things themselves, which would make them worth regard for their own sake: nor, even in these appointed functions, are they ever supposed to be worth painting, unless the pleasures they procure be distinguished as those of the most exalted society. No artists of the old school would ever think of constructing a subject out of the herbs of a cottage garden, or viands of a rural feast. Whatever interest was then taken in the life of the lower orders involved always some reference to their rudenesses or vices; and rarely exhibits itself in any other expression than that of contempt for their employments, and reproach to their recreation.

In all such particulars the feelings shown in the works of Hunt, and of the school with which he was associated, directly reverse those of the preceding age. So far from being garlanded into any polite symmetry, his primroses fresh from the bank, and hawthorns white from the hedge, confess at once their artless origin in the village lane—have evidently been gathered only at the choice, and thrown down at the caprice, of the farmer's children, and cheerfully disclaim all hope of ever contributing to the splendors or felicities of the great. The bloom with which he bedews the grape, the frosted gold with which he frets the pine, are spent chiefly to show what a visible grace there is in the fruits of the earth, which we may sometimes feel that it is rude to touch, and swinish to taste; and the tenderness of hand and thought that soothe the rose-gray breast of the fallen dove, and weave the couch of moss for its quiet wings, propose no congratulation to the spectator on the future flavor of the bird in a pie.

It is a matter of extreme difficulty, but of no less interest, to distinguish, in this order of painting, what part of it has its origin in a plebeian—not to say vulgar—simplicity, which

education would have invested with a severer charm; and what part is grounded on a real sense of natural beauty, more pure and tender than could be discerned amid the luxury of courts, or stooped to by the pride of nobles.

For an especial instance, the drawing of the interior, No. 174, may be taken as a final example of the confidence which the painter felt in his power of giving some kind of interest to the most homely objects, and rendering the transitions of ordinary light and shade impressive, though he had nothing more sacred to illuminate than a lettuce, and nothing more terrible to hide than a reaping-hook. The dim light from the flint-glass window, and the general disposition and scale of the objects it falls on, remind me sometimes, however unreasonably, of the little oratory into which the deeply-worn steps ascend from the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick. But I know perfectly well, and partly acknowledge the rightness of his judgment, though I cannot analyze it, that Hunt would no more have painted that knightly interior instead of this, with helmets lying about instead of saucepans, and glowing heraldries staying the light instead of that sea-green lattice, than he would have gone for a walk round his farm in a court dress.

“Plebeian—not to say vulgar”—choice; but I fear that even “vulgar,” with full emphasis, must be said sometimes in the end. Not that a pipkin of cream in Devonshire is to be thought of less reverently than a vase of oil or canister of bread in Attica; but that the English dairy-maid in her way can hold her own with the Attic Canephora, and the peasant children of all countries where leaves are green and waters clear, possess a grace of their own no less divine than that of branch and wave. And it is to be sorrowfully confessed that the good old peach and apple painter was curiously insensible to this brighter human beauty, and though he could scarcely pass a cottage door around his Berkshire home without seeing groups of which Correggio would have made Cupids, and Luini cherubs, turned away from them all, to watch the rough plowboy at his dinner, or enliven a study of his parlor-maid

at her glass (158), with the elegance of a red and green pin-cushion.

And yet, for all this, the subtle sense of beauty above referred to was always in his mind, and may be proved, and partly illustrated, by notice of two very minute, but very constant, differences between his groups of still life and those of the Dutch painters. In every flower-piece of pretension, by the masters of that old school, two accessory points of decoration are never absent. The first of these is the dew-drop, or rain-drop—it may be two or three drops, of either size, on one of the smoothest petals of the central flower. This is always, and quite openly, done to show how well the painter can do it—not in the least with any enjoyment of wetness in the flower. The Dutchman never got a wet flower to paint from. He had his exquisite and exemplary poppy or tulip brought in from the market as he had occasion, and put on its dew-drops for it as a lady's dressing-maid puts on her diamonds, merely for state. But Hunt saw the flowers in his little garden really bright in the baptismal dawn, or drenched with the rain of noontide, and knew that no mortal could paint any real likeness of that heaven-shed light—and never once attempted it; you will find nothing in any of his pictures merely put on that you may try to wipe it off.

But there was a further *tour-de-force* demanded of the Dutch workman, without which all his happiest preceding achievements would have been unacknowledged. Not only a dew-drop, but, in some depth of bell, or cranny of leaf, a bee, or a fly, was needful for the complete satisfaction of the connoisseur. In the articulation of the fly's legs, or neurography of the bee's wings, the Genius of painting was supposed to signify her accepted disciples; and their work went forth to the European world, thenceforward, without question, as worthy of its age and country. But, without recognizing in myself, or desiring to encourage in my scholars, any unreasonable dislike or dread of the lower orders of living creatures, I trust that the reader will feel with me that none of Mr. Hunt's peaches or plums would be made daintier

by the detection on them of even the most cunningly latent wasp, or cautiously rampant caterpillar; and will accept, without so much opposition as it met with forty years ago, my then first promulgated, but steadily since repeated assertion, that the "modern painter" had in these matters less vanity than the ancient one, and better taste.

Another interesting evidence of Hunt's feeling for beauty is to be found in the unequal distribution of his pains to different parts of his subject. This is indeed, one of the peculiar characteristics of our modern manner, and in the abstract, not a laudable one. All the old masters, without exception, complete their pictures from corner to corner with a strictly driven level of deliberation; and whether it be a fold of drapery, a blade of grass, or a wreath of cloud, on which they are subordinately occupied, the pencil moves at the same tranquil pace, and the qualities of the object are rendered with the same fixed attention. In this habitual virtue, the dull and the brilliant, the weak and the mighty, concur without exception; holding it for their first point of honor to be thorough craftsmen; and to carry on the solicitude of their skill throughout the piece, as an armorer would hammer a corselet, or a housewife knit a stocking, leaving no edge untempered, and no thread unfastened. Modern petulance and incompetence lead, on the contrary, to the flaunting of dexterity in one place, and the pretense of ease in another—complete some portions of the subject with hypocritical affection, and abandon others in ostentatious contempt. In some few cases, the manner arises from a true eagerness of imagination, or kindly and natural desire for sympathy in particular likings; but in the plurality of instances, the habit allies itself with mistaken principles of art, and protects impatience and want of skill under the shield of philosophy.

Few modern pieces of oil-painting are more accomplished or deliberate than those of Meissonier: and in the example placed on the table in the center of the room, his subject was one which he certainly would not have treated, consciously,

with prosaic indignity of manner, or injurious economy of toil. Yet the inequality of workmanship has depressed what might have been a most sublime picture almost to the level of a scenic effect. The dress of the Emperor and housings of his steed are wrought with the master's utmost care: but the landscape is nearly unintelligible, and the ground a mere conventional diaper of feeble green and gray.

It is difficult to describe the height to which the picture would have risen above its present power, if a ruined French village had been represented with Flemish precision amidst the autumnal twilight of the woods; and the ground over which the wearied horse bears his dreaming rider, made lovely with its native wild-flowers.

In all such instances, the hold which a true sense of beauty has over the painter's mind may be at once ascertained by observing the nature of the objects to which his pains have been devoted. No master with a fine instinct for color would spend his time with deliberate preference on the straps and buckles of modern horse-furniture, rather than on the surrounding landscape or foreground flowers, though in a subject like this he would have felt it right to finish both, to the spectator's content, if not to his amazement. And among the numerous rustic scenes by Hunt which adorn these walls, though all are painted with force and spirit, none are recommended to our curiosity by an elaborate finish given to ungraceful objects. His final powers are only employed on motives like the dead doves in Nos. 139 and 145, accompanied by incidents more or less beautiful and seemly.

I must even further guard my last sentence, by the admission that the means by which his utmost intentions of finish are accomplished, can never, in the most accurate sense, be termed "elaborate." When the thing to be represented is minute, the touches which express it are necessarily minute also; they cannot be bold on the edge of a nutshell, nor free within the sphere of a bird's nest; but they are always frank and clear, to a degree which may seem not only imperfect, but even harsh or offensive, to eyes trained in more tender or

more formal schools. This broken execution by detached and sharply defined touches became indeed, in process of years, a manner in which the painter somewhat too visibly indulged, or prided himself; but it had its origin and authority in the care with which he followed the varieties of color in the shadow, no less than in the lights, of even the smallest objects. It is easy to obtain smoothness and unity of gradation when working with a single tint, but if all accidents of local color and all differences of hue between direct and reflected light are to be rendered with absolute purity, some breaking of the texture becomes inevitable. In many cases, also, of the most desirable colors, no pigments mixed on the palette, but only interlaced touches of pure tints on the paper, will attain the required effect. The indefinable primrose color, for instance, of the glazed porringer in the foreground of No. 174 could not possibly have been given with a mixed tint. The breaking of gray through gold by which it has been reached is one of the prettiest pieces of work to be seen in these rooms; it exhibits the utmost skill of the artist, and is an adequate justification of his usual manner.

Among the earliest statements of principles of art made in the "*Stones of Venice*," one of those chiefly fortunate in obtaining credit with my readers was the course of argument urging frankness in the confession of the special means by which any artistic result has been obtained, and of the limitations which these appointed instruments, and the laws proper to the use of them, set to its scope. Thus the threads in tapestry, the tesserae in mosaic, the joints of the stones in masonry, and the movements of the pencil in painting, are shown without hesitation by the greatest masters in those arts, and often enforced and accented by the most ingenious; while endeavors to conceal them—as to make needlework look like penciling, or efface, in painting, the rugged freedom or joyful lightness of its handiwork into the deceptive image of a natural surface, are, without any exception, signs of declining intelligence, and benumbed or misguided feelings.

I therefore esteem Hunt's work all the more exemplary in

acknowledging without disguise the restrictions imposed on the use of water-color as a medium for vigorously realistic effects: and I have placed pieces of it in my Oxford school as standards of imitative (as distinguished from decorative) color, in the rightness and usefulness of which I have every day more confirmed trust. I am aware of no other pieces of art, in modern days, at once so sincere and so accomplished: only let it be noted that I use the term "sincere" in this case, not as imputing culpable fallacy to pictures of more imaginative power, but only as implying the unbiased directness of aim at the realization of very simple facts, which is often impossible to the passions, or inconsistent with the plans, of greater designers.

In more cautiously guarded terms of praise, and with far less general proposal of their peculiar qualities for imitation, I have yet, both in my earlier books, and in recent lectures at Oxford, spoken of the pencil sketches of Prout with a reverence and enthusiasm which it is my chief personal object in the present exhibition to justify, or at least to explain; so that future readers may not be offended, as I have known some former ones to be, by expressions which seemed to them incompatible with the general tenor of my teaching.

It is quite true that my feelings toward this painter are much founded on, or at least colored by, early associations; but I have never found the memories of my childhood beguile me into any undue admiration of the architecture in Billiter Street or Brunswick Square; and I believe the characters which first delighted me in the drawings of this—in his path unrivaled—artist, deserve the best attention and illustration of which in my advanced years I am capable.

The little drawing, No. 95, bought, I believe, by my grandfather, hung in the corner of our little dining parlor at Herne Hill as early as I can remember; and had a most fateful and continual power over my childish mind. Men are made what they finally become, only by the external accidents which are in harmony with their inner nature. I was not made a student of Gothic merely because this little drawing of Prout's

was the first I knew; but the hereditary love of antiquity, and thirst for country life, which were as natural to me as a little jackdaw's taste for steeples, or dabchick's for reeds, were directed and tempered in a very definite way by the qualities of this single and simple drawing.

In the first place, it taught me generally to like ruggedness; and the conditions of joint in molding, and fitting of stones in walls which were most weather-worn, and like the gray dikes of a Cumberland hill-side. This predilection—passion, I might more truly call it—holds me yet so strongly, that I can never quite justly conceive the satisfaction of the original builders, even of the most delicate edifice, in seeing its comely stones well set together. Giotto's tower, and the subtly Cyclopean walls of early Verona, have indeed chastised the prejudice out of me, so far as regards work in marble enriched with mosaic and pure sculpture; but I had almost rather see Furness or Fountains Abbey strewn in grass-grown heaps by their brooksides, than in the first glow and close setting of their fresh-hewn sandstone. Whatever is rationally justifiable in this feeling, so far as it is dependent on just reverence for the signs of antiquity, and may therefore be trusted to, as existing generally in the minds of persons of thoughtful temperament, was enough explained, long ago, in the passages of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," which, the book not being now generally accessible, I reprint in Appendix I.; but openness of joints and roughness of masonry are not exclusively signs of age or decay in buildings: and I did not at that time enough insist on the propriety, and even the grace, of such forms of literal "rustication" * as are compelled by coarseness of materials, and plainness of builders, when proper regard is had to economy, and just honor rendered to provincial custom and local handicraft. These are now so little considered that the chief diffi-

* All the forms of massive foundation, of which the aspect, in buildings of pretension, has been described by this word, took their origin from the palaces in Florence, whose foundations were laid with unchiseled blocks of the gray gritstone of Fésolo, and looked like a piece of its crags.

culties I have had in the minute architectural efforts possible at Brantwood have been to persuade my Coniston builder into satisfaction with Coniston slate; and retention of Coniston manners in dressing—or rather, leaving undressed—its primitively fractured edges. If I ever left him alone for a day, some corner stone was sure to be sent for from Bath or Portland, and the ledges I had left to invite stonecrop and swallows, trimmed away in the advanced style of the railway station at Carnforth.

There is more, however, to be noted in this little old-fashioned painting, than mere delight in weedy eaves and mortarless walls. Pre-eminently its repose in such placid subjects of thought as the cottage, and its neighboring wood, contain for an easily-pleased observer, without the least recommendation of them by graceful incident, or plausible story. If we can be content with sunshine on our old brown roof, and the sober green of a commonplace English wood, protected by a still more commonplace tarred paling, and allowing the fancy therefore not to expatiate even so far as the hope of a walk in it—it is well;—and if not,—poor Prout has no more to offer us, and will not even concede the hope that one of those diagonally-dressed children may be the least pretty, or provoke us, by the gleam of a ribbon, or quaintness of a toy, into asking so much as what the itinerant peddler has in his basket.

I was waiting for a train the other day at Dover, and in an old-fashioned print-shop on the hill up to the Priory station, saw a piece of as old-fashioned picture-making, elaborately engraved, and of curious interest to me, at the moment, with reference to my present essay. It belonged to the dull British school which was founded on conscientious following of the miniature methods and crowded incidents of Dutch painting; and always dutifully proposed to give the spectator as much entertainment as could be collected into the given space of canvas. There was an ideal village street to begin with, the first cottage gable at the corner having more painting (and very good and pretty painting) spent on the mere thatch of it,

than there is in the entire Prout drawing under our notice. Beyond the laborious gable came some delicately-branched trees; and then the village street, in and out, half-a-mile long, with shops, and signs, and what not; and then the orthodox church-steeple, and then more trees, and then a sky with rolling white clouds after Wouvermans;—but all this, though the collected quantity of it would have made half-a-dozen country villages, if well pulled out, was only the beginning of the subject. Gable, street, church, rookery, and sky, were all, in the painter's mind, too thin and spare entertainment. So out of the gable-window looked a frightened old woman—out of the cottage-door rushed an angry old man; over the garden palings tumbled two evil-minded boys,—after the evil-minded boys rushed an indignantly-minded dog; and in the center of the foreground, cynosure of the composition, were, a couple of fighting-cocks,—one fallen, the other crowing for conquest;—highly finished, both, from wattle to spur. And the absolute pictorial value of the whole,—church and sky—village and startled inhabitants—vagabond boys—vindictive dog—and victorious bird (the title of the picture being “The Moment of Victory”)—the intrinsic value of the whole, I say, being—not the twentieth part of a Hunt's five-minute sketch of one cock's feather.

And yet it was all prettily painted,—as I said; and possessed every conceivable quality that can be taught in a school, or bought for money: and the artist who did it had probably in private life, a fair average quantity of sense and feeling, but had left both out of his picture, in order to imitate what he had been taught was fine, and produce what he expected would pay.

Take another instance, more curious, and nearer to matters in hand. The little photograph, No. 117, was made in 1858 (by my own setting of the camera), in the court-yard of one of the prettiest yet remaining fragments of 15th century domestic buildings in Abbeville. The natural vine-leaves consent in grace and glow with the life of the old wood carving; and though the modern white porcelain image ill replaces

the revolution-deposed Madonna, and only pedestals of saints, and canopies, are left on the propping beams of the gateway; and though the cask, and cooper's tools, and gardener's spade and ladder are little in accord with what was once stately in the gate, and graceful in the winding stair,—the declining shadows of the past mingle with the hardship of the present day in no unkindly sadness; and the little angle of courtyard, if tenderly painted in the depression of its fate, has enough still to occupy as much of our best thought as may be modestly claimed for his picture by any master not of the highest order.

But these motives of wise and gentle feeling would not appeal to the public mind in competitive exhibition. Such efforts as are made by our own landscapists to keep record of any fast vanishing scenes of the kind, are scarcely with goodwill accepted even in our minor art galleries: and leave to share in the luster of the Parisian "Salon de 1873" could only be hoped for by the author of the composition from which the photograph, No. 118, is taken, on condition of his giving pungency to the feeble savor of architectural study by a condiment of love, assassination, and despair.

It will not, I trust, be supposed that in anything I have said, or may presently further say, I have the smallest intention of diminishing the praise of nobly dramatic or pathetic pictures. The best years of my life have been spent in the endeavor to illustrate the neglected greatest of these, in Venice, Milan, and Rome: while my last and most deliberate writings have lost much of their influence with the public by disagreeably insisting that the duty of a great painter was rather to improve them, than amuse. But it remains always a sure elementary principle that interest in the story of pictures does not in the least signify a relative interest in the art of painting, or in the continual beauty and calm virtue of nature: and that the wholesomest manner in which the intelligence of young people can be developed (I may say, even, the intelligence of modest old people cultivated), in matters of this kind, is by inducing them accurately to understand what

painting is as mere painting, and music as mere music, before they are led into further question of the uses of either, in policy, morals, or religion.

And I cannot but recollect with feelings of considerable refreshment, in these days of the deep, the lofty, and the mysterious, what a simple company of connoisseurs we were, who crowded into happy meeting, on the first Mondays in Mays of long ago, in the bright large room of the old Water-color Society; and discussed, with holiday gayety, the unimposing merits of the favorites, from whose pencils we knew precisely what to expect, and by whom we were never either disappointed or surprised. Copley Fielding used to paint fishing-boats for us, in a fresh breeze, "Off Dover," "Off Ramsgate," "Off the Needles,"—off everywhere on the south coast where anybody had been last autumn; but we were always kept pleasantly in sight of land, and never saw so much as a gun fired in distress. Mr. Robson would occasionally paint a Bard, on a heathery crag in Wales; or—it might be—a Lady of the Lake on a similar piece of Scottish foreground,— "Benvenue in the distance." A little fighting, in the time of Charles the First, was permitted to Mr. Cattermole; and Mr. Cristall would sometimes invite virtuous sympathy to attend the meeting of two lovers at a Wishing gate or a Holy well. But the furthest flights even of these poetical members of the Society were seldom beyond the confines of the British Islands; the vague dominions of the air, and vasty ones of the deep, were held to be practically unvoyageable by our un-Dædal pinions, and on the safe level of our native soil, the sturdy statistics of Mr. De Wint, and blunt pastorals of Mr. Cox, restrained within the limits of probability and sobriety, alike the fancy of the idle and the ambition of the vain.

It became, however, by common and tacit consent, Mr. Prout's privilege, and it remained his privilege exclusively, to introduce foreign elements of romance and amazement into this—perhaps slightly fenny—atmosphere, of English common sense. In contrast with our Midland locks and barges, his "On the Grand Canal, Venice," was an Arabian enchant-

ment; among the mildly elegiac country churchyards of Llangollen or Stoke Pogis, his "Sepulchral Monuments at Verona" were Shakespearian tragedy; and to us who had just come into the room out of Finsbury or Mincing Lane, his "Street in Nuremburg" was a German fairy tale. But we none of us recognized, then (and I know not how far any of us recognize yet), that these feelings of ours were dependent on the meditation of a genius as earnest as it was humble, doing work not in its essence romantic at all; but, on the contrary, the only quite useful, faithful, and evermore serviceable work that the Society—by hand of any of its members—had ever done, or could ever, in that phase of its existence, do: containing, moreover, a statement of certain social facts only to be gathered, and image of certain pathetic beauties only to be seen, at that particular moment in the history of (what we are pleased to call) civilization.

"As earnest," I repeat,—“as it was humble.” The drawings actually shown on the Exhibition walls gave no sufficient clew to Prout's real character, and no intimation whatever of his pauseless industry. He differed, in these unguessed methods of toil, wholly from the other members of the Society. De Wint's morning and afternoon sketches from nature, with a few solidifying touches, were at once ready for their frames. Fielding's misty downs and dancing seas were softened into their distances of azure, and swept into their hollows of foam, at his ease, in his study, with conventional ability, and lightly burdened memory. Hunt's models lay on the little table at his side all day; or stood as long as he liked by the barn-door, for a penny. But Prout's had to be far sought, and with difficulty detailed and secured: the figures gliding on the causeway or mingling in the market-place, stayed not his leisure; and his drawings prepared for the Water-color room were usually no more than mechanical abstracts, made absolutely for support of his household, from the really vivid sketches which, with the whole instinct and joy of his nature, he made all through the cities of ancient Christendom, without an instant of flagging energy, and with-

out a thought of money payment. They became to him afterward a precious library, of which he never parted with a single volume as long as he lived. But it was the necessary consequence of the devotion of his main strength to the obtaining of these studies, that at his death they remained a principal part of the provision left for his family, and were therefore necessarily scattered. I cannot conceive any object more directly tending to the best interests of our students, both in art and history, than the reassembling a chosen series of them for the nation, as opportunity may be given.

Let me, however, before entering on any special notice of those which Mr. Huish has been able at this time (and I myself, by the good help of the painter's son, Mr. Gillespie Prout), to obtain for exhibition, state in all clearness the terms under which they should be judged, and may be enjoyed. For just as we ought not to match a wood-block of Bewick's against a fresco by Correggio, we must not compare a pencil outline of Prout's with any such ideals of finished street effect as Flemish painting once produced. Prout is not a colorist, nor, in any extended or complete sense of the word, a painter. He is essentially a draughtsman with the lead-pencil, as Dürer was essentially a draughtsman with the burin, and Bewick on the wood-block. And the chief art-virtue of the pieces here exhibited is the intellectual abstraction which represents many features of things with few lines.

Take the little view in Amiens, No. 7, showing the west front of the cathedral in the distance. That front is enriched with complex ranks of arcade and pinnacle, which it would take days to outline perfectly, and which, seen at the distance assumed in this drawing, gather into a mystery which no fineness of hand could imitatively follow. But all this has been abstracted into a few steady lines, with an intelligence of choice and precision of notation which build the cathedral as if it stood there, and in such accurate likeness that it could be recognized at a glance from every other mass of Gothic in Europe.

That drawing dependent on abstraction of this kind, in which forms are expressed rather as a mineralogist would draw a crystal than with any investing mystery of shade or effect, cannot be carried beyond the point assigned, nor convey any sense of extreme beauty or majesty, when these really exist in its subject, must be conceded at once, and in full. But there is a great deal of scenery in this Europe of ours, not lovely; and a great deal of habitation in this Europe of ours not sublime, yet both extremely worthy of being recorded in a briefly crystalline manner. And with scenes only, and dwellings only, of this ruder nature, Prout is concerned.

Take for instance the general facts respecting the valley of the Somme, collected in this little sketch of Amiens. That river, and the Oise, with other neighboring minor streams, flow through a chalk district intersected by very ancient valleys, filled mostly with peat up to sea-level, but carrying off a large portion of the rainfall over the whole surface of the upper plains, which, open and arable, retain scarcely any moisture in morasses, pools, or deep grass. The rivers, therefore, though with little fall, run always fast and brimful, divided into many serviceable branches and runlets; while the older villages and cities on their banks are built of timber and brick, or in the poorer cottages, timber and clay; but their churches of an adhesive and durable chalk rock, yielding itself with the utmost ease to dexterities of deep incision, and relieving, at first with lace-like whiteness, and always with a pleasant pearly gray, the shadows so obtained. No sensual arts or wealthy insolences have ever defiled or distorted the quiet temper of the northern French race, and in this busy little water-street of Amiens (you see that Prout has carefully indicated its rapid current—a navigable and baptismal brook, past step and door—water that one can float with and wash with, not a viscous vomit of black poison, like an English river) you have clearly pictured to you a state of peasant life assembled in the fellowship of a city, yet with as little pride as if still in the glades of Arden, and united chiefly for the sake of mere neighborliness; and the sense of

benediction and guardianship in the everywhere visible pinnacles of the temple built by their Fathers, nor yet forsaken by their Fathers' God.

All this can be enough told in a few rightly laid pencil lines, and more, it is needless to tell of so lowly provincial life.

Needless, at least, for the general public. For the closer student of architecture, finer drawing may be needed; but even for such keener requirement Prout will not, for a time, fail us.

Five-and-twenty miles down the Somme lies the little ramparted town of Abbeville; rampart only of the Grand Monarque's time, but the walls of might long ago, in the days of Crécy; and few French provincial bourgs had then more numerous or beautiful monasteries, hospitals, chapels, and churches. Of the central St. Wulfran, never completed, there remain only the colossal nave, the ruined transept walls, and the lordly towers and porches of the west front. The drawing No. 5, quite one of the best examples of Prout's central time in the room, most faithfully represents this western pile of tracery and fretwork, with the filial richness of the timber houses that once stood round it.

None of the beautiful ones here seen are now left; and one day, perhaps, even France herself will be grateful to the wandering Londoner, who drew them as they once were, and copied, without quite understanding, every sign and word on them.

And as one of the few remaining true records of fifteenth-century France—such as her vestiges remained after all the wreck of revolution and recoil of war had passed over them, this pencil drawing, slight as it seems, may well take rank beside any pen-sketch by Holbein in Augsburg, or Gentile Bellini in Venice. As a piece of composition and general treatment, it might be reasoned on for days; for the cunning choices of omission, the delicate little dexterities of adjustment—the accents without vulgarity, and reticences without affectation—the exactly enough everywhere, to secure an im-

pression of reality, and the instant pause at the moment when another touch would have been tiresome—are, in the soberest truth, more wonderful than most of the disciplined compositions of the greater masters, for no scruple checks *them* for an instant in changing or introducing what they chose; but Prout gives literal, and all but servile, portrait, only managing somehow to get the checkers of woodwork to carry down the richness of the towers into the houses; then to get the broad white wall of the nearer houses to contrast with both, and then sets the transept turret to peep over the roof just enough to etherealize its practicality, and the black figure to come in front of it to give luster to its whiteness; and so on throughout, down to the last and minutest touches:—the incomprehensiblest classical sonata is not more artificial—the sparkling painted window not more vivid, and the sharpest photograph not half so natural.

In sequence of this drawing, I may point out seven others of like value, equally estimable and unreplaceable, both in matters of Art, and—I use the word, as will be seen presently, in its full force—of History, namely

- No. 9. EVREUX.
- No. 10. STRASBURG.
- No. 19. ANTWERP.
- No. 47. DOMO D'OSSOLA.
- No. 48. COMO.
- No. 65. BOLOGNA.
- No. 7. THE COLISEUM.

I choose these eight drawings (counting the Abbeville), four belonging to North France and Germany, four to Italy, of which the Northern ones do indeed utterly represent the spirit of the architecture chosen; but the Southern subjects are much more restricted in expression, for Prout was quite unable to draw the buildings of the highest Italian school: yet he has given the vital look of Italy in his day more truly

than any other landscapist, be he who he may; and not excepting even Turner, for *his* ideal is always distinctly Turnerian, and not the mere blunt and sorrowful fact.

You might perhaps, and very easily, think at first that these Prout subjects were as much "Proutized" (Copley Fielding first used that word to me) as Turner's were Turnerized. They are not so, by any manner of means, or rather, they are so by manner and means only, not by sight or heart. Turner saw things as Shelley or Keats did; and with perfectly comprehensive power, gave all that such eyes can summon, to gild, or veil, the fatalities of material truth. But Prout saw only what all the world sees, what is substantially and demonstrably there; and drew that reality, in his much arrested and humble manner indeed, but with perfectly apostolic faithfulness. He reflected the scene like some rough old Etruscan mirror—jagged, broken, blurred, if you will, but *It*, the thing itself still; while Turner gives *it*, and himself too, and ever so much of fairyland besides. His Florence or Nemi compels me to think, as a scholar, or (for so much of one as may be in me) a poet; but Prout's harbor of old Como is utterly and positively the very harbor I landed in when I was a boy of fourteen, after a day's rowing from Cadenabbia, and it makes me young again, and hot, and happy, to look at it. And that Bologna! Well, the tower *does* lean a little too far over, certainly; but what blessedness to be actually there, and to think we shall be in Venice to-morrow!

But note that the first condition of all these really great drawings (as indeed for all kinds of other good), is unaffectedness. If ever Prout strains a nerve, or begins to think what other people will say or feel;—nay, if he ever allows his own real faculty of chiaroscuro to pronounce itself consciously, he falls into fourth- and fifth-rate work directly; and the entire force of him can be found only where it has been called into cheerful exertion by subjects moderately, yet throughout delightful to him; which present no difficulties to be conquered, no discords to be reconciled, and have just

enough of clarion in them to rouse him to his paces, without provoking him to prance or capriole.

I should thus rank the drawing of Como (48) as quite of the first class, and in the front rank of that class. Unattractive at first, its interest will increase every moment that you stay by it, and every little piece of it is a separate picture, all the better in itself for its subjection to the whole.

You may at first think the glassless windows too black. But nothing can be too black for an open window in a sunny Italian wall, at so short a distance. You may think the hills too light, but nothing can be too light for olive hills in mid-day summer. "They would have come dark against the sky?" Yes, certainly; but we don't pretend to draw Italian skies—only the ruined port of Como, which is verily here before us—(alas! at Como no more, having long since been filled up, leveled, and graveled, and made an "esplanade" for modern Italy to spit over in its idle afternoons). But take the lens to the old group of houses;—they will become as interesting as a missal illumination if you only look carefully enough to see how Prout varied those twenty-seven black holes, so that literally not one of them shall be like another. The grand old Comasque builder of the twelfth century arches below (the whole school of Lombardic masonry being originally Comasque) varied them to his hand enough in height and width—but he invents a new tiny picture in chiaroscuro to put under every arch, and then knits all together with the central boats;—literally knits, for you see the mast of one of them catches up the cross-stick—stitch we might call it—that the clothes hung on between the balconies; and then the little figures on the left catch up the pillars like meshes in basket-work, and then the white awning of the boat on the left repeats the mass of wall, taking the stiffness out of it, while the reflections of arches, with the other figures, and the near black freights, carry all the best of it, broken and rippling, to the bitter shore.

But the drawing of the Coliseum at Rome, No. 71, has still higher claim to our consideration; in it were reserved,

and in all points, rarer powers of expressing magnitude and solitude. It is so majestic in manner that it would quite have borne being set beside the photograph of Turner's drawing at Farnley; had it been fair to match mere outline against a finished composition. For Prout was, and he remains, the only one of our artists who entirely shared Turner's sense of magnitude, as the sign of past human effort, or of natural force; and I must be so far tedious as to explain this metaphysical point at some length. Of all forms of artistic susceptibility, reverent perception of true * magnitude is the rarest. No general conclusion has become more clear to my experience than this—strange as it may seem at first statement, that a painter's mind, *typically*, recognizes no charm in physical vastness: and will, if it must choose between two evils, by preference work on a reduced, rather than an enlarged, scale; and for subject, paint miniature rather than mass. Human form is always given by the great masters either of the natural size, or somewhat less (unless under fixed conditions of distance which require perspective enlargement),—and no sort or shadow of pleasure is ever taken by the strongest designers in bulk of matter. Veronese never paints shafts or pillars more than two feet in diameter, or thereabouts, and only from fifteen to twenty feet in height. Titian's beech-trunks in the Peter Martyr were not a foot across at the thickest, while his mountains are merely blue spaces of graceful shape, and are never accurately enough drawn to give even a suggestion of scale. And in the entire range of Venetian marine painting there is not one large wave.

Among our own recent landscape painters, while occasionally great feeling is shown for space, or mystery, there is none for essential magnitude. Stanfield was just as happy in drawing the East cliff at Hastings as the Rock of Ischia;

* Reckless accumulation of *false* magnitude—as by John Martin, is merely a vulgar weakness of brain, allied to nightmare; so also the colossal works of decadent states in sculpture and architecture, which are always insolent; not reverent.

and painted the little sandy jut of crag far better than the coned volcano. Fielding asked for no more stupendous summits than those of Saddleback or Wrynose—and never attempted the grandeur even of Yorkshire scars, finding their articulated geology troublesome. Sometimes David Roberts made a praiseworthy effort to explain the size of a pillar at Thebes, or a tower in the Alhambra; but only in cases where the character of largeness had been forced upon his attention, as the quality to be observed by himself, and recommended to the observation of others. He never felt, or would have tried to make anyone else feel—the weight of an ordinary boulder stone, or the hollow of an old chestnut stem, or the height of a gathering thunder-cloud. In the real apprehension of measurable magnitude, magnitude in things clearly seen—stones, trees, clouds, or towers—Turner and Prout stand—they two—absolutely side by side—otherwise companionless.

Measurable magnitude, observe:—and therefore wonderful. If you can't see the difference between the domes of the National Gallery and of St. Paul's:—much more if you can't see the difference between Shanklin Chine and the Via Mala (and most people can't!)—you will never care either for Turner or Prout;—nor can you care rightly for them unless you have an intellectual pleasure in construction, and know and feel that it is more difficult to build a tower securely four hundred feet high, than forty—and that the pillar of cloud above the crater of Etna, standing two thousand feet forth from the lips of it, means a natural force greater than the puff of a railway boiler. The quiet and calm feeling of reverence for this kind of power, and the accurate habit of rendering it (see notes on the Sketches of Strasburg, No. 10, and Drachenfels, No. 28)—are always connected, so far as I have observed, with some parallel justice in the estimate of spiritual order and power in human life and its laws;—nor is there any faculty of my own mind—among those to which I owe whatever useful results it may have reached—of which I am so gratefully conscious.

There is one further point—and if my preface has hitherto been too garrulous, it must be grave in notice of this at the close,—in which Turner, Bewick, Hunt, and Prout, all four agree—that they can draw the poor, but not the rich. They acknowledge with affection, whether for principal or accessory subjects of their art, the British farmer, the British sailor,* the British marketwoman, and the British workman. They agree unanimously in ignoring the British gentleman. Let the British gentleman lay it to heart, and ask himself why.

The general answer is long, and manifold. But, with respect to the separate work of Prout, there is a very precious piece of instruction in it, respecting national prosperity and policy, which may be gathered with a few glances.

You see how all his best pieces depend on figures either crowded in market-places, or pausing (lounging, it may be) in quiet streets—you will not find in the entire series of subjects here assembled from his hand—a single figure in a hurry! He ignores, you see—not only the British Gentleman;—but every necessary condition, nowadays, of British Business!

Look again, and see if you can find a single figure exerting all its strength. A couple of men rolling a single cask, perhaps; here and there a woman with rather a large bundle on her head—any more athletic display than these, you seek in vain.

* Including, of course, the British soldier; but for Turner, a ship of the line was pictorially better material than a field battery; else he would just as gladly have painted Albuera as Trafalgar. I am intensely anxious, by the way, to find out where a small picture of his greatest time may now be dwelling,—a stranded English frigate engaging the batteries on the French coast at sunset (she got off at the flood-tide in the morning); I want to get it, if possible, for the St. George's Museum at Sheffield. For the rest, I think the British gentleman may partly see his way to the answer of the above question if he will faithfully consider with himself how it comes to pass that, always fearless in the field, he is cowardly in the House,—and always generous in the field,—is yet meanly cunning, and—too often—malignant, in the House.

He ignores even the British Boat-race—and British muscular divinity, and British Muscular Art.

His figures are all as quiet as the Cathedral of Chartres! “Because he could not make them move”—think you? Nay, not so. Some of them—(that figure on the sands in the Calais, for instance), you can scarcely think are standing still—but they all move quietly. The real reason is that *he* understood—and *we* do not—the meaning of the word—“quiet.”

He understood it, personally, and for himself: practically and for others. Take this one fact—of his quiet dealings with men, and think over it. In his early days he had established a useful and steady connection with the country dealers,—that is to say, with the leading print-sellers in the county towns and principal watering-places. He supplied them with pretty drawings of understood size and price, which were nearly always in tranquil demand by the better class of customers. The understood size was about 10 inches by 14 or 15, and the fixed price, six guineas. The dealer charged from seven to ten, according to the pleasantness of the drawing. I bought the “Venice,” for instance, No. 55, from Mr. Hewitt, of Leamington, for eight guineas.

The modern fashionable interest in—what we suppose to be art—had just begun to show itself a few years before Prout’s death; and he was frequently advised to raise his prices. But he never raised them a shilling to his old customers.* They were supplied with all the drawings they wanted, at six guineas each, to the end. A very peaceful method of dealing, and under the true ancient laws ordained by Athena of the Agora, and St. James of the Rialto.

Athena, observe, of the Agora, or Market *Place*. And St. James of the Deep Stream, or Market *River*. The Angels of Honest Sale and Honest Porterage; such honest porterage

* Nor greatly to his new ones. The drawings made for the Water-color room were usually more elaborate, and, justly, a little higher in price; but my father bought the Lisieux, No. 13, off its walls, for eighteen guineas.

being the true grandeur of the Grand Canal, and of all other canals, rivers, sounds, and seas that ever moved in wavering morris under the night. And the eternally electric light of the embankment of that Rialto stream was shed upon it by the Cross—know you that for certain, you dwellers by high-embanked and steamer-burdened Thames.

And learn from your poor wandering painter this lesson—for sum of the best he had to give you (it is the Alpha of the Laws of true human life)—that no city is prosperous in the sight of heaven, unless the peasant sells in its market—adding this lesson of Gentile Bellini's for the Omega, that no city is ever righteous in the Sight of Heaven, unless the noble walks in its street.

CATALOGUE.

I.—PROUT.

THE reader will find, ending this pamphlet, a continuous index to the whole collection of drawings, with references to the pages in which special notice has been taken of them. So that in this descriptive text, I allow myself to pause in explanatory, or wander in discursive, statement, just as may seem to me most helpful to the student, or most likely to interest the general visitor.

I begin with the series of pencil drawings by Prout, which were my principal object in promoting this exhibition. Of these I have chosen seventy, all of high quality, and arranged so as to illustrate the outgoing course of an old-fashioned Continental tour, beginning at Calais, and ending at Rome. Following the order of these with attention, an intellectual observer may learn many things—not to his hurt.

Their dates, it will be noticed, are never given by the artist himself—except in the day; never the year—nor is there anything in the progress of Prout's skill, or in his changes of manner, the account of which need detain us long. From earliest boyhood to the day of his death, he drew firmly,



PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL PROUT.
From drawing by William Hunt.

and never scrabbled or blurred. Not a single line or dot is ever laid without positive intention,* and the care needful to fulfill that intention. This is already a consummate virtue. But the magnificent certainty and ease, united, which it enabled him to obtain, are only seen to the full in drawings of his middle time. Not in decrepitude, but in mistaken effort, for which, to my sorrow, I was partly myself answerable, he endeavored in later journeys to make his sketches more accurate in detail of tracery and sculpture; and they lost in feeling what they gained in technical exactness and elaboration. Of these later drawings only three are included in this series, 4, 8, and 17; their peculiar character will, however, be at once discernible.

His incipient work was distinguished by two specialties—the use of a gray washed tint with the pencil, a practice entirely abandoned in his great time (though he will always make notes of *color* frankly); and the insisting on minor pieces of broken texture, in small stones, bricks, grass, or any little picturesque incidents, with loss of largeness and repose. The little study of the apse of Worms Cathedral (32), a most careful early drawing, shows these faults characteristically; the Prague (23) is as definite an example of his great central manner, and even Turner's outline is not more faultless, though more complete. For the rest, Turner himself shared in the earlier weakness of more sharply dotted and sprinkled black touches, and practiced, contemporaneously, the wash of gray tint with the pencil. The chief use of the method to the young student is in its compelling him to divide his masses clearly; and I used it much myself in early sketches, such as that of the Aventine, No. 104*a*, for mere cleanliness and comfort in security of shadow—rather than the always rubbing and vanishing blacklead. But it is an entirely restricted method, and must be abandoned in all advanced study, and the pencil used alone both for shade and line, until the finer gradations of shadow are understood. *Then color*

* See the exception proving the rule, in a single line, in No. 12, there noted.

may be used with the pencil for notation, and every power at once is in the workman's hands. The two first studies in our series are perfect instances of this conclusive method.*

There were more reasons, and better ones, than the students of to-day would suppose, for his not adopting it oftener. The subjects in Cornwall and Derbyshire, by which his mind was first formed, were most of them wholly discouraging in color, if not gloomy or offensive. Gray blocks of whinstone, black timbers, and broken walls of clay, needed no iridescent illustration; the heath and stonecrop were beyond his skill; and, had he painted them with the stanchest efforts, would not have been translatable into the coarse lithographs for Ackermann's drawing-books, the publication of which was at that time a principal source of income to him. His richer Continental subjects of later times were often quite as independent of color, and in nearly every case taken under circumstances rendering its imitation impossible. He might be permitted by indulgent police to stop a thoroughfare for an hour or two with a crowd of admirers, but by no means to settle himself in a comfortable tent upon the pavement for a couple of months, or set up a gypsy encampment of pots and easel in the middle of the market-place. Also, his constitution, as delicate as it was sanguine, admitted indeed of his sitting without harm for half an hour in a shady lane, or basking for part of the forenoon in a sunny piazza, but would have broken down at once under the continuous strain necessary to paint a picture in the open air. And under these conditions the wonder is only how he did so much that was attentive and true, and that even his most conventional water-colors are so refined in light and shade that even the slightest become almost majestic when engraved.

1. CALAIS.

Sketch on the spot, of the best time and highest quality—the clouds put in as they stood—the brig as she

* For further notes on the methods of shape proper to the great masters, the reader may consult the third and fourth numbers of my *Laws of Fésole*.

lay—the figures where they measure the space of sand, and give the look of busy desolateness, which poor Calais—crown jewel of England—had fallen to in our day—Prout's and mine. You see the size of the steam-packet of the period; you may trust Prout's measure of its magnitude, as aforesaid. So also of belfry, lighthouse, and church—very dear all to the old painter, as to me. I gave my own drawing of the lighthouse and belfry, No. 104, to the author of “Rab and his Friends,” who may perhaps lend it me for comparison.* My drawing of the church spire is lost to me, but somewhere about in the world, I hope, and perhaps may be yet got hold of, and kept with this drawing, for memory of old Calais, and illustration of what was meant by the opening passage of the fourth volume of “Modern Painters.” (Appendix II.)

Take the lens † to the gate of the tower (above the steamer) and see how, in such a little bit, the architecture is truly told. Compare Hogarth's Gate of Calais.

2. CALAIS OLD PIER.

Turner's great subject. But Turner's being earlier taken, while the English packet was still only a fast-sailing cutter—(steam unthought of!) A perfect gem of masterful study, and quiet feeling of the facts of eternal sea and shore.

The solemnly rendered mystery of the deep and far sea; the sway of the great waves entering over the bar at the harbor's mouth; the ebbing away of the sand at the angle of the pier; the heaping of it in hills against its nearer side,‡ and the way in which all is made huge,

* It was exhibited last year, but if it comes from Scotland, will be shown again for proof of Prout's fidelity in distant form.

† For proper study of any good work in painting and drawing, the student should always have in his hand a magnifying glass of moderate power, from two to three inches in diameter.

‡ Compare the sentence respecting this same place, Appendix II., “surfy sand, and hillocked shore.”

bleak, and wild by the deeper tone of the dark sail and figure, are all efforts of the highest art faculty, which we cannot too much honor and thank.

3. STUDIES OF FRENCH AND NETHERLAND FIGURES AND DILIGENCES.

Exemplary in the manner of abstract, and perfect in figure drawing, for *his* purposes. They are poor persons, you see—all of them. Not quite equal to Miss Kate Greenaway's in grace, nor to Mrs. Allingham's in face (they, therefore, you observe, have mostly their backs to us). But both Miss Kate and Mrs. Allingham might do better duty to their day, and better honor to their art, if they would paint, as verily, some of these poor country people in far-away places, rather than the high-bred prettinesses or fond imaginations, which are the best they have given us yet for antidote to the misery of London.

4. ABBEVILLE. CHURCH OF ST. WULFRAN.

Seen from the west, over old houses (since destroyed). Of the artist's best time and manner. See Preface, page 156.

5. ABBEVILLE. CHURCH OF ST. WULFRAN—THE NORTH-WESTERN TOWER, WITH OLD HOUSES.

Elaborate. Of the late time, but not in the highest degree good. The chiaroscuro of the pinnacles evidently caught on the spot, but not carried through the drawing rightly, and the whole much mannered. Precious, however, for all that.

6. PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PORCHES OF ST. WULFRAN, ABBEVILLE.

7. AMIENS.

One of the best of the best time. See Preface, page 154, and compare the extract from "Modern Painters," given in Appendix III.

8. CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHER IN ST. JAQUES,
DIEPPE.

One of the best studies of the last period. See further notes on it under the number 17.

9. EVREUX.

Perfect sketch of the best time, and most notable for the exquisite grace of proportion in its wooden belfry. No architect, however accurate in his measurements—no artist, however sensitive in his admiration—ever gave the proportion and grace of Gothic spires and towers with the loving fidelity that Prout did. This is much to say; and therefore I say it again deliberately: there are no existing true records of the real effect of Gothic towers and spires—except only Prout's. And now I must be tedious a while, and explain what I mean in saying this—being much—and show it to be true. Observe first—everything in grace of form depends on truth of scale. You don't show how graceful a thing is, till you show how large it is; for all grace means ultimately the use of strength in the right way, moral and physical, against a given force. A swan, no bigger than a butterfly, would not be graceful—its grace is in its proportion to the waves and power over them. A butterfly as large as a swan would not be graceful—its beauty is in being so small that the winds play with it, but do not vex it. A hollow traceried spire fifteen feet high would be effeminate and frivolous, for it would be stronger solid—a hollow traceried spire five hundred feet high, is beautiful; for it is safer so, and the burden of the builder's toil spared. All wisdom—economy—beauty, and holiness, are one; harmonious throughout—in all places, times, and things: understand any one of their orders, and do it—it will lead you to another—to all others, in time.

Now, therefore, think why this spire of Evreux is graceful. If it were only silver filigree over a salt-cellar, it would still be pretty (for it is beautifully varied and

arranged). But not "graceful" (or full of grace). The reason is that it is built, not with silver, but with aspen logs, and because there has been brought a strange refinement and melody, as of chiming in tune, and virtue of uprightness—and precision of pointedness, into the aspen logs, which nobody could ever have believed it *was* in a log to receive. And it is graceful also, because it is evidently playful and bright in temper. There are no laboring logs visible—no propping, or thrusting, or bearing logs—no mass of enduring and afflicted timber—only imaginative timber, aspiring just high enough for praise, not for ambition. Twice as high as it ever could have stood in a tree—by honor of men done to it; but not so high as to strain its strength, and make it weak among the winds, or perilous to the people.

10. STRASBURG—THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

I have put this drawing—quite one of the noblest in all the series—out of its geographical place, and beside the Evreux, that you may compare the qualities of grace in wooden and stone buildings; and follow out our begun reasoning further.

Examine first how the height is told. Conscientiously, to begin with. He had not room enough on his paper (perhaps), and put the top at the side rather than blunt or diminish the least bit. I say "perhaps," because, with most people, that would have been the way of it; but my own private opinion is, that *he* never meant to have room on his paper for it—that he felt instinctively that it was grander to have it going up nobody knew where—only that he could not draw it so for the public, and must have the top handy to put on afterward.

Conscientiously, first, the height is told; next, artfully. He chooses his place just where you can see the principal porch at the end of the street—takes care, by every artifice of perspective and a little exaggeration of ærial tone, to make you feel how far off it is; then carries it up into

the clearer air. Of course, if you don't notice the distant porch, or are not in the habit of measuring the size of one part of a thing by another, you will not feel it here—but neither would you have felt it there, at Strasburg itself.

Next for composition. If you ever read my last year's notes on Turner, you must remember how often I had to dwell on his way of conquering any objectionable character in his main subject by putting more of the same character in something else, where it was *not* objectionable. Now it happens to be one of the chief faults of Strasburg Spire (and it has many, for all the reputation of it), to be far too much constituted of meager upright lines (see the angle staircases, and process of their receding at the top, and the vertical shafts across the window at its base). Prout instantly felt, as he drew the tower, that, left to itself it would be too ironlike and stiff. He does not disguise this character in the least, but conquers it utterly by insisting with all his might on the flutings of the pilasters of the near well. "How ill drawn these!" you say. Yes, but he hates these in themselves, and does not care how badly he draws them, so only that by their ugly help he can save the Cathedral. Which they completely do; taking all the stiffness out of it, and leaving it majestic. Next—he uses contrast to foil its beauty, as he has used repetition to mask its faults. In the Abbeville, No. 4, he had a beautiful bit of rustic white wall to set off his towers with. Here, in Strasburg, half modernized, alas! even in his time, he finds nothing better than the great ugly white house behind the lamp. In old times, remember, a series of gables like that of the last house would have gone all down the street. (Compare the effect in Antwerp, No. 19, all contemporary.) Prout will not do any "restoration"—he knows better; but he could easily have disguised this white house with cast shadows across the street and some blinds and carpets at the windows. But the white, vulgar mass shall not be so hidden, and

the richness of all the old work shall gain fullness out of the modern emptiness, and modesty out of the modern impudence.

Pre-eminently the gain is to the dear old gabled house on the right, which is the real subject of the drawing, being a true Strasburg dwelling-house of the great times. But before speaking more of this, I must ask you to look at the next subject.

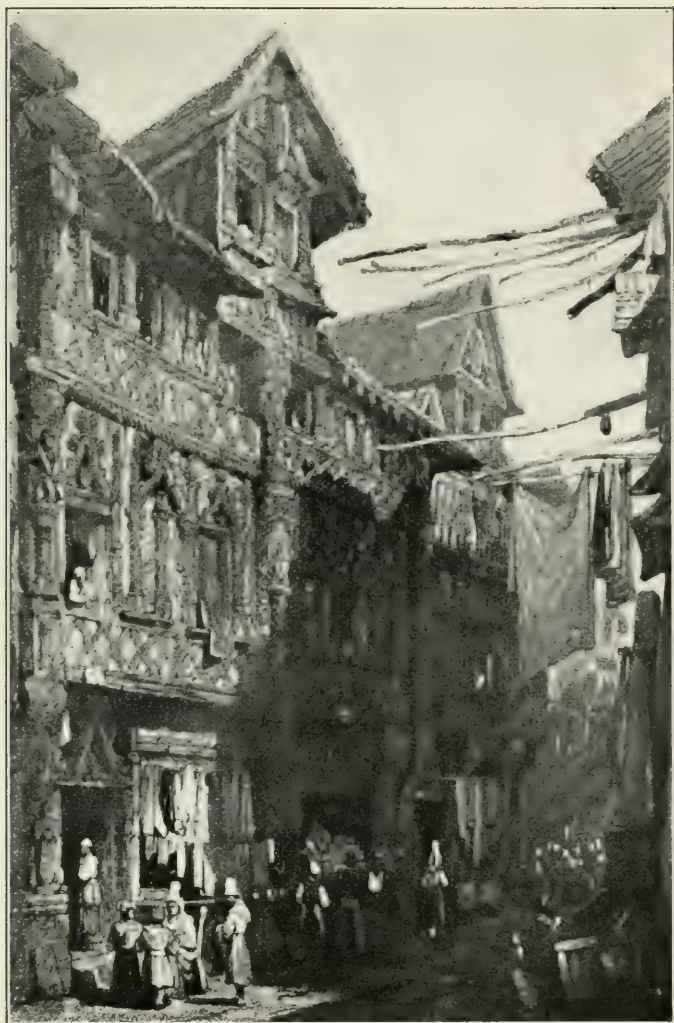
12. LISIEUX, OLD STREET IN.

This, though it contains so much work, is a hurried and fatigued drawing—fatigued itself in a sense, as having more touches put on it than were good for it; and the sign of fatigue in the master, or perhaps rather of passing illness, for he seems never to have been tired in the ordinary way. The unusually confused and inarticulate figures, the more or less wriggled and ill-drawn draperies, and the unfinished foundation of the house on the right, where actually there is a line crossing another unintentionally! are all most singular with him; and I fancy he must have come on this subject at the end of a sickly-minded day, and yet felt that he must do all he could for it, and then broken down.

He has resolved to do it justice, at least in the drawing No. 8, one of the best in the room; but there are characters in the subject itself which, without his quite knowing why, cramped him, and kept several of his finer powers from coming into play.

Note first, essentially, he is a draughtsman of stone, not wood, and a tree-trunk is always wholly beyond his faculty; so that, when everything is wooden, as here, he has to translate his stony manner for it all through, and is as if speaking a foreign language. In the finished drawing, one scarcely knows whether the near doorway is stone or wood.

And there was one character, I repeat, in this subject that specially strained this weak part of him. When a

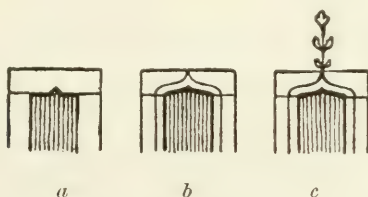


LISIEUX, BY S. PROUT.

From a drawing in the possession of W. Pritchard Gordon, Esq.

wooden house is in properly wooden style—he can always do it, as at Abbeville and Strasburg. But this street at Lisieux is a wooden street in stone style. I feel even tempted to write fine scientific modern English about it, and say it is objectively lignologic and subjectively petrologic. The crossing beams of the wall-courses, and king-posts of the gables in dormer windows are indeed properly expressive of timber structure; but all the sculpture is imitative of the forms developed in the stone traceries of the same period—seen perfectly in the elaborate drawing, No. 8.

Those traceries were themselves reciprocally corrupted, as we shall see presently, by the woodwork practiced all round them; but both the Burgundian and Norman later Gothic was corrupted by its own luxurious laziness, before it took any infection from the forest. Instead of building a real pointed arch—they merely put a cross lintel with a nick in it * (a), then softened the nick-edges and ran a line of molding round it (b), and



then ran up a flourish above to show what a clever thing they had done (c)—and there you are. But there is much more curious interest in this form of wooden imitative architecture than any mere matter of structural propriety.

Please compare the Lisieux houses in No. 11, with the house on the right at Strasburg in No. 10. You see

* Without the nick, mind you, it would have been a grand building—pure Greek or pure Tuscan, and capable of boundless good. It is the Nicolaitane nick that's the devil.

there are no pinnacles nor crockets imitated there. All is sternly square—upright timber and cross timber—cut into what ornamental current moldings the workman knew.

And yet you see the Cathedral at the side is eminently gabled and pinnacular! Run your eye from the square window of the second story of the house (third from ground), along to the cathedral gabled tracery. Could any two styles be more adverse? While on the contrary, the Lisieux street is merely a “changing the willow wreaths to stone”—in imitation of the chapel of St. Jaques? It is true, the Lisieux street is contemporary with St. Jaques, and the Strasburg house a century or so later than the Cathedral; but that is not the reason of the opposition. Had they been either pure French or pure German, the two would have declined together and have died together. But in France of the fifteenth century, church, noblesse, and people, were one body, and the people in Lisieux loved and delighted in their clergy and nobles, as the Venetians did—

“Pontifices, clerus, populus, dux mente serenus.”

But Strasburg is on the edge, nay, on the Pole—of all divisions. Virtually, from west to east, between Dijon and Berne; virtually, from north to south, between Cologne and Basle; virtually, if you have eyes the Diet of Worms is in it; the Council of Constance is in it; the Battle of Sempach is there, and the rout of Granson.

That is a Swiss cottage, with all ecclesiastical and feudal powers flaming up into the sky at the side of it, and the iron lances and lines of them are as lace round the “Commerce de Jean Dichl.” “Commerce,” a grand word, which we suppose ourselves here to understand, an entirely vile one, if misunderstood. Human commerce, a business for men and angels; but inhuman, for apes and specters. We must look at a few more street-scenes in order to find out which sort Jean Dichl’s belongs to.

14. BAYEUX.

A small sketch, but first-rate, and with half a mile of street in it. Pure and plain woodwork this, with prop and buttress of stumpy stone—healthy all, and sound; note especially the strong look of foundation, as opposed to the modern style of house-front in most commercial quarters—five stories of brick wall standing on the edge of a pane of plate-glass.

15. TOURS.

The saints presiding over an old-clothes shop, apparently—but it may be the fashionable drapers of the quarter. I merely give it as an example of the developed form of bracket, the end of the cross timber becoming a niche, and the prop, a saint—not without meaning. Much more strength than is really wanted allowed in the backing, so that these corrugated saints do not by their recessed niches really weaken the structure. Compare photograph, No. 117.

16. ROUEN. THE BUTTER-TOWER.

Built with the octroi on butter—not a right way—be it spoken, in passing. All taxes on food of any sort, or drink of any sort, are wrong, whether to build a pious tower, or support an impious government.

A tired sketch—the house on the left, one of the most beautiful in France, hurried and ill done.

17. ROUEN. STAIRCASE IN ST. MACLOU.

Almost unique in the elaboration of the texture in marble pillar, and effect of distant light, showing what he was capable of in this kind; compare St. Jaques, No. 8, where he gets flickering sunlight through painted glass. There, the effect is pathetic and expressive; but both texture and effect of light were mistakes, in St. Maclou; it does not in the least matter to the staircase whether the pillar is smooth, or the window bright. In

earlier times he would have merely indicated the forms of both, and given his time to gather groups of figures following the circular sweep of the staircase.

18. GHENT.

Having run south now as far as I care, we will turn back, please, to go through the Netherlands into Germany. Pretty nearly *all* the Netherlands are in this and the following drawing. Boats, beside houses; the boats heavily practical: the houses heavily fanciful; but both accurate and perfect in their way; work of a great, though fen-witted, people. The Ghent scene is the very cream of Prout—all that he could best do in his happiest times—his Cornish and Hastings boat-study standing him in thorough stead *here*, though it will fail him at Venice, as we shall sadly see.

19. ANTWERP.

Altogether magnificent: the noble street-scene, requiring no effort to exalt, no artifice to conceal a single feature in it. Pure fact—the stately houses and the simple market, and the divine tower. You would like advertisements all along the house-fronts, instead, wouldn't you? and notices of sale—at a ruinous sacrifice—in the shop-windows, wouldn't you? and a tramway up the street, and a railway under it, and a gasometer at the end of it, instead of a cathedral—now, wouldn't you?

21. BRUNSWICK.

Dainty still; a most lovely drawing. I didn't find anything so good in the town myself, but was not there until 1859, when, I suppose, all the best of it had been knocked down. The Stadthaus (see lithograph, No. 93) is unique in the support of its traceries on light transverse arches, but this innovation, like nearly all German specialities in Gothic, is grotesque, and affected without being ingenious.

22. DRESDEN.

An exquisite drawing; and most curious in the entire conquest and calming down of Prout's usual broken touch into Renaissance smoothness. It is the best existing representation of the old town, and readers of Friedrich may care to know what it was like.

23. PRAGUE.—ENTRANCE OVER THE BRIDGE.

A drawing already noticed, of the highest quality. The lithograph, No. 91, of the other side of the tower on the right, enables us to walk back the other way; it is quite one of the best drawings in the book.

24. PRAGUE.—THE STADTHAUS.

Both lovely, and essentially Proutesque, as a drawing. Architecturally, one of the prettiest possible examples of fourteenth century Gothic. The town was all, more or less, like that, once—the houses beyond have, I suppose, been built even since the siege.

25. BAMBERG.

I include this drawing in our series, first for its lovely crowd of figures; and secondly, to show that Prout never attempts to make anything picturesque that naturally isn't. Domo d'Ossola and Bologna (47 and 64) are picturesque—in the drawings, because they are so in reality—and heavy Bamberg remains as dull as it pleases to be. This strict honesty of Prout's has never been rightly understood, because he didn't often draw dull things, and gleaned the picturesque ones out of every hole and corner; so that everybody used to think it was he who had made them picturesque. But, as aforesaid, he is really as true as a mirror.

26. NUREMBERG, CHURCH OF ST. AT.

Of the best time, and certainly the fullest expression ever given of the character of the church. But the composition puzzled him, the house corner on left coming

in too abruptly, and the sketch falls short of his best qualities; he gets fatigued with the richness in excess over so large a mass, and feels that nothing of foreground will carry it out in harmony.

28. THE DRACHENFELS.

When I said that Turner and Prout stood by themselves in power of rendering magnitude, I don't mean on the same level, of course, but in perfect sympathy; and Turner himself would have looked with more than admiration—with real respect—at this quiet little study. I have never seen any other picture or drawing which gave so intensely the main truths of the breadth and prolonged distances of the great river, and the scale and standing of the rock, as compared with the buildings and woods at its feet.

The “standing” of the rock, I say especially; for it is in great part by the perfect sculpture and build of its buttresses—the “articulation” which, I have just said, Fielding shunned as too troublesome) that the effect, or rather information, of magnitude is given.

And next to this rock drawing, the clear houses and trees, and exquisite little boat—examined well—complete the story of mountain power by their intense reality. Take the lens to them—there is no true enjoyment to be had without attention, either from pictures, or the truth itself.

29. ISLANDS ON THE RHINE.

First, the power of the Dragon rock—then of the noble river. It seems to have been an especially interesting scene this, to good painters. One of the most elaborate pieces of drawing ever executed by Turner was from this spot.

30. THE PFALZ.

Hurried a little, and too black in distance—but I include it in the series for a most interesting bit of com-

position in it. The building, from this point of view, had a disagreeable look of a church-tower surrounded by pepper-boxes. He brings it into a mass, and makes a fortress of it, by the shadow on the mountain to the right of the tower, almost as dark as a bit of roof.

32. WORMS.

An early drawing—the only one included in this series—is to be compared with the careful water-color, No. 31.

35. ULM.

A beautiful drawing of one of the most interesting street fountains in Germany. It is given in this sketch, as usual, with entire care and feeling of its proportion. The water-color drawing, No. 36, shows the little interest he took in copying for the Exhibition, knowing that the British mind was not to be impressed by proportion, and only cared for getting things into their frames. The lithograph, No. 90, is, on the contrary, one of his most careful works, and quite true to the place, when I saw it in 1835. I suppose it is all pulled down, and made an “esplanade” of by this time. (See “Seven Lamps,” Appendix I.)

37 and 33. SWISS AND GERMAN COSTUMES.

I never can understand how these groups are ever designed or caught, and how they are built up, one by one. No painter who can do it ever tells us how.

39. CHILLON.

The only drawing I ever saw which gave the real relation of the castle to the size of the mountain behind it.

40. THE DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

I must leave the reader now to make what he may of this and the following drawings as far as 47: all of them, to people who know the old look of the places, will be interesting; but I have no time to enlarge on them.

41. MONTREUX.

42. WATERFALL UNDER THE DENT DU MIDI, IN THE RHONE VALLEY.

43. VILLAGE OF MARTIGNY.

46. BRIEG.

47. DOMO D'OSSOLA.

One of the most exemplary in the room, for intense fidelity to the place, and lovely composition of living groups. Note the value of the upright figure in the balcony on the left, in breaking up and enriching the mass, and joining it with the rest.

48. COMO.

Enough dwelt on in the preface.

49. THE MONUMENT OF CAN SIGNORIO DELLA SCALA, AT VERONA.

Note that the low sarcophagus on the left, of much finer time than the richer tomb, has on its side a bas-relief representing the Madonna enthroned between two angels, a third angel presents to her the dead knight's soul, kneeling.

50. The large drawing of the subject, No. 50, has lost all these particulars. Was it all Prout's fault, shall we say? Was there any one, in his time, of English travelers, who would have thanked him for a madonna and a dead old Scaliger, done ever so clearly?

56. VENICE. DUCAL PALACE FROM THE WEST.

57. VENICE. DUCAL PALACE FROM THE EAST.

58. ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, NORMANDY.

I have put No. 58 in this eccentric manner, after the Ducal Palace, that the reader may feel, for good and all, Prout's intense appreciation of local character—his gayety with the gay, and his strength with the strong. Cornish-bred, his own heart is indeed in the rocks, and towers, and sands of the fraternal Norman shore—and it fails him in Venice, where the conditions alike of her masquing and her majesty were utterly strange to him. Still, the sense of light, and motion, and splendor above the Riva dei Schiavoni; and of gloom, and iron-fastness, and poverty, midst the silent sands of Avanches, are rendered by the mirror of him, as if you had but turned its face from sun to shade.

The St. Michael's is an entirely grand drawing. The St. Raphael's—for that is indeed the other name of the Ducal Palace *—on this side, has many faults; but is yet, out and out, the best Ducal Palace that has as yet been done. It is not an architectural drawing—does not in the least pretend to be. No one had ever drawn the traceries of the Ducal Palace till I did myself. Canaletto, in his way, is just as false as Prout—Turner no better. Not one of them painted anything but their general impressions; and not a soul in England knew that there was a system in Venetian architecture at all, until I made the measured (to half and quarter inches) elevation of it (No. 105), and gave the analysis of its tracery moldings and their development, from those of the Franciscans at the Frari ("Stones of Venice," vol. ii.). This study of Prout's, then, I repeat, does not pretend to architectural accuracy; and it has even one very considerable fault. Prout's mind had been so formed among

* The angel Michael is the angle statue on the southwest (seen in No. 56), with the inscription, "With my sword I guard the good, and cleanse the evil." The angel Raphael holds in his hands the nations' prayer to him, "Raphael, the dreadful ("reverende"), make thou the deep quiet, we beseech thee."

buildings solid at the base, and aerial at the top, that he not only could not enjoy, he could not even *see*, the national audacity of the great builder of the Ducal Palace, in supporting its wall on, virtually, two rows of marble piles; and, at the further end, just where the shafts at the angle let the winds blow through them as frankly as the timbers of Calais pier,* he blackens them all up inside, as if the backing wall were solid and the arches were only niches.

For all that, there never was anything so true to the general splendor and life of the palace done before, nor ever will be again.†

* The real and marvelous structure of the angle is admirably shown in the photograph, No. 106a, though the quantity of light penetrating the shafts is a little exaggerated in effect by uniting with the light sides of the shafts. Taking the lens to the photograph, you will see this line is destroyed by the modern gas-lamp stuck across the Italian sculpture, and you may admire at leisure the other improvements made by the art of the nineteenth century on the effect of the piazzetta. The combination of the fore and mizzen masts of the huge steamer whose hull, with its boat, blocks out the whole lagoon; and of the upright *near* gas-lamp, with the pillar of St. Mark—the introduction of the steamer's painted funnel to form a foundation for the tower of San Giorgio—the bathing establishment anchored beyond the pillars, just where the Bucentaur used to lie close to the quay to receive the Doge; and, finally, the bills pasted on the sheds at the base of St. Mark's column, advising us of improving works of a liberal tone, such as the "Storia della Natura," and the "Misteri della Inquisizione di Spagna." In this same Loggia of Sansovino's, against which these sheds are built, the "Misteri" of the Government Lottery are also revealed weekly to the popular mind.

† And in the great drawing (No. 60) lent by Lord Coleridge the upper story is singularly and gracefully accurate in the pinnaced Gothic of its central window, and in the various elevations and magnitudes of the rest. The two upper windows in the shade at the nearest angle are the oldest portion of the palace visible, and Prout has carefully noted their different curve. The bright and busy figures are true to old times only, for the building is now being restored, and no man with a heart will ever draw the patched skeleton of it more.

There are two points—technical both and spiritual both—which the reader must note in this drawing.

The first, how thankful Prout is for the clusters of doves along the upper line of the cornice. "They might as well be jackdaws," you think? Well, as aforesaid, Prout is not a colorist, else he would have made his boats black and his doves gray; but then he would have been Carpaccio, and not Prout. This is really all you can expect him to do for a dove, with his poor Cumberland plumbago; and, after all, the glory of the creatures is not in being pigeons, but in being Venetians. Swallow or sparrow, daw or dove, sea-gull by Achilles' isle or chough by Cornish cliff—that they are living with us by shore and altar, under cottage eaves and around palace council chambers, that is their glory—and, if we knew it, our peace.

The other point is more definitely technical, yet has its lesson in other directions also. I have already again and again insisted on Prout's way of taking up his stitches, and carrying one part of his work into another. Look back to what is said of the Como in preface. He is no more content with his Ducal Palace till he has got it well into fugue with its crowd than he was with these old houses by the harbor. He won't break the corner of its arcade, but just flutes, as it were, a single pillar with the mast of a boat, and then carries the mast down—stopping the arch-moldings for it, observe, as he draws them, so deliberate is he, and, getting well down so to his figures, rivets the rent of the canal across with the standing one, just under Michael Steno's central window, and then carries all away to the right, with the sitting figures and leveled sails in harmony with the courses of the palace, and to the left, with the boats. Hide one of these foundational forms with your hand, and see how the palace goes to pieces! There are many compositions in the room more felicitous; but there is no other in which the oppo-

site influence to the "little rift within the lute"—the stitch in time that saves nine—is so delicately and so intensely illustrated as by the service of this single boat-spar to every shaft of the whole Ducal Palace.

With respect to these Venice drawings there are two metaphysical problems—in my own mind, of extreme insolubility—and on which I therefore do not enlarge, namely, why Prout, practical among all manner of Cornish and Kentish boats, could not for the life of him draw a gondola; and the second, why, not being able to draw a gondola, he yet never gave the grand Adriatic fishing-boat, with its colored sail, instead. These, and other relative questions still more abstruse—as, for instance, why he could draw the domes of Dresden rightly, and yet made the Madonna della Salute look like the National Gallery or Bethlehem Hospital—I must for the present leave for the reader's own debate, and only at speed give some account of the points to be illustrated by the supplementary drawings.

People often ask me—and people who have been long at Venice too—of the subject No. 55, *where* those square pillars are, and what they are. The corner of the Piazzetta from which this view is taken was once the sweetest of all sacred niches in that great marble withdrawing-room of the Piazzetta of St. Mark's. My old sketch, No. 107, shows approximately the color of the marble walls and pavement of it, and the way the white flowers of the Greek pillars—purest Byzantine—shone through the dark spots of lichen. The Daguerreotype, No. 114, taken under my own direction, gives the light and shade of them, chosen just where the western sunlight catches the edge of the cross at the base of the nearer one; and my study, No. 108, shows more fully the character of the Byzantine chiseling—entirely free-hand, flinging the marble acanthus-leaves here and there as they would actually grow. It is *through* work of this kind that the divine Greek power of the days of Hesiod came down to

animate the mosaic workers in St. Mark's, in the eleventh century.

They worked under a Greek princess, of whom the reader will find some legend (though yet I have not been able to do more than begin her story) in the second number of "St. Mark's Rest."* In the third I have given some account of the entire series of mosaics which were completed by her husband under the influence of his Greek queen (true *queen*, mind you, at that time, the Duke of Venice then wearing the king's diadem, not the republican cap); and I besought my readers at Venice and elsewhere to help me to get some faithful record of these mosaics before they perished by modern restoration. I have never made a more earnest appeal for anything—and indeed I believe, had it been for a personal gift—another Splügen drawing, or the like—I should have got it by this time easily enough. But there are always twenty people who will do what they feel to be kind, for one who will take my advice about an important public object. And—if they only knew it—the one real kindness they *can* show to me is in listening to me—understanding, in the first place, that I know my business better at sixty than I did at five-and-twenty; and in the second, that my happiness, such as yet remains to me, does not at all consist in the things about me in my own parlor, but in the thought that the principles I have taught are being acted upon, and the great buildings and great scenes I have tried to describe saved, so far as may yet be possible, from destruction and desecration. At this very hour, the committees of Venetian builders are meeting to plot the total destruction, and re-erection

* My readers continually complain that they can't get my presently issuing books. There is not a bookseller in London, however, who is not perfectly well aware that the said books are always to be had by a post card sent to my publisher, Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, to whom subscriptions for the object stated in the text are to be sent (or the books may be had of the Fine Art Society).

according to their own notions, and for their own emolument, of the entire west front of St. Mark's—that which Barbarossa knelt under, and before which Dandolo took his vow for Palestine! And in the meantime the Christian populace of all Europe is quarreling about their little parish reredoses and wax-candles! *

And so it comes to pass, that the floor of St. Mark's is already destroyed, together with the north and south sides; only the west front and roof mosaics are yet left, and these are instantly threatened. I have got an absolutely faithful and able artist, trained by Mr. Burne Jones, to undertake the copying of the whole series of mosaics yet uninjured. He is doing this for love and mere journeyman's wages—how carefully and thoroughly the three examples in this room (114, 115, 116) will enough show; but he has been six months at work alone, unable to employ assistants, and all that I have yet got for him by the eagerest appeals I could make at Venice and here is—some hundred and seventy pounds, and half of that from a single personal friend! †

I will have a little circular drawn up, stating these and other relative facts clearly, before the close of the present exhibition. Before its opening, I can allow myself now little more than the mere explanation of what it contains.

And now I really haven't time to talk any more, and yet I've ever so much to say, if I could, of the following drawings at Arqua and Nuremberg, 77 and 70. I must at least say at once why these, like Venice and St. Michael's Mount, go side by side.

* It may perhaps not be quite too late to contradict a report that appeared in some Irish paper, that I had been lately in Dublin, giving some opinion or other about reredoses. I have not been in Ireland these ten years—never shall be in Ireland more—and care no more about any modern churches or church furniture than about the drop-scene at Drury Lane—not so much indeed, if the truth were all told.

† £ s. d., by report from Mr. Allen, of 12th November.

In the first place, I believe that the so-called Petrarch's house at Arquà (67) can only be built on the site of the real one—it can't be of Petrarch's time; but the tomb is true, and just looking from that, to the building of Dürer's house (70)—which is assuredly authentic—and of Rubens's, No. 81, what a quantity of the lives of the men we are told by these three slight sketches! One of the things I hope to do at Sheffield is to get a connected and systematic series of drawings of the houses and the tombs of great men. The tombs, of course, generally tell more of their successors than of themselves; but the two together will be historical more than many volumes. Their houses, I say; yes, and the things they saw from their houses—quite the chief point with many of the best men and women. Casa Guidi windows, often of much more import than Casa Guidi; and in this house of Albert's, its own cross-timbers are little matter, but those Nuremberg walls around it are everything.

73. KELSO.

I now gather together, as I best may, the supplementary drawings which have come in since I arranged my series, and one or two others which did not properly belong to it. This one of Kelso is chiefly valuable as showing his mode of elementary study with washes of two tints—one warm, the other a little cooler. The system was afterward expanded into his color practice.

74. ENTRANCE TO NORTH TRANSEPT OF ROUEN.

Unfinished, and extremely interesting, as showing his *method* of rubbing in the tint with the stump or his finger, before adding the pencil lines.

75. STUDY OF DUTCH BOATS.

These boat sketches might be multiplied countlessly—and I would fain have given many and talked much of them, but have neither room nor time. Note in this the

careful warping of the mast by the strain of the heavy sail.

76. NEUDERSDORF. }
77. GUTENFELS. }

Two lovely Rhine realities; when the river was something better than a steam-tramway.

78. AN OLD RHINE BRIDGE, AT RHEINFELDEN.

A favorite Turner subject, and drawn and engraved with great care in "Modern Painters." As a Prout, it is inferior—small in manner and forced, but, as usual, wholly true to the place.

79. MUNICH.

Notable chiefly for the effort made to draw the attention away from the ugly arcade under the houses by the crowd of near figures. Compare the insistence on beautiful arcades in the Como and Domo d'Ossola.

80. YPRES.

Wholly lovely, and to be classed with the Abbeville and Evreux as one of the most precious records of former domestic architecture.

81. RUBENS'S HOUSE, ANTWERP.

The kind of domestic architecture that destroyed all reverence for what preceded it, and brought us down to—what we are.

Note the beginning of modern anatomies and sciences and pseudo-classicalisms in the monstrous skulls of beasts.

82. CAEN. }
83. FALAISE. }

Two of the most careful and finished pieces of his later work, but rather architectural studies than pictures, and

alas! the architecture of the worst school. So little can the taste be really formed without study of sculpture as the queen of edifying law. See notes on Supplementary Sketches.

86. PORTICO DI OTTAVIA, ROME.

All the life and death of Rome is in this quite invaluable drawing; but I have no time to talk of the life and death of Rome, and perhaps the enlightened modern student would only care for a view of the new tobacco manufactory under the Palatine.

87. WELL AT STRASBURG.

We don't want wells neither, in these days of wisdom, having Thirlmere turned on for us, or Loch Katrine, at our pleasure. But—from the days of Jacob's well till—thirty years ago, such things were pleasant in human eyes.

88. WELL AT STRASBURG.

I close our Prout penciling with seven examples of his superb work on stone; all by his own hand, and as literally and thoroughly his, touch for touch, as the pencil sketches themselves, and even more wonderful in their easy mastery of the more difficult material.

What a disgrace it is to modern landscape painters that this book of Prout's, "Sketches in Flanders and Germany," should remain, to this day, the *only work* of true artistic value produced, that is to say, by the artist's own hand, purchasable by the public of Europe, in illustration of their national architecture!

89. WELL AT NUREMBERG.

This study is one of the most beautiful, but also one of the most imaginative, that ever Prout made—highly exceptional and curious.

The speciality of Nuremberg is, that its walls are of

stone, but its windows, especially those in the roof, for craning up merchandise—are of wood. All the projecting windows and all the dormers in this square are of wood. But Prout could not stand the inconsistency, and deliberately petrifies all the wood. Very naughty of him! I have nothing to say in extenuation of this offense; and, alas! secondly, the houses have, in reality, only three stories, and he has put a fourth on, out of his inner consciousness!

I never knew him do such a thing before or since; but the end of it is, that this drawing of Nuremberg is immensely more Nuremberg than the town itself, and a quite glorious piece of mediæval character.

90. ULM.

91. PRAGUE.—TOWER OF THE GATE.

92. PRAGUE.—STADTHAUS.—The realization of sketch No.

93. BRUNSWICK.—RATHHAUS.

94. COBLENTZ.

I have always held this lithograph to show all Prout's qualities in supreme perfection, and proudly finish our series of pencil and chalk work with it.

We now come to a large series of early color studies, promising better things than ever came of them; and then the examples of Prout, for which we are simply to blame the public taste he had to meet, and not him. There were no pre-Raphaelites in those days. On the walls at the Scala Palace, in that sketch of Verona, No. 49, Prout has written, conscientiously, "brick;" but do you think if he had painted it of brick, anybody would have bought the drawing? Since those days, all the work of Walker, of Boyce, of Alfred Hunt, of Albert Goodwin, of John Brett (the whole school of them, mind

you, founded first on the strong pre-Raphaelite veracities which were all but shrieked down at the first seeing of them, and which I had to stand up alone for, against a whole national clamor of critical vituperation), all that affectionate and laborious painting from nature has familiarized you, now, with birds, and ivy, and blossoms, and berries, and mosses, and rushes, and ripples, and trickles, and wrinkles, and twinkles; and, of course, poor old Prout's conventional blue wash won't look its best afterward. Be thankful to *them* (and somewhat also—I say it not in pride, but as a part of the facts—to “Modern Painters” and me), and indulgent to the old workman, who did the best he could for his customers, and the most he could for his money.

95. THE ENGLISH COTTAGE.—See preface.

96. LAUNCESTON.

Had this drawing been brought to me as an early Turner, I should have looked twice, and thrice, at it before saying no. If Prout had only had just ever so little more pride, and some interest in British history, he would have been a painter, indeed! and no mean pencil draughtsman. But he just missed it—and a miss is as bad as a mile, or a million of miles; and I say nothing more of the series of water-colors here, except only that many a good lesson may be learned from them in chiaroscuro, and in flat tinting, by modest students.

SUPPLEMENTARY DRAWINGS.

There are—or ought to be, if I get them together in time—eleven of my own, namely:

104. CALAIS.

104a. THE AVENTINE.

105. DUCAL PALACE AND BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
106. DUCAL PALACE, FOLIAGE OF SOUTHWEST ANGLE.
107. PILLAR OF THE PIAZZETTA.
108. CHIAROSCURO STUDY OF THE SAME PILLAR.
109. THE CASA D'ORO.
110. WINDOW ON THE GRAND CANAL.
111. ABBEVILLE CROCKET.
112. OAK-LEAF.
113. MOSS AND OXALIS.

I meant, when first this exhibition was planned, to have made it completely illustrative of the French flamboyant architecture, which Prout had chiefly studied; but I have been too much interrupted by other duties; and I can only now point out, once more—after thirty years of reiterating this vital fact to architects in vain—that until they are themselves absolute masters of sculptural surface, founded on natural forms, they do not know the meaning of any good work, in any school.

Sculptural *surface*, observe: They fancy they have chosen an ornament when they have got its outline; but in sculpture the *surface* is everything; the outline follows, and is compelled by it. Thus, in the piece of Ducal Palace sculpture, No. 106, the entire value of it depends on the chiaroscuro of its surfaces; and it would be as absurd to think of sketching it without shade, as a piece of rippled lagoon. And in every minutest finial and crocket of that French flamboyant, the surfaces are studied to a perfection not less subtle, though

relieved by more violent shade. The fast study, No. 111, shows the action of the curved stems and flow of surfaces in one of the crockets of Abbeville. See photograph No. 6, and the study of oak-leaves, No. 112, will show how the natural forms of vegetation lend themselves to every need of such attentive design. I have painted this bit of leafage in two stages, showing—if anyone cares to know it—the way Hunt used his body color; laying it first with extreme care in form and gradation, but in pure white; and then glazing over it—never disturbing it, or mixing it in the slightest degree with his clear color. And it is only by this management of opaque color that architectural detail can be drawn at speed, with any useful result. See the bit of honeysuckle ornament, for instance, at the top of the pillar in No. 108, and fancy the time it would have taken to express the bossy roundness of it in any other way. All disputes about the use of body color, begin and end in the “to be or not to be” of accurate form.

Then there are three drawings of St. Mark's mosaics by Mr. Rooke:

114. FLORAL DECORATION.

115. MADONNA AND DAVID.

116. THE PROPHETS.

Then some variously illustrated photographs, etc.

117. ABBEVILLE.

118. PICTURE OF ABBEVILLE.

106a. VENICE, THE PIAZZETTA.

11. LITHOGRAPH OF MODERN STRASBURG.

119. (?) IMPROVEMENTS IN MODERN LONDON.

Then, in the glass case, there is a little bit of real Venetian sixteenth century silk-work—put there to show precisely what Shakespeare meant by “Valance of Venice gold in needlework” (“Taming of the Shrew”); and secondly, to show the use of minute points of color—no less than of form in decoration carried on; and finally, there is the Meissonier, above referred to, Napoleon, in 1814, on the Chaussée of Vitry, just after the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube.

“The French horsemen, though inferior to none in the world for audacity and prowess, were overmatched by their opponents and driven back to the bridge of Arcis. Napoleon, who was on the other side, instantly rode forward to the entrance of the bridge, already all but choked up with fugitives, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, ‘Let me see which of you will pass before me!’ These words arrested the flight, and the division Friant traversing the streets of Arcis, in double-quick time passed the bridge, formed on either side of its other extremity, and by their heavy fire drove back the allied horse.

* * * * *

“Napoleon was repeatedly in imminent danger, nearly all his staff were killed or wounded. ‘Fear nothing,’ said he, to the generals who urged him to retire: ‘the bullet is not yet cast which is to kill me.’ He seemed to court rather than fear death, his air was resolute but somber, and as long as the battle raged, by the light of the burning houses behind and the flash of the enemies’ guns in front, he continued to face the hostile batteries.

* * * * *

“On leaving Arcis, instead of taking the road to Chalons or to Paris, he moved on the Chaussée of Vitry, direct toward the Rhine. His letter to the Empress Marie Louise was in these terms:

“‘My love, I have been for some days constantly on



PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HUNT.
From a photograph.

horseback; on the 20th I took Arcis-sur-Aube. The enemy attacked me there at eight in the evening. I beat him the same evening. I took two guns and retook two. The next day the enemy's army put itself in array to protect the march of its columns on Bar-sur-Aube, and I resolved to approach the Marne and its environs. This evening I shall be at St. Dizier. Farewell, my love. Embrace my son.' " (See "Alison," vol. x., pp. 396 to 406.)

It would be difficult to find a more perfect example of the French realistic school than this picture. It is, of course, conventional, and founded on photographic effect—the white horse in reality would have looked like a ghost in the twilight, and not one of the details of the housings been in the least visible—had these been so, much more should the details of the landscape have been. But in its kind it is without rivalship, and I purpose that it shall remain in St. George's schools—for a monument of War-sorrow, where War has been unjust.

II.—HUNT.

142. THE BUTTERFLY.

Before saying anything more of the Hunt series, I want my readers once more clearly to understand what I have brought it here for; namely, to show them what real painting is, as such, wholly without inquiry concerning its sentiment or story. The Prouts are here for an exactly opposite reason—not at all to show you what mere penciling is, as such—but what it can pencil for us of European scenery and history. Whereas this butterfly is here, not at all to teach you anything you didn't know about butterflies; nor the peach and grapes to teach you anything you didn't know about those familiar fruits; nor even that boy in his

father's boots to teach you anything you didn't know before about boys and boots. They are here merely to show you what is meant by Painting, as distinguished from daubing, from plastering, from rough casting, from chromo-tinting, from tray-varnishing, from paper-staining, and in general from the sort of things that people in general do when you put a brush into their hands, and a pot within reach of them.

Now, that little brown-red butterfly (which Mr. Gurney is so fortunate in possessing) is a piece of real painting; and it is as good as Titian or anybody else ever did. And if you can enjoy it you can enjoy Titian and all other good painters; and if you can't see anything in *it*, you can't see anything in *them*, and it is all affectation and pretense to say that you care about them.

And with this butterfly, in the drawing I put first, please look at the mug and loaf in the one I have put last, of the Hunt Series, No. 171. The whole art of painting is in that mug—as the fisherman's genius was in the bottle. If you can feel how beautiful it is, how ethereal, how heathery and heavenly, as well as to the uttermost, muggy: you have an eye for color, and can enjoy heather, heaven, and everything else below and above. If not, you must enjoy what you can, contentedly, but it won't be painting; and in mugs it will be more the beer than the crockery; and on the moors, rather grouse than heather.

Going back to No. 142, you will perhaps ask me why the poppy is so poor and the butterfly so rich? Mainly because the poppy withered and the butterfly was pinned and permanent. But there are other reasons, of which more presently.

144. HERRING AND PILCHARD.

Supreme painting again, and done with his best pains; for these two subjects, and

146. DEAD CHICKEN

Were done by the old man, in all kindness and care, at my own request, for me to give as types of work to country schools of Art. Yet no kindness or care could altogether enable him to work rightly under the direction of another mind; and the project was ultimately given up by me, the chicken finished as it is, having been one of my chief disappointments. And here anent, let me enter into some general account of the tenor of his drawings. They may be broadly divided into the following classes, into one or other of which every work of importance from his hand will distinctly fall.

CLASS 1.

Drawings illustrative of rural life in its vivacity and purity, without the slightest endeavor at idealization, and still less with any wish either to caricature, or deplore its imperfections. All the drawings belonging to this class are, virtually, faultless, and most of them very beautiful. It is, I am glad to say, thoroughly represented in this room, which contains several examples of the highest quality, namely, 121, 168, 171, 172, 173, 175.

Besides two pieces of still life (169 and the interior, No. 174), properly belonging to the group.

CLASS 2.

Country life, with endeavor to add interest to it by passing sentiment.

The drawings belonging to this class are almost always over-finished, and liable to many faults. There are three in this collection—120, 165, 166.

CLASS 3.

Country life, with some expression of its degradation, either by gluttony, cowardice, or rudeness.

The drawings of this class are usually very clever and apt to be very popular; but they are on the whole dishonorable to the artist. There are five examples here, namely, 157, 158, 161, 163, 164.

CLASS 4.

Flower-pieces. Fruit is often included in these; but they form a quite separate class, being necessarily less finished drawings—the flowers sooner changing their form. Including the fungi among these, there are eight fine ones in the room, 148, 150, 149, 154, 152, 147, 151, 156.

CLASS 5.

Fruit-pieces, on which a great part of the artist's reputation very securely rests. Five first-rate ones are here, and several of interesting, though inferior, quality.

CLASS 6.

Dead animals. Alas! if he could but have painted living ones, instead of those perpetual bunches of grapes. But it could not be. To a weakly, sensitive, nervous temperament, the perpetual changes of position, and perpetual suggestions of new beauty in an animal, are entirely ruinous; in ten minutes they put one in a fever. Only the very greatest portrait-painters—Sir Joshua and Velasquez—can draw animals rightly.

I begin with this last class and reascend to the highest.

138. DEAD HARE AND GAME.

A most notable drawing of early practice, quite wonderful in textures of fur and in work of shadows, but tentative, and in many points failing.

141. DEAD DOVE. (A.)

A pure water-color drawing, before his style was perfectly formed. Full of interest, but too conventional and slight in background.

139. DEAD DOVE. (B.)

Finished work of central time.

145. DEAD DOVE. (C.)

Replica, I suppose, of B, with completer background, and of highest quality. I must be pardoned for saying so of my own drawing; but of course, after long and affectionate relations with the painter, it would be strange if I had not some of his best works.

143. PINE, MELON, AND GRAPES.

We were obliged to put this drawing low down, for, in spite of its dark background, it killed everything we put near it. To my mind, it is the most majestic piece of work in the room. The grapes are of the Rubens Vintage, and the shadows have the darkness of Tintoret. It is wholly free from any pettiness of manner, and evidences spring and succulence of foliage; it is as if the strength of nature were in it, rather than of human hand. I never saw it until now, and have learned from it more than after my fifty years of labor I thought anything but a Venetian picture could have taught me.

132. "LOVE WHAT YOU STUDY, STUDY WHAT YOU LOVE."

All modern painters in a nutshell of a sentence, and the painted nutshell perfect.—See Preface.

130. GRAPES.

Consummate. Can't be better anywhere.

131. MR. SIBETH'S QUINCES.

All that's best in this kind.

125. BULLACES.

Very fine, but conventional in background.

129. GRAPES.

Perfect work, but wasted. Why he did so many grapes, and scarcely ever sloes, or finely russet apples, or *growing* strawberries, always mystified me.

126. PLUMS.

Finest work, but a little dull. My own favorites of his plums were such variegated ones as 133 and 135; but I somehow never got any. This drawing, however, was the one of which Hunt said to me innocently—seeing it again after some ten years—“It’s very nice; isn’t it?”

128. PLUMS.

The bit of oak-leaf here is very wonderful, and interesting as an example, and what Hunt meant by saying to me once, “I like to see things ‘Fudged’ out.” It is to be remembered, however, that this was his own special liking; and it must not be followed by the general student. The finest forms of anything cannot be “fudged” out, but must be drawn, if possible, within the first line, at least with the last one, for ever.

149. DR. DRAGE’S FUNGI.

A perfect gem; “Venetian red” in its best earthly splendor; it could only be more bright in clouds.

147. MR. FRY’S HAWTHORN.

A little overworked, but very glorious. Soft and scented, I think, if you only wait a little, and make-believe very much.

155. (Mine.) HAWTHORN AND BIRDS’ NESTS.

The hawthorn this time a little *underworked*, but very good; and nests as good as can be.

148. LILAC. (MR. SIBETH'S.)

Fine, but curiously redundant. The upper branch by itself, or the lower with only the laburnum, or both together without the third, would have been beautiful; but two's company, and three's none.

150. VASE WITH ROSE AND BASKET WITH FRUIT. }

151. FLOWERS AND FRUIT. }

Two resplendent ones; everything that he could do best in this kind—absolutely right in color, absolutely in light and shade, and without any rivalry in past or present art.

162. THE GAMEKEEPER.

Early study. Please observe that Hunt learned his business, not in spots but in lines. Compare the entirely magnificent sketch of the river-side, No. 124, which is as powerful in lines as Rembrandt, and the St. Martin's Church, No. 123, which is like a bit of Hogarth.

157. THE INVALID.

Full of humor; but there is no place for humor in true painting. So also the Wasp, No. 163. If I could have the currant-pie without the boy, I should be content.

161. GYPSIES.

Very powerful; historic in its kind.

136. PRAYING BOY. (MR. QUILTER'S.)

Over-finished, as its companion, No. 165, an endeavor at doing what he did not understand. So also the large study of himself, No. 176, with the Mulatto, No. 122, and Wanderer, No. 120. His mode of work was entirely unfitted for full life-size.

121. MR. QUILTER'S STABLE-BOY.

MR. ORROCK'S SHY SITTER, AND THE BLESSING.

On the contrary, he is here again in his utmost strength—and in qualities of essential painting—unconquerable. In the pure faculty of painter's art—in what Correggio, and Tintoret, and Velasquez, and Rubens, and Rembrandt, meant by *painting*—that single bunch of old horse-collars is worth all Meissonier's horse-bridles—boots, breeches, epaulettes, and stars together.

The other drawings of the highest class need no commentary. There is not much in the two little candle-lights, Nos. 168, 175, but all that is, of the finest, and the three drawings with which I close our series, "The Shy Sitter," No. 172, "The Fisherman's Boy," No. 173, and "The Blessing," No. 171, things that the old painter was himself unspeakably blessed in having power to do. The strength of all lovely human life is in them; and England herself lives only, at this hour, in so much as, from all that is sunk in the luxury—sick in the penury—and polluted in the sin of her great cities, Heaven has yet hidden for her, old men and children such as these, by their fifties in her fields and on her shores, and fed them with Bread and Water.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

EVERY human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think,

as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say, as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us." For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations; it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and color, and preciousness of architecture; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life.—"The Seven Lamps of Architecture."

But so far as it can be rendered consistent with the inherent character, the picturesque or extraneous sublimity of architecture has just this of nobler function in it than that of any other object whatsoever, that it is an exponent of age, of that in which, as has been said, the greatest glory of the building consists; and therefore, the external signs of this glory, having power and purpose greater than any belonging to their mere sensible beauty, may be considered as taking rank among pure and essential characters; so essential to my mind, that I think a building cannot be considered as in its prime until four or five centuries have passed over it; and that the entire choice and arrangement of its details should have reference to their appearance after that period, so that none should be admitted which would suffer material injury either by the weather-staining, or the mechanical degradation which the lapse of such a period would necessitate.

It is not my purpose to enter into any of the questions which the application of this principle involves. They are of too great interest and complexity to be even touched upon within my present limits, but this is broadly to be noticed, that those styles of architecture which are picturesque in the sense above explained

with respect to sculpture, that is to say, whose decoration depends on the arrangement of point of shade rather than on purity of outline, do not suffer, but commonly gain in richness of effect when their details are partly worn away; hence such styles, pre-eminently that of French Gothic, should always be adopted when the materials to be employed are liable to degradation, as brick, sandstone, or soft limestone; and styles in any degree dependent on purity of line, as the Italian Gothic, must be practiced altogether in hard and undecomposing materials—granite, serpentine, or crystalline marbles. There can be no doubt that the nature of the accessible materials influenced the formation of both styles; and it should still more authoritatively determine our choice of either.

APPENDIX II.

THE essence of picturesque character has been already defined to be a sublimity not inherent in the nature of the thing, but caused by something external to it; as the ruggedness of a cottage roof possesses something of a mountain aspect, not belonging to the cottage as such. And this sublimity may be either in mere external ruggedness, and other visible character, or it may lie deeper, in an expression of sorrow and old age, attributes which are both sublime; not a dominant expression, but one mingled with such familiar and common characters as prevent the object from becoming perfectly pathetic in its sorrow, or perfectly venerable in its age.

For instance, I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock; its carelessness of what anyone thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its own daily work,—as some old fisherman beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanchèd and meager massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through

its rents; and the gray peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labor, and this for patience and praise.

I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the Continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries; and, above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We, in England, have our new street, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it—a mere *specimen* of the middle ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown, which, but for its size, might as well be on a museum shelf at once, under cover. But, on the Continent, the links are unbroken between the past and present, and in such use as they can serve for, the gray-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men; while in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding each in its place. And thus in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretense, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.—“Modern Painters,” vol. iv.

APPENDIX III.

AND, in some sort, the hunter of the picturesque is better than many other pleasure-seekers; inasmuch as he is simple-minded, and capable of unostentatious and economical delights, which, if not very helpful to other people, are at all events utterly uninjurious, even to the victims or subjects of his picturesque fancies; while to many others his work is entertaining and useful. And, more than all this, even that delight which he *seems* to take in misery is not altogether unvirtuous. Through all his enjoyment there runs a certain undercurrent of tragical passion—a real vein of human sympathy:—it lies at the root of all those strange morbid hauntings of his; a sad excitement, such as other people feel at a tragedy, only less in degree, just enough, indeed, to give a deeper tone to his pleasure, and to make him choose for his subject the broken stones of a cottage wall rather than of a roadside bank, the picturesque beauty of form in each being supposed precisely the same; and, together with this slight tragical feeling, there is also a humble and romantic sympathy, a vague desire, in his own mind, to live in cottages rather than in palaces; a joy in

humble things, a contentment and delight in makeshifts, a secret persuasion (in many respects a true one) that there is in these ruined cottages a happiness often quite as great as in king's palaces, and a virtue and nearness to God infinitely greater and holier than can commonly be found in any other kind of place; so that the misery in which he exults is not, as he sees it, misery, but nobleness—"poor and sick in body, and beloved by the Gods." And thus, being nowise sure that these things can be mended at all, and very sure that he knows not how to mend them, and also that the strange pleasure he feels in them *must* have some good reason in the nature of things, he yields to his destiny, enjoys his dark canal without scruple, and mourns over every improvement in the town, and every movement made by its sanitary commissioners, as a miser would over a planned robbery of his chest; in all this being not only innocent, but even respectable and admirable, compared with the kind of person who has *no* pleasure in sights of this kind, but only in fair façades, trim gardens, and park palings, and who would thrust all poverty and misery out of his way, collecting it into back alleys, or sweeping it finally out of the world, so that the street might give wider play for his chariot wheels, and the breeze less offense to his nobility.—"Modern Painters," vol. iv.

APPENDIX IV.

I do not doubt that you are greatly startled at my saying that greater pleasure is to be received from inferior Art than from the finest. But what do you suppose makes all men look back to the time of childhood with so much regret (if their childhood has been, in any moderate degree, healthy or peaceful)? That rich charm, which the least possession had for us, was in consequence of the poorness of our treasures. That miraculous aspect of the nature around us was because we had seen little and knew less. Every increased possession loads us with new weariness; every piece of new knowledge diminishes the faculty of admiration; and Death is at last appointed to take us from a scene in which, if we were to stay longer, no gift could satisfy us, and no miracle surprise. . . .

In your educational series is a lithograph drawing, by Prout, of an old house in Strasburg. The carvings of its woodwork are in a style altogether provincial, yet of which the origin is very distant. The delicate Renaissance architecture of Italy was affected, even in its finest periods, by a tendency to throw out convex masses at the bases of its pillars; the wood-carvers of the sixteenth century adopted this bulged form as their first element of

ornamentation, and these windows of Strasburg are only imitations by the German peasantry of what, in its finest type, you must seek as far away as the Duomo of Bergamo.

But the burgher, or peasant, of Alsace enjoyed his rude imitation, adapted, as it was, boldly and frankly to the size of his house and the grain of the larch logs of which he built, infinitely more than the refined Italian enjoyed the floral luxuriance of his marble; and all the treasures of a great exhibition could not have given him the tenth part of the exultation with which he saw the gable of his roof completed over its jutting fret-work; and wrote among the rude intricacies of its sculpture, in flourished black letter, that "He and his wife had built their house with God's help, and prayed Him to let them live long in it—they and their children."

But it is not only the rustic method of architecture which I wish you to note in this plate; it is the rustic method of drawing also. The manner in which these blunt timber-carvings are drawn by Prout is just as provincial as the carvings themselves. Born in a far-away district in England, and learning to draw, unhelped, with fishing boats for his models; making his way instinctively until he had command of his pencil enough to secure a small income by lithographic drawing; and finding picturesque character in buildings from which all the finest lines of their carving had been effaced by time; possessing also an instinct in the expression of such subjects so peculiar as to win for him a satisfying popularity, and far better, to enable him to derive perpetual pleasure in the seclusion of country hamlets, and the quiet streets of deserted cities. Prout had never any motive to acquaint himself with the refinements, or contend with the difficulties of a more accomplished art. So far from this, his manner of work was, by its very imperfection, in the most perfect sympathy with the subjects he enjoyed. The broad chalk touches in which he has represented to us this house at Strasburg are entirely sufficient to give true idea of its effect. To have drawn its ornaments with the subtlety of Leonardesque delineation would only have exposed their faults and mocked their rusticity. The drawing would have become painful to you from the sense of the time which it had taken to represent what was not worth the labor, and to direct your attention to what could only, if closely examined, be a matter of offense. But here you have a simple and provincial draughtsman happily and adequately expressing a simple and provincial architecture; nor could builder or painter have become wiser, but to their loss.—"Eagle's Nest."

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PREFACES TO VARIOUS BOOKS.

PREFACE TO BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM, VOL. I.

THE ECONOMIST OF XENOPHON.*

THE Athenian writing, here presented to Saxon readers, is the first of a series of classic books which I hope to make the chief domestic treasures of British peasants. But to explain the tenor, and show the grounds, of this hope, I must say in what sense the word "classic" may be rightly applied to Books, and the word "peasant" to Britons.

The word "classic," when justly applied to a book, means that it contains an unchanging truth, expressed as clearly as it was possible for any of the men living at the time when the book was written, to express it.

"Unchanging" or "eternal" truth, is that which relates to constant,—or at least in our human experience constant,—things; and which, therefore, though foolish men may long lose sight of it, remains the same through all their neglect, and is again recognized as inevitable and unalterable, when their fit of folly is past.

The books which in a beautiful manner, whether enigmatic or direct, contain statements of such fact, are delighted in by all careful and honest readers; and the study of them is a necessary element in the education of wise and good men, in every age and country.

Every nation which has produced highly trained Magi, or wise men, has discerned, at the time when it most flourished, some part of the great system of universal truth, which it was then, and only then, in the condition to discern completely; and the books in which it recorded that part of truth remained established forever; and cannot be superseded: so that the knowledge of mankind, though continually increas-

* Translated by A. D. O. Wedderburn and W. G. Collingwood.

ing, is built, pinnacle after pinnacle, on the foundation of these adamant stones of ancient soul. And it is the law of progressive human life that we shall not build in the air: but on the already high-storied temple of the thoughts of our ancestors; in the crannies and under the eaves of which we are meant, for the most part, to nest ourselves like swallows; though the stronger of us sometimes may bring, for increase of height, some small white stone, and in the stone a new name written. Which is indeed done, by those ordered to such masonry, without vainly attempting the review of all that has been known before; but never without modest submission to the scheme of the eternal wisdom; nor ever in any great degree, except by persons trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past.

The classical* scriptures and pictures hitherto produced among men have been furnished mainly by five cities, namely, Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice, and London,—the history of which cities it is therefore necessary for all well-trained scholars to know. Hitherto, by all such scholars, it has indeed been partially known; but by help of recent discoveries we may now learn these histories with greater precision, and to better practical advantage; such practical issue being our first aim in the historical classes instituted in the schools of the society called “of St. George.”

These schools, as elsewhere explained, (see *Fors Clavigera* for August, 1871,) are for the education of British peasants† in all knowledge proper to their life, distinguished from that of the burgher only as the office of each member of the body is distinct from the others on which it nevertheless vitally depends. The unloving separation between country and town life is a modern barbarism: in classic times, cities

* As distinct from inspired. I do not know, and much wiser people than I do not know, what writings are inspired, and what are not. But I know, of those I have read, which are classical,—belonging to the eternal senate; and which are not.

† Or sailors; but it remains questionable with me at present how far the occupation of entire life on the sea is desirable for any man: and I do not here therefore make any distinction.

never were, or will be, separate in interest from the countries they rule; but are their heart and sanctifying force.

The Metropolis is properly the city in which the chief temple of the nation's God is built; (cathedral cities being minor branches of the living whole). Thither the tribes go up, and under the shield, and in the loving presence, of their Deity, the men of highest power and truest honor are gathered to frame the laws, and direct the acts, of State.

Modern theologians, with proud sense of enlightenment, declare, in denial of these ancient imaginations, that God is everywhere. David and Solomon, even in their days of darkness, were not ignorant of this; yet designed and built a local temple to the God who, if they went up into Heaven was there; if they made their bed in Hell, was there also. And if the promise of the One who was greater than the Temple be fulfilled; and, where two or three are gathered in His name, there He is in the midst of them, with a more than universal Presence,—how much more must it be fulfilled where *many* are gathered in His name; and those gathered always; and those the mightiest of the people; and those mightiest, to judge its most solemn judgments, and fulfill its fatefullest acts;—how surely, I repeat, must their God be always, with a more than universal Presence, in the midst of these?

Nor is it difficult to show, not only that the virtue and prosperity of these five great cities above named have been always dependent on, or at least contemporary with, their unquestioning faith that a protecting Deity had its abode in their Acropolis, their Capitol, and their cathedral churches of St. Mary, St. Mark, and St. Peter; but that the whole range of history keeps no record of a city which has retained power after losing such conviction. From that moment, its activities become mischievous,—its acquisitions burdensome,—and the multiplied swarms of its inhabitants disgrace the monuments of its majesty, like an ants' nest built in a skull.

The following noble passage out of the Fourth Book of the

Laws of Plato expresses the ancient faith, and, I myself doubt not, the eternal fact, in the simplest terms.

(The Athenian speaks.) "As you say, shall it be done. Well then, we have received the fame of the blessed life of those then in being, how all things were without stint to them, and all things grew free. And the cause of these things is said to have been this, that Kronos, knowing, (as we before went through the story), that no human nature was so strong but that, if appointed itself alone to order human affairs, it must fill everything with insolence and injustice;—considering these things, I say, the God gave for the kings and rulers of cities, not men, but, of diviner and better race than men, angels; just as now we do ourselves for the flocks, and the herds of all creatures that are tame: for we make not the ox lord of oxen, nor the goat of goats; and so, in like manner, the God, in His love to man, set a better race than ours above us,—that of the angels; which, to its own great joy and to ours, taking care of us, and giving us peace, and shame, and order, and full frankness of justice, made the races of men free from sedition, living in gladness. And this word, rich in usage of truth, goes on to say, that, for such cities as no angel, but a mortal, governs, there is no possible avoidance of evil and of pain."

Such being the state and sanctity of a city built at unity with itself, and with its God, the state and serenity of the peasant is in undivided peace with it. Withdrawn, either for delight or for labor, from the concerns of policy, he lives under his figtree and vine; or in pastoral and blossomed land, flowing with milk and honey: confident in the guidance of his household gods, and rejoicing in the love of the Father of all, satisfying him with blessings of the breast and of the womb, and crowning him with fullness of the basket and the store.

All which conditions and beliefs have been, are, and will be to the end of this world, parts and causes of each other. Whatsoever life is in man, has arisen from them, consists in them, and prolongs them evermore. So far as these con-

ditions exist, the world lives; so far as they perish, it perishes. By faith, by love, by industry, it endures: by infidelity, by hatred, and by idleness, it dies; and that daily; now around us, visibly, for the most part, lying in such dismal death; the temple of the city being changed into a den of thieves, and the fields of the country into a laboring ground of slaves.

How long the Holy and True Lord of Creation will endure these things to be so, none of us can in anywise know. But the constant laws of that Creation, and the written tenor of His statutes, we can all of us, who will, both learn and obey. And the first of all these statutes is that by the sweat of the brow we shall eat bread: and the economy of the field is the first science, therefore, that we have in the course of righteous education, to learn. Which economy has been, in terms that cannot be mended, and will receive no addition, stated by an Athenian gentleman, a master at once of philosophy, of war, and of agriculture; and this statement two of my youthful scholars at Oxford—one English, the other Scottish,—in good love, and obedience to my wish, have translated, with painful addition to their own proper work at the University: and it is published in this spring-time, 1876, for the perpetual service of the peasantry of Britain, and of all countries where their language is, or may hereafter be known, and into which the happiness and honor of agricultural life may hereafter extend.

What it is needful for us to know, or possible for us to conceive, of the life and mind of its author, can be known or imagined only so far as we recognize the offices of teaching intrusted to his country. I do not know enough of Greek history to be able to give any approach to a conclusive abstract of the mental relations of Greek districts to each other: but the scheme under which those relations are mapped out at present in my mind is one of many, good for first tenure of them. For it does not matter how many of the branches of any richly-growing tree of knowledge are laid hold of in the beginning, so only that you grasp what your hand has

first seized, securely. Other gatherers will approach to bend more down from another side; all must be content to recognize that they touch, to begin with, few out of many, and can only after long patience trace the harmonious growth of all.

You will find, then, that it is useful in the outset to conceive the whole of Greek living soul as divided into three orders: the vocal, or Apolline, centered at Delphi; the constructive, or Athenian, centered at Athens; and the domestic, or Demetrian, centered at Sparta. These three spiritual Powers taught the Greeks, (in brief terms,) Speech, Art, Conduct.

The Delphic Power is Truth; its antagonist is the Python, the corrupting or deceiving Serpent.* The Athenian Power is the Grace of Deed; its antagonists, the giants, are the confusions of Deed. The Spartan Power is the Grace of Love; its adversary is the Betrayer of Love. The stories of Argos and Sparta contain the myths of this betrayal, of its punishment, and redemption. The ideal of simplest and happiest domestic life, is given for all time, and recognized as being so, in the later strength of the Peloponnese. Brief of syllable, and narrow of range, the Doric word and Arcadian reed remain measures of lowly truth in the words and ways of men.

This being the spiritual relation of the three great powers of Greece, their social relation, in respect of forms of government, of course necessarily follows from it. The Delphic power is the Greek Theocracy: expressing so much as God had appointed that the Greeks should know of Him, by the mouths of Hesiod and Pindar. The Ionian or Attic race express all the laws of human government, developed in the highest states of human art. These are first founded on industry and justice in the dominion of Æacus over the ant-made race at Ægina, and on earth-born sagacity and humanity in the

* Falsehood in the moral world being what corruption is in the physical. Read Turner's picture of the death of the Python with that clew to its meaning.

kingship of Cecrops; fulfilled in chivalric heroism by Codrus and Theseus, whose crowning victory is over the forms of evil involved and defended by the skillfullest art; and whose statue, the central labor of that art itself, has been appointed by Fate to remain the acknowledged culmen and model of human labor, to our own days: while, in their scriptures, the Ionian race recorded the two ideals of kingly passion and patience, in the stories of Achilles and Ulysses, (both under the sweet guidance of their own tutelary Goddess); the ideal of legal discipline,* under the dominion of the Cretan king Minos, whose daughter taught their hero the way of victory; and the final facts yet discovered by men respecting the connection of the state of the soul in future life, with its art and labor in that of the world.

To the hands of this race, in life, is intrusted the delivery of their country,† and to the work of their hands, its material immortality.

The third race, of the Isle of Shade,‡ gave example of such life as was best for uncultivated and simple persons, rendering such untaught life noble by the virtues of endurance and silence; their laws sanctified to them by the voluntary death of their lawgiver; and their authority over conduct, not vested in a single king, but in a dual power, expressive of such mutual counsel and restraint as must be wise in lowliness of estate and narrowness of instruction; this dual power being sanctified by the fraternal bond in the persons of the Dioscuri; and prolonged, in its consulting, or consular form, in the government of Rome, which is in Italy the Spartan, as

* Here, and in the world to come. The analysis of the three forms of impiety, and of due relative punishment, in the tenth book of the Laws, will be found to sum, or supersede, all later conclusions of wise human legislature on such matters.

† Plato rightly makes all depend on Marathon; but the opinions he expresses of Salamis, and of oarsmen in general, though, it seems to me, in great part unjust, ought yet to be carefully studied by the University crews.

‡ "Isle of the Dark-faced." Pelops; the key to the meaning of all its myths is the dream of the Demeter at the feast of Tantalus.

Etruria the Attic power. Finally, both in Sparta and Rome the religion of all men remains in uninformed simplicity, setting example of the fulfillment of every domestic and patriotic duty for the sake of earthly love, and in obedience to the command of the dark, yet kind, Demeter, who promises no reward of pain, but honor, nor of labor, but peace.

Having fixed, then, clearly in our minds, the conception of this triple division of Greece, consider what measure of the perpetual or enduring knowledge of the earth has been written, or shown, by these three powers.

The Oracular, by the mouths of Hesiod and Pindar, set down the system of Theology which thenceforward was to fill and form the entire range of the scholarly intellect of man, as distinguished from the savage or pastoral.

The general ideals of the twelve great Gods,* of the Fates, Furies, Sibyls, and Muses, remain commandant of all action of human intellect in the spiritual world, down to the day when Michael Angelo, painting the Delphic and Cumæan sibyls in equal vaults with Zechariah and Isaiah on the roof of the Sistine Chapel; and Raphael, painting the Parnassus and the Theology on equal walls of the same chamber of the Vatican, so wrote, under the Throne of the Apostolic power, the harmony of the angelic teaching from the rocks of Sinai and Delphi.†

* Mr. Gladstone, in common with other passionately sentimental scholars, does not recognize the power of Hesiod, thinking the theology of Greece to have been determined by Homer. Whereas Homer merely graces the faith of Greece with sweet legend, and splendid fiction; and though himself sincere, is the origin of wanton idealism in the future. But Hesiod and Pindar wrote the Athanasian Creed of the Greeks, not daring to dream what they did not wholly believe. What *they* tell us, is the Faith by which the Greeks lived, and prevailed, to this day, over all kingdoms of mind.

† Any reader acquainted with my former statements on this subject, (as for instance in vol. iii. "Stones of Venice") will understand now why I do not republish those earlier books without very important modifications. I imagined, at that time, it had been the honor given to classical tradition which had destroyed

Secondly. The Athenian, or Constructive, Power determined the methods of art, and laws of ideal beauty, for all generations; so that, in their central code, they cannot be added to, nor diminished from. From the meanest earthen vessel to the statue of the ruler of Olympus, the fiat of the Greek artist is final; no poor man's water-pitcher can be shaped wisely otherwise than he bids; and the utmost raptures of imagination in the Christian labor of Giotto and Angelico are inflamed by his virtue, and restrained by his discretion.

Thirdly. The Demetrian, or Moral, Power set before men the standards of manly self-command, patriotic self-sacrifice, and absolute noblesse in scorn of pleasure, of wealth, and of life, for the sake of duty; and these in a type so high, that of late, in degraded Christendom, it has begun to be inconceivable. Even in her days of honor, her best saints exchanged the pleasures of the world for an equivalent, and died in the hope of an eternal joy. But the Spartan disciplined his life without complaint, and surrendered it without price.

Such being the classic authority of the three states, it cannot but be wise for every statesman, and every householder, in the present day, to know the details of domestic life under this conclusive authority in Art and Morals. And the account of that domestic life is given in the following pages by a simple-minded Athenian warrior, philosopher, and, in the strictest sense of the word, poet, who in the most practical light, and plain language, exhibits especially the power of domestic religion, or as we habitually term it, "family worship," in a household of the imaginative race of whom St. Paul said: "Ye Athenians, I perceive that in all things ye are, more than others, reverent of the angels of God." * Respecting the sincerity of which family worship, I

the schools of Italy. But it was, on the contrary, the disbelief of it. She fell, not by reverence for the Gods of the Heathen, but by infidelity alike to them, and to her own.

* I translate "*δαιμόνων*" always by one word, "angel," in the sense

beg the reader to be sparing of his trust in the comments of modern historians; for all the studies which I have hitherto noticed of Greek religion have been either by men partly cretinous, and born without the cerebral organs necessary for receiving imaginative emotion; or else by persons whom the egotism of Judaic Christianity* has prevented from understanding, as it was meant, any single religious word which Egyptians, Greeks, or Latins wrote, or so much as one sign or form of their sculpture.

To take a quite simple instance in classic work;—when Horace says that a man of upright conduct and stainless spirit needs no weapon; and that he himself proved this, because as he was walking in the woods, thinking of his mistress, a monstrous wolf met him, and slunk away,—the profanest order of readers suppose the whole poem to be a pure fiction, written by way of a grateful compliment to Lalage. The next higher order of reader admires and accepts, from the consent of former students, the first verse, as a very grand and elevated sentiment; and the second, as very beautiful poetry, written with sincere feeling under excited imagination, but entirely without regard to facts.

A reader of the third order—(omitting of course the crowds hazily intermediate in thought)—perceives that Horace is stating an actual fact; and that he draws his corollary from it in the entirely deliberate and confirmed temper of his religious life: but proceeds to reason, from his own superior knowledge, on the self-deception of Horace, and the absurdity of the heathen religion. While only the fourth and centrally powerful reader imagines it to be possible that he may himself know no more of God than Horace did;—discovers and acknowledges in his own mind the tendency of a personal spirit delegated in this service of God. There is no need, I hope, to vindicate the rejection of our vulgar translation of the text, no less injurious to our conception of St. Paul's kindness of address, than subversive of the power of his argument.

* I use the word "Judaic" as expressing the habit of fancying that we ourselves only know the true God, or possess the true faith.

ency to self-deception, but with it also the capacity of divine instruction,—and, feeling this teachableness in himself, admits it in others; with the still more important admission, that the Divine Being, who in all ages made the best men the most docile and the most credulous, is not likely to have done so that He might amuse Himself with their docility by telling them lies.

Whereupon the vitally practical question instantly follows: Is it then true that a man upright and holy leads a charmed life? that the wolf's path and the lion's den shall be safe to him as his own hearthside? that the angels of God have charge over him, lest he dash his foot against a stone? and that he shall not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the arrow that flieth by day?

Of the arrow,—perhaps not,—thinks the cautious Christian, who has even timidly reached so far in faith as this; but of a twenty-five pounder shot,—he does not know. The breast-plate of Providence, and rib-armor of God, may perhaps not be quite strong enough to resist our last inventions, in that kind, at Shobury! “Whereupon let us vote again our thirty millions of assurance money; and so keep the wolf from the door, without troubling God for His assistance. His disagreeable conditions of integrity of life, and purity of soul, may then, it is to be hoped, be dispensed with.”

It is not possible, I repeat, for men in this diluted and poisoned condition of religious intellect to understand a word of any classic author on this subject, but perhaps least of all, Xenophon, who continually assumes, in his unpretending account of himself and his master, the truth of principles, and the existence of spiritual powers, which existing philosophers have lost even the wit to imagine, and the taste to regret. Thus, it is no question with Xenophon in the opening of the *Memorabilia*, nor does he suppose it possible to be a question with the reader, whether there are gods or not; but only whether Socrates served them or not: it is no question with him, setting out with the army of which he became the savior, whether the gods could protect him or not, but in

what manner it was fittest to ask their protection. Nevertheless, the Greek faith in the days of Xenophon, retaining still this hold on the minds of the noblest men, stood in confusion of face before the scornful populace, led, in nearly every mode of thought, by rationalists corresponding to those now vociferous among ourselves; and was on the eve of perishing in the pollution of a licentiousness which made the fabled virtues of the gods ridiculous, and their fabled faults exemplary. That the reader may understand the significance of this period in the history of Greece, he must observe briefly the laws of life hitherto definable among races inspired, or informed, by any force rendering them notable in history.

The life of all such inspired nations, hitherto, has been like that of sword-leaved lilies. First, a cluster of swords, inclosing the strength of the flower between its stern edges;—the nation also wrapped in swaddling bands of steel. This is the time of the Kings, and of the first fiery wars, the whole being of the people knit in Draconian strength, and glittering in every serpent-spartan limb.

The second era of the lily is the springing of its stem, and branching into buds, hither and thither, rich in hope. In like manner, the constrained force of a great nascent people springs from among the sword-leaves, and rises into a fountain of life. It is the time of colonization; every bud beating warm from the central heart.

“First the blade, then the ear. After that the full corn” ? Nay, but first,—and perhaps last,—the full *flower*. For then comes the age of crowning triumph, in labor of the hands, and song on the lips. And if these be faithful and true, and the grace and word of God be in them, then forever the full corn remains, immortal food for immortals; but if they be untrue, then the fairness of the flower to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven.

Rapidly comparing the five cities, whose story we have to learn; for Athens, the Draconian time reaches to the death of Codrus; for Rome, to the battle at the Lake Regillus; for Florence, to the death of Buondelmonte; for Venice, to the

standard-planting on Byzantium by Henry Dandolo; for London, to the death of the Black Prince.

Then for each comes the day of Manifestation;—
 For Athens, The Ionian migration, and Homer.
 For Rome, The Tyrian war, and Regulus.
 For Florence, The year of victories, and Giotto.
 For Venice, Her towers on the Ægean Isles, and Carpaccio.

For London, Her western sailors, and Chaucer.

And then, for each, their crowning work, and noblest son,—

For Athens, Marathon, and Phidias.
 For Rome, Her empire, and Virgil.
 For Florence, The laws of commerce, and Dante.
 For Venice, The laws of state, and Tintoret.
 For London, The laws of home life, and Shakespeare.

And, of all these, we have only now to seek among the shreds of their fallen purple leaves, what seed is left for years to come.

I trace rapidly, into such broad map as I may,* the root-fibers of the Athenian and Dorian Powers, so far as it is needed for the purposes of this book.

The Athenian race is native, and essentially, with the Etruscan, earth-born. How far or by what links joined I know not, but their art work is visibly the same in origin; entirely Draconid,—Cecropian, rolled in spiral folds; and it is the root of the Draconian energy in the living arts of Europe.

The kingly period of Attic power extends from Erysichthon and Cecrops to Codrus. The myths of it relate the birth of Athenian life from the brightness of the dew, and from the strength of the rock, partly breaking through the

* It would be hopeless to expand these notes within my present limits, but as our Shepherd's Library increases, they will be illustrated piece by piece.

grass* as envious of it, partly shading it. “Io sono Aglauro, chi divenne sasso.” Theseus, fifth from Erechtheus, destroys the spirit of brutal pleasure; human sacrifice is abolished, in the divinest of sacrifices, that of the patriot for his country,—Codrus being exemplary of all future heroism in this kind;—of Leonidas, Curtius, Arnold of Sempach, and Sir Richard Grenville.

Against which voice of the morning winds and the sun’s lyre, the leathern throat of modern death, choked inch-thick with putrid dust, proclaims in its manner, “Patriotism is, nationally, what selfishness is individually.”

The time comes at last for this faithful power to receive the Dorian inspiration; and then Ion, (*ἰόντι δῆθεν ὅτι συνήντετο*, †) leads the twelve tribes of Athens to the East. There Homer crowns their vision of the world, and its gods: while, in their own city, practical life begins for them under visible kings. For Æschylus, first historic king of Athens, as for the first historic king of Rome, take the same easily remembered date, 750.

Give two hundred and fifty years, broadly, to the labor of

* Read the account of the former Acropolis in the end of the Critias, and compare it with the incidental reference to the crocus meadows under its rock, in the Ion; and read *both*, if you can, among high Alpine pastures.

The few words by which Plato introduces the story of the Acropolis must find room here:—

“And they, the Gods, having thus divided the Earth for their possession, nourished us their creatures as flocks for their pastures, taking us for their treasurers and their nurslings; but not with bodily force compelling our bodies, as shepherds ruling by the scourge, but in the way by which a living thing may chiefly be well bent, as if from the high deck directing it by the rudder; thus they drove, and thus helmed, all mortal beings. And Hephæstus and Athena, brother and sister, and of one mind, in their love of wisdom and of art, both received the same lot in this land, as a land homely and helpful to all strength of art and prudence of deed. And they making good men thus out of the earth, put the order of state into their mind, whose names indeed are left us; but of their story, little.”

† Ion, 831.

practical discipline under these kings, beginning with the ninety years of Draco, and consummated by Pisistratus and Solon, (the functions of both these men being entirely glorious and beneficial, though opposed in balance to each other;) and then comes the great fifth century.

Now note the dramas that divide and close that century. In its tenth year, Marathon; in its twentieth, Salamis; in its last, the Retreat of the Ten Thousand; and in the first of the following century, the death of Socrates.

And the purple flower of Athens is fallen, forever.

I next trace the Doric life. Not power of art, but *conduct* or harmony; its music, passing away as the voice of the stream and storm, beneficent, but leaving no shape. Echo of Heaven, not foundation of Earth, it builds the visionary walls of Thebes, by voice of Amphion, and all the Theban religious and tragic oracles belong to it. The Theban Heracles,—essentially adverse to the serpent, not born of it: strangling it in his cradle in its reality, not wrapped by it in gold,*—fulfills his inspired labor at Lerna. The fates and faults of the triple Heracleid dynasties in the Peloponnese are enough traced by Plato in the third book of the Laws; but he could not know the infinite importance to the future of the rock and isthmus of Corinth, no less than of the vale of Sparta.

In 734, Archias of the Heracleidæ founds Syracuse from Corinth. And in 657, Byzantium is founded from Megara. The whole Sicilian and Magna Græcian state on the one side,—the Byzantine empire on the other,—virtually spring from the isthmus of Corinth. Then, in the twelfth century, the Normans learn their religion in Sicily, the Venetians at

* Compare the opposite powers in the two passages:—

“ὁθεν Ἐρεχθεΐδης ἐκεῖ

νόμος τις ἔστιν ὁφείν ἐν χρυσηλάτοις

τρέφειν (sc. τέκνα).”

“Non te, rationis egentem

Lernæum turbâ caput circumstetit anguis”—

“ratio” meaning the law of conduct; but the twisted serpents, the inexplicable laws of art.

Byzantium. And forever, in the temple pillars of the world, these races keep their sign. The Ionian spiral from Erichthonius; the Doric pillar-strength from Heracles; while the Corinthians, changing the Doric ovolo into the wicker basket of the Canephora, and putting the earth leaf of the acanthus instead of the Erichthonian spiral, found all Christian architecture. The tomb of Frederick II. of Sicily is of Corinthian porphyry and gold.

Then lastly. At Nemea the Heracleid power becomes peasant, or Arcadian, and submits itself to Demeter. The Evandrian emigration founds its archaic throne in Italy. The swine, sacred to Demeter, are seen through the woods of Tiber; the Demetrian kingdom becomes the Saturnian,* and the Roman power, essentially of practical and homely earth-life, extends itself into the German Empire.

Now the especial interest of the Arcadian life of Xenophon (presented in this book) to the English reader, consists in its being precisely intermediate between the warrior heroism of nascent Greece, and the home-heroism of pacified Christendom in its happiest days.

And his mind represents the Greek intellect at the exact time when all fantastic and disordered imagination had been chastised in its faith; leaving only a firm trust in the protection, belief in the oracles, and joy in the presence, of justly venerated Gods: no wantonly indulged rationalism having yet degraded the nobles of the race of Æschylus, into scornful mockers at the Fear of their Fathers. And it represents the Greek moral temper at the exact moment when keen thought, and cruel experience, having alike taught to its warrior pride the duty and the gladness of peace, the soldier could lay down the helmet that his children might play with its plume, and harness his chariot-horses to the plow,—without ceasing, himself, from the knightly self-denials of his order; or yielding for a moment to the lascivious charms, and ignoble terrors, with which peaceful life must be cor-

* Remember the name Latium, and word Latin, as of the Seed hidden in the ground. (*Æn.* viii. 322.)

rupted in those who have never held frank companionship with attendant Death.

Written towards the term of days past in this majestic temperance, the book now in your hands will be found to contain three statements of most precious truths;—statements complete and clear beyond any others extant in classic literature.

It contains, first, a faultless definition of Wealth, and explanation of its dependence for efficiency on the merits and faculties of its possessor;—definition which cannot be bettered; and which must be the foundation of all true Political Economy among nations, as Euclid is to all time the basis of Geometry.

This book contains, secondly, the most perfect ideal of kingly character and kingly government given in literature known to me, either by poet or philosopher. For Ulysses is merely chief Shepherd, his kingdom is too small to exhibit any form of extended discipline: St. Louis is merely chief Pilgrim, and abdicates his reign on earth; Henry the Fifth is merely chief Captain, and has scarcely any idea of inferior orders or objects of authority. But this Cyrus of Persia, himself faultless, conceives and commands a faultless order of State powers, widely extended, yet incapable in their very nature of lawless increase, or extension too great for the organic and active power of the sustaining life:—the State being one human body, not a branched, coralline, semi-mortified mass.

And this ideal of government is not only the best yet written, but, as far as may be judged, the best conceivable; all advance on it can only be by filling in its details, or adapting it to local accidents; the form of it cannot be changed, being one of dreadless Peace, inoffensive to others, and at unity in itself.

Nor is there any visible image of modest and mighty knighthood either painted or written since, which can be set for an instant beside that of Cyrus in his garden. It has the inherent strength of Achilles, the external refinement of

Louis XIV., the simplicity of the household of Jesse, and the magnificence of Haroun Alraschid, all gathered into vital unison by the philosophy of Lyeurgus.

Lastly and chiefly, this book contains the ideal of domestic life; describing in sweet detail the loving help of two equal helpmates, lord and lady: their methods of dominion over their household; of instruction, after dominion is secure; and of laying up stores in due time for distribution in due measure. Like the ideal of stately knighthood, this ideal of domestic life cannot be changed; nor can it be amended, but in addition of more various applicable detail, and enlargement of the range of the affections, by the Christian hope of their eternal duration.

Such are the chief contents of the book, presented with extreme simplicity of language and modesty of heart; gentle qualities which in truth add to its preciousness, yet have hitherto hindered its proper influence in our schools, because presenting no model of grace in style, or force in rhetoric. It is simply the language of an educated soldier and country gentleman, relating without effort what he has seen, and without pride what he has learned. But for the greater number of us, this is indeed the most exemplary manner of writing. To emulate the intricate strength of Thucydides, or visionary calm of Plato, is insolent, as vain, for men of ordinary minds: but any sensible person may state what he has ascertained, and describe what he has felt, in unpretending terms, like these of Xenophon; and will assuredly waste his life, or impair its usefulness, in attempting to write otherwise. Nor is it without some proper and intentional grace that the art of which the author boasts the universal facility of attainment, should be taught in homely words, and recommended by simple arguments.

A few words respecting the translators will put the reader in possession of all that is necessary to his use and judgment of the book.

When I returned to Oxford in the year 1870. after thirty years' absence, I found the aim of University education en-

tirely changed; and that, for the ancient methods of quiet study, for discipline of intellect,—study of which the terminal examination simply pronounced the less or more success,—there had been substituted hurried courses of instruction in knowledge supposed to be pecuniarily profitable; stimulated by feverish frequency of examination, of which the effect was not to certify strength, or discern genius, but to bribe immature effort with fortuitous distinction.

From this field of injurious toil, and dishonorable rivalry, I have endeavored, with all the influence I could obtain over any of the more gifted students, to withdraw their thoughts: and to set before them the nobler purpose of their granted years of scholastic leisure,—initiation in the sacred mysteries of the Loving Mother of Knowledge and of Life; and preparation for the steady service of their country, alike through applause or silence.

The two who have trusted me so far as to devote no inconsiderable portion of their time, and jeopardize in a measure their chances of pre-eminence in the schools, that they might place this piece of noble Greek thought within the reach of English readers, will not, I believe, eventually have cause to regret either their faith or their kindness.

Of the manner in which they have fulfilled their task, I have not scholarship enough to speak with entire decision: but, having revised the whole with them sentence by sentence, I know that the English rendering is free from error which attention could avoid,—praiseworthy in its occasional sacrifice of facility to explicitness, and exemplary as an unselfish piece of youthful labor devoted to an honorable end.

PREFACE TO BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM, VOL. II.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S PSALTER.

SUNDAY, 9TH JULY, 1876.

YESTERDAY evening, one of the sweetest and brightest of this hitherto sweet summer, the "Coniston band," consisting of the musically minded working men of the village, rowed itself, for its "Saturday at e'en" delectation, into the middle of the lake; and, floating just between Brantwood and the "Hall," on the opposite shore, where Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, lived for a time, with his sister, in our Arcadia of western meres,—poured forth divers pipings and trumpetings, with meritorious endeavor, and I doubt not, real, innocent, and useful pleasure to itself, and to the village hearers on the opposite green shore.

Mostly, polka music, with occasional sublimities—"My Maryland," and "God save the Emperor," and the like;—pleasant enough, sometimes, to hear, from this shore also: but, as it chanced, yesterday, very destructive of my comfort in showing the bright roses and deep purple foxgloves on my banks to two guests, for whom the flowers and the evening light were good; but gay music, not so.

And it might, with little pains, have been much otherwise; for if, instead of a somewhat briefly exercised band, playing on trumpets and shawms, concerning a Maryland of which they probably did not know either the place or the history, and an Emperor, a proposal for whose instant expulsion from his dominions would have been probably received with as much applause in the alehouse, as the prayer that God would save him, upon the lake;—if, I say, instead of this tuneful, and occasionally out-of-tuneful, metallic noise, produced, with little meaning beyond the noise itself, by the

fathers of the village, a few clearly understood and rightly intended words had been chanted for us in harmony by the children of it;—suppose, for instance, in truly trained concord and happy understanding, such words as these of Sir Philip Sidney's own, echoed back from the tender ruin of the walls that had been his home, and rising to the fair mountain heaven, which is still alike his home and ours;—

“From snare the Fowler lays
He shall thee sure untye;
The noisome blast that plaguing strays
Untoucht, shall pass thee by.
Soft hived with wing and plume
Thou in his shroud shall lie,
And on his truth no less presume
Than in his shield affy,”

the July sunset would not have been less happy to the little choir, and the peace of it would have been deepened for those to whom it could bring happiness no more.

“Is any among you afflicted?—let him pray. Is any merry?—let him sing psalms.”

The entire simplicity and literalness of this command of the first Bishop of the Christian Church cannot, of course, be now believed, in the midst of our luxurious art of the oratorio, and dramatically modulated speeches of Moses in Egypt, and Elijah on Carmel. But the command is, nevertheless, as kind and wise as it is simple; and if ever Old England again becomes Merry England, the first use she will make of her joyful lips, will be to sing psalms.

I have stated, in the first sketch of the design of our St. George's education, that music is to be its earliest element: and I think it of so pressing importance to make the required method of musical teaching understood, that I have thrown all other employment aside for the moment, in order to get this edition of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter prepared for school service. I will state the principles of music and of song which it is intended to illustrate, as briefly as possible.

All perfectly rhythmic poetry is meant to be sung to music,* and all entirely noble music is the illustration of noble words. The arts of word and of note, separate from each other, become degraded; and the muse-less sayings, or senseless melodies, harden the intellect, or demoralize the ear.

Yet better—and manifoldly better—unvocal word and idle note, than the degradation of the most fateful truths of God to be the subjects of scientific piping for our musical pastime. There is excuse, among our uneducated classes, for the Christmas Pantomime, but none, among our educated classes, for the Easter Oratorio.

The law of nobleness in music and poetry is essentially one. Both are the necessary and natural expression of pure and virtuous human joy, or sorrow, by the lips and fingers of persons trained in right schools to manage their bodies and souls. Every child should be taught from its youth, to govern its voice discreetly and dexterously, as it does its hands; and not to be able to sing should be more disgraceful than not being able to read or write. For it is quite possible to lead a virtuous and happy life without books, or ink; but not without wishing to sing, when we are happy; nor without meeting with continual occasions when our song, if right, would be a kind service to others.

The best music, like the best painting, is entirely popular; it at once commends itself to everyone, and does so through all ages. The worst music, like the worst painting, commends itself at first, in like manner, to ninety-nine people out of a hundred; but after doing them its appointed quantity of mischief, it is forgotten, and new modes of mischief composed. The less we compose at present, the better: there is good music enough written to serve the world forever; what

*Lyric and epic of course, without question; and didactic, if it be indeed poetry. Satirical primarily, or philosophical, verses, as of Juvenal, Lucretius, or Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, are merely measured prose,—the grander for being measured, but not, because of their bonds, becoming poetry. Dramatic verse is not perfectly rhythmic, when it is entirely right,

we want of it for our schools, may be gradually gathered, under these following general laws of song:

I. None but beautiful and true words are to be set to music at all; nor must any be usually sung but those which express the feelings of noble persons under the common circumstances of life, and its actual joys and griefs. Songs extreme in pathos are a morbid form of the indulgence of our desire for excitement; unless in actual dramatic function, becoming part of a great course of thought in which they fulfill the highest tone,— as Ophelia's "White his shroud;" which may be properly sung in its appointed place, but there only. It is profane and vulgar to take these pieces out of their shrines; and injurious to all the finer states of thought and habits of life to compose such without shrines.

II. Accompaniments are always to be subordinate, and the voice of the singer, or choir, supreme. But it is quite possible to keep the richest combinations of instrumental music subordinate to the vocal notes, as great painters can make the richest decoration subordinate to a simple story. And the noblest instrumental execution is felt by true musical instinct to be more conspicuous in this humility and precision of restraint, than in its most consummate dexterity of separate achievement.

III. Independent instrumental music is, to singing, what painted glass is to painting: it admits the extremest multiplication, fantasy, range, and concord of note; and has the same functions of magnificence, and powers of awe or pleasure, that the casements have in a cathedral. But all the greatest music is by the human voice, as all greatest painting is of the human face.

IV. All songs are to be sung to their accompaniment, straight forward, as they would be read, or naturally chanted. You must never sing

	aw		a-
	aw	aw	a- a-
" Scots whaw-aw		aw-hae wi' Wa	a-
a- a- a- a-			
a- a-a a- a- a-			
	al-lace bled,"		

nor "Welcome, welcome, welcome to your go—to your go—to your go-oo-ooo-ory bed;" but sing it as you would say it. Neither, even if a song is too short, may you ever extend it by such expedients. You must sing "Come unto these yellow sands" clear through, and be sorry when it is done; but never

a- a-
a- a- a- a-
"Come unto these ya- a- a, etc., low sands."

V. The airs of songs by great composers must never be used for other words than those they were written for. Nothing is so destructive of all musical understanding as the habit of fitting a tune that tickles the ear to any syllables that it will stick on; and a single instance may show the point to which this barbarism has reached in the musical catastrophes of modern concert, prepared for the uneducated and the idle. The other day, on the table of my inn at Cambridge, I chanced to take up a modern "adaptation" of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and found that the music intended for the Latin syllables here given in the upper lines was to be sung indifferently to the English ones below:—

Sta	- bat	Ma	- ter	Do	- lo	-ro	- sa
Lord	most	ho	- ly	Lord	most	migh	- ty
Jux	- ta	- Cru	- cem	La	- cry	- mo	- sa
Righ	- teous	ev	- er	Are	thy	judg	- ments
Dum	- pen	- de	- bat	Fi	- li	- us	
Save	us	for	thy	Mer	- cy's	sake	

Imagine the idea thus conveyed to the listening mob, of the composer's intention, or of the dramatic power of his work.*

VI. Ballad music is, of course, written with the intent that it shall fit itself to any sentiment by mere difference of

* Rossini's Stabat was, I believe, itself a transposition of this kind, the music having been originally written for other words. But the master himself may do this, if he think good; not his scholars or executants. What words he finally leaves his composition arranged for, must thenceforward be retained.

adopted time and accent. The right delivery of it will follow naturally on true feeling of the ballad. The absurdity of the ordinary supposition that music can express feeling definitely, without words, is shown in a moment by the fact that such general expressions *can* be written, and that in any good and classic ballad-music, the merry and melancholy parts of the story may be with entire propriety and satisfaction sung to precisely the same melody.*

VII. Playful, and comic, singing are subject to the same laws as play, in life; and jesting, in conversation. No vulgar person can be taught how to play, or to jest, like a gentleman; and, for the most part, comic songs are for the vulgar only. Their higher standard is fixed, in note and word, by Mozart and Rossini; but I cannot at present judge how far even these men may have lowered the true function of the joyful Muse.

Thus far of the great general laws under which music is to be taught in St. George's schools. The reasons for them will be given at greater length elsewhere: and, for beginning

* The following very interesting portion of a letter from a man of the highest scientific attainments, and of great general sensitive faculty and intellectual power, expresses the general faith in the independent power of music in so forcible a manner that, in once more replying to the arguments he brings forward, I conceive enough to be said on the subject. The letter opens with a reference to my use of the word "subordinate" in paragraph II. above:—

"My dear Ruskin,—'Subordinate' is not the right word, though I think you mean right. 'Co-ordinate' would be more correct. Both words and music should express as far as possible the idea intended to be conveyed; but music can convey emotion more powerfully than words, and independently of them. Mozart in his Masses only thought of the words as syllables for hanging notes on, and so wrote music quite profane. Bach, on the contrary, wrote, as it were, on his knees, when he wrote Church music. For instance, the 'Dona nobis' was set by Mozart to noise and triumph; by J. S. Bach is made a solemn, gentle, and tender prayer, preparing the congregation for the rest of the service. There, no repetition of the words 'dona nobis pacem' would give calm to the mind of the listener or reader, but the musical repetition, with variation, extends and en-

of songs to be sung, I have chosen this body of paraphrases of the Psalter, attributed in part to Sir Philip Sidney, and, whether his or not, better written than any other rhymed version of the Psalms at present known to me, and of peculiar value as a classic model of the English language at the time of its culminating perfection.

When I came into the country this summer, I had with me the little Chiswick Press edition, published in 1823, expecting to find it tolerably correct, and not doubting but that I should be able, with little difficulty, if any part of it were really Sidney's, to distinguish his work from that of any other writer concerned in the book, and arrange it for publication in a separate form.

But on examining the book, I perceived it to require complete revision, the punctuation being all set at random; and the text full of easily corrigible misreadings. And I found, with greater surprise, that, instead of shining out with any recognizable brightness, the translations attributed by tra-

hances the calm both in listener and singer; but it would be quite incorrect to say Bach had 'subordinated' the music to the words, for, to a musician, no words could express so much as his music does. Like painting and poetry, music has its own special power, and its own field; it is vague compared with poetry in description, but more exact in expressing feeling(!); painting belongs to a point of time(!); music to its extension beyond poetry.

"We have just the same kind of thing in music, though so much less is needed for musical criticism. J. S. Bach's greatest work is about to be performed for the first time in London, and L. has had a letter from a professional that might have been a critique on Turner written by Maclise, the man being unable to hear what Bach was aiming at,—devotional expression of the words. So it must ever be—during our days, at any rate."

I hope better, dear friend; thinking in truth, more highly of music in its true function than you do; but replying to your overestimate of its independent strength, simply that music gives emotions stronger than words only to persons who do not completely understand words, but do completely enjoy sensations. A great part of the energy of the wars of the world is indeed attributable to the excitement produced by military bands; but a single

dition to Sidney included many of the feeblest in the volume; and that while several curious transitions in manner, and occasional fillings and retouchings by evidently inferior writers, were traceable through the rest, the entire body of the series was still animated by the same healthy and impetuous spirit, and could by no criticism of mine be divided into worthy and unworthy portions.

Under these circumstances, to have attempted a critical edition of the book would have involved a year's labor, a volume of correspondence, and I knew not what wistful hours of research among dark library shelves. Such an edition will, I hope, in good time, be undertaken by some accomplished English scholar, and a chastised text given us, collected from whatever fragments exist of authoritative MS. But, in the meantime, with such summer leisure as I have at command, I can make the book, as we have it, a serviceable and fitting part of our *Bibliotheca Pastorum*. In the first place, therefore, the text being clearly inaccurate, I give up the old spelling altogether, and write the version in our own manner, unless here and there, when the former meaning

word will move a good soldier more than an entire day of the most artistic piping and drumming. The Dead March in Saul may be more impressive than words, to people who don't know what Death is; but to those who do, no growling in brass can make it gloomier; and Othello's one cry, "Oh, Desdemona, Desdemona.—dead!" will go to their hearts, when a whole cathedral choir, in the richest and most harmonious of whines, would be no more to them than a dog's howling,—not half so much, if the dog loved the dead person. In the instance given by my friend, the music of Bach would assuredly put any disagreeable piece of business out of his head, and prepare him to listen with edification to the sermon, better than the mere *repetition* of the words "Dona nobis pacem." But if he ever had needed peace, and had gone into church really to ask for it, the plain voices of the congregation, uttering the prayer but once, and meaning it, would have been more precious to him than all the quills and trills that ever musician touched or music trembled in. I can only mark the two sentences in the last clause of the letter with notes of—(very extreme)—wonder,—the last especially, for an unchanged chord of color may be enjoyed by the eye many minutes longer than an unchanged chord of sound by the ear.

of the word requires also the former lettering. I farther correct the punctuation, and replace the visibly needful readings.

In the second place, I omit the pieces which, either by accident or by inferior authorship, fall greatly below the general standard; and those also in which quaintness of thought or word has been carried beyond the utmost I could ask of the patience of existing taste. Even of the paraphrases which, thus sifted, remained for choice, I have taken only those which contain lessons, or express feelings, applicable to or natural to our own modern life; and which may therefore be sung, with personal adoption of their sentiment, some by the young, and some by the old, among us, who still can heartily praise their God, or appeal to Him, in the passion of song.

Of such Psalms, forty-four, closing with the seventy-second, are arranged in this volume, with so much of commentary as seemed to me likely to make them more serviceable to the general reader; the second volume, containing a similar selection to the end of the Psalter, will, I hope, be ready at least before the end of the year, and a little school-manual of the elements of prosody, explaining the laws of English and Latin mediæval meter, as distinguished from classic meter, is already written; but I can't get it printed till after Easter. It will explain farther some points respecting the musical value of these paraphrases, which are too complex for statements here.

But the main use of these second and third parts of the Shepherd's Library, to the modern reader, will depend on his fully understanding these following particulars concerning the manner and the melody of these ancient paraphrases.

First, I say concerning their manner, which differs from that of paraphrases prepared by modern writers for existing church services in a very serious way indeed. For modern writers of devotional rhyme always assume, that if the thing which David (or other original writer to be paraphrased) said, cannot be conveniently arranged in their own quatrain,

or whatever the stanza may be,—a piece of David's saying may be cut off, and a piece of their own or any other pious person's saying, fastened on, without any harm: their object being only to obtain such a concatenation of pious sayings as may, on the whole, be sung without offense, and by their pleasant sound soothe and refresh the congregation after kneeling till they are stiff. But the idea of any of these melodious sentiments being really *adopted* by the singers, and meant as a true assertion, never for a moment enters the composer's head. Thus, in my own parish church, only the Sunday before last, the whole congregation, and especially the children, sang, in great glee and contentment, a hymn which declared their extreme eagerness to die, and be immediately with God: but if, in the course of the tune, the smallest bit of plaster had fallen from the ceiling, implying any degree of instability in the rafters thereof, very certainly the whole symphonious company would have scuttled out as fast as they could; and a prophetic intimation, conveyed to any of the mothers of the curly-haired children sitting by the altar, that their own darling was never again to be seen in that place, would as certainly have spoiled the mother's singing of the devotional exercise appointed for her that afternoon. God be thanked that it would.

Again, I observe that among the canticles which might be supposed, without absurdity, really more or less to be expressive of the feelings of a village congregation, a favorite one, founded on the promise that when two or three are gathered in the name of Christ, He is in the midst of them, closes with the following invocation:

“ Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear!
Oh, rend the heavens,—come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.”

Which charming stanza is apparently sung with great unction by everybody; and it never seems to occur to any of their minds that if Christ is in the midst of them, there is no occasion for His arm to be long, and still less for His rend-

ing the heavens to come down to them; or that, although a thousand hearts may be a sonorous phrase for the end of a stanza, it is not what most people would understand by a "few," and still less a parallel for Christ's expression "two or three." The fact being that the poor rhymester, totally incapable of conceiving the nearness or the being of Christ at all, or any emotion whatever which would be caused by either, fills up his idle verses with the first phrases that jingle into his jaded asses' ears out of the prophecies of Isaiah, though the first, concerning the shortened arm of God, was written for people so far from having Christ in the midst of them, that their iniquities had entirely separated them from Him, and their sins hidden His face,—(Isaiah lix. 1, 2); and the second is an appeal by the prophet for the descent of God, not among His friends, but against His adversaries, that the nations might "tremble at His presence" (Isaiah lxiv. 1, 2).

The entire system of modern English canticle is thus half paralytic, half profane, consisting partly of the expression of what the singers never in their lives felt, or attempted to feel; and partly in the address of prayers to God, which nothing could more disagreeably astonish them than His attending to.

Now Sidney's paraphrase, in common with all gentleman's literary work in the Elizabethan period, differs wholly from such modern attempts in this main particular, that it aims straight, and with almost fiercely fixed purpose, at getting into the heart and truth of the thing it has got to say; and unmistakably, at any cost of its own dignity, explaining *that* to the hearer, shrinking from no familiarity, and restricting itself from no expansion in terms, that will make the thing meant clearer. So that whereas a modern version, if only it clothe itself in what the author supposes to be genteel language, is thought perfectly satisfactory, though the said genteel language mean exactly the contrary of what David meant,—Sir Philip will use any cowboy's or tinker's words, if only they help him to say precisely in English what David said in

Hebrew: impressed, the while, himself so vividly by the majesty of the thought itself, that no tinker's language can lower it or vulgarize it in his mind. And, again, while the modern paraphraser will put in anything that happens to strike his fancy, to fill the fag-end of a stanza, but never thinks of expanding or illustrating the matter in hand, Sidney, if the thought in his original appears to him pregnant, and partly latent, instantly breaks up his verse into franker and fuller illustration; but never adds a syllable of any other matter, to fill even the most hungry gap of verse.

Of the relative simplicity or familiarity of expression, I need give no instances, as they occur continually; but of the illustrative expansion, I may refer for a pretty example to the stanza quoted in the beginning of this preface, paraphrasing the verses of the ninety-first psalm.

Compare our prose version, and observe the manner of Sidney's amplification.

"Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler." Yes, thinks Sir Philip,—but does that mean, by *showing* the snare, and so keeping us out of it,—or by delivering us after we have fallen into it? Not always by showing it, certainly; (he has been caught, himself, too often to believe that!) but always by redeeming us from it. But how redeeming?—by breaking the net roughly at once? No, that is not His way; but by untying it, thread by thread. All this is told with one word:

"From snare the fowler lays,
He shall thee sure *untye*."

"And from the noisome pestilence." Noisome? thinks Sir Philip,—why this added word? why is one disease more noisome than another? It is spiritual evil, and cannot therefore mean mere loathsomeness of bodily affliction; it must mean the power of corruption,—the deadly power, which strikes so that, even when the disease itself is gone, its effects remain incurable. The deliverance from *this* evil must be before it strikes, not afterwards!

"The noisome blast that plaguing strays,
Untoucht shall pass thee by."

"He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust."

"Trust,"—yes, but how? thinks Sidney. Not as armor, these; a bird does not defend her brood with her wings, but with beak and claw, if need be. The wings are for warmth, and shelter, and hiding-place.

"Soft hived, with wing and plume
Thou in his shroud shalt lie; "

and note the "*soft hived*,"—having the hive or home, made soft, and warm; and the beautiful old use of "shroud" for hiding or covering mantle.

"His faithfulness and truth shall be thy shield and buckler."

Yes,—*now* we come to the armor, he thinks; but "truth," why should that, no less than faithfulness, be spoken of as guardian? Then he perceives that the serenity of repose in the promises of God is as necessary a part of the safety of a timid heart as the security of dependence upon his protection. Therefore, he says, thou shalt no less "presume" (take beforehand, or possess beforehand,) on His promises, than have affiance in his guard;

"And on his truth no less presume
Than in his shield affy."

And, indeed, with respect to all these paraphrases, my principal reason for making them a part of our Shepherds' library is not merely their being in a classically melodious form; but besides, and rather, that they continually interpret or illustrate what is latent or ambiguous in the original. Where there is no manifest gain of this kind, I have seldom admitted the paraphrase into our series; and, on the ground of what I supposed would be offensive verbal simplicity, have parted with many more than I should have thought myself justified in rejecting, were it not that I trust in the

possession, some day soon, of a classical and authoritative edition of the whole.

Enough are here, however, for all practical purposes; and when those which are to form the closing volume are added, there will also be enough to give a complete idea of the variety and art of versification carried through the whole. I must delay the reader yet a little while presently, to explain the general methods of meter employed.

Thus much it is enough to observe respecting the method of Sir Philip's version. We must now finally note some matters bearing on its theological accuracy.

As consummate expression whether of faith or feeling, the Psalter has retained its power among all nations worshipping the God of Israel, from the day it was completed to our own. But as a code of Christian morality, it has virtually ceased to be profitable to any of us;—nay, has in many ways become confusing and dangerous, owing to the reckless choice, or transposition, of the terms, correspondent, in English, to those descriptive of virtue and vice, piety and atheism, in the original. I do not know how far, in the Hebrew itself, the subtlety and precision exist which ennoble the Septuagint and the Vulgate: but, assuredly, the writers of these versions understood from the Hebrew, and expressed in their own more capably various diction, a series of distinctions between the methods of vice and virtue in men, on the understanding of which is founded the proper philosophy of the Psalter, and which, neglecting, we read it absolutely without power of applying practically any one of its precepts, or apprehending intelligently the issue of any one of its promises or threatenings.

Though without any special attention to this subject, and with frequent lapses into the vagueness of common English, the Sidney version is yet so studiously molded on the classical originals, that, with only here and there the notice of an ambiguous word, it will become quite clear to us in its expression of these ethics of the Psalter. But that it may become so, we must preparatorily observe the main distinctions of the

Greek and Latin words whose force it thus observantly renders.

The benediction, in the opening of the first psalm, divides at once the virtue which is to be strengthened, or to find voice, in the following psalms, into three conditions, the understanding of which is the key to the entire law of Old Testament morality.

“Blessed is the man who ” (first) “has not walked in the counsel of the ungodly.”

That is to say, who has not advanced, or educated himself in the “*counsel*,” (either the opinions or the advice,) of men who are unconscious of the existence of God.

That is the law of our Intellectual Education.

“Nor ” (secondly) “stood in the way of sinners.”

That is to say, who has not adopted for the *standing*, establishing, and rule of his life, the ways, customs, or principles of the men who, whether conscious or unconscious of God’s being, disobey His commands.

That is the law of our moral conduct.

“And hath not ” (thirdly) “sat in the seat of the *scornful*.”

That is to say, who has not, in teaching or ruling others, permitted his own pride or egotism to make him intolerant of their creeds, impatient of their ignorance, or unkind to their failings. This throne of pride is, in the Vulgate, called the throne of *Pestilence*. I know not on what ground; but assuredly conveying this farther truth, that the source of all noisome blast of heresy, “that *plaguing* strays ” in the Christian Church, has been the pride and egotism of its pastors.

Here, then, are defined for us in the first words of the Psalter, the three great vices of Intellectual Progress, Moral Stature, and Cathedral Enthronement, by which all men are tempted in their learning, their doing, and their teaching; and in conquering which, they are to receive the blessing of God, and the peaceful success of their human life. These three sins are always expressed in the Greek Psalter in the same terms:

Ungodliness	is ἀσέβεια ;
Sin	is ἁμαρτία ;
Pride	is ὑπερηφανία ;

and the tenor of every passage throughout the Psalms, occupied in the rebuke or threatening of the "wicked," is colored by its specific direction against one or the other of these forms of sin.

But, separate from all these sins, and governing them, is the monarchic "Iniquity," which consists in the *willful* adoption of, and persistence in, these other sins, by deliberately sustained false balance of the heart and brain.

A man may become ἀσεβής, impious, by natural stupidity.

He may become ἁμαρτωλός, sinful, by natural weakness.

And he may become ὑπερήφανος, insolent, by natural vanity.

But he only becomes ἄδικος, unjust, or unrighteous, by resolutely refusing to see the truth that makes against him; and resolutely contemplating the truth that makes for him.

Against this "iniquity" or "unrighteousness," the chief threatenings of the Psalter are directed, striking often literally and low, at direct dishonesty in commercial dealings, and rising into fiercest indignation at spiritual dishonesty in the commercial dealing and "trade" of the heart.

And the words "righteousness" and "unrighteousness," throughout the Psalter, have this meaning, and no other. It is needless to say how fatally their vital, imperative, and purifying force has been evaded by modern glosses of the evangelical school of readers and teachers, who imagine that the word "righteousness" means that "forgiveness of sins" which they expect to get, without ever being purged from them. The following vocabulary of fourteen words, with their derivatives, for general reference, with a few notes on separate paraphrases, will now make the ethics of the Sidney text in these volumes entirely intelligible. My own commentary, when it bears on ethical questions, is always made on the ordinary English prose version, using the Sidney text only to illustrate it.

I take first the seven principal words which variously express the nature of the Revelation or Law of God, in which David so perpetually rejoices; and after each I give his special saying concerning it, in the nineteenth psalm.

1. *νομος*. The law of the Lord of Creation; kept by Him inviolate in faithfulness through all the changes of providential dealing. It includes physical law, and whatever is recognized as "cosmic" by modern naturalists: but the essence of it is the guardian Law of Life, that which appoints that love shall produce joy; hatred, pain;—disunion, weakness; concurrence, power;—license, death; and obedience, life. It is full of spiritual mysteries, and is felt more and more to be blessed and holy as it is sought out. David never speaks of it but with passionate love. It exists always, above, and without, any commandment, being the Law which Christ came, not to destroy, but fulfill.

"THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT, CONVERTING THE
SOUL."

The derivative *ἀνομία* means *willful* lawlessness, or rebellion, often translated "wickedness," which is in pure English only another word for witchcraft, or evil magic—the defiance of the law of the universe by a crooked enchantment. "For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft."

The derivative *ἀνομος*, lawless, means the state of mind in which a man not only disobeys the commands of the State, but the dictates of nature. Adultery, usury, cannibalism, and the like, are forms of *ἀνομία*, as distinct from *ἀμαρτία*.

2. *ἐντολή*. The "Commandment," or, in plural, commandments, equally translated precept, or precepts. That part of the law which God has expressed in words, and which it is enough for simple people to obey, without knowing why. A child may obey its parents, and a man resolve not to live by stealing, without in the least recognizing the glory of the eternal obedience, or the loss of spiritual joy by rapine.

“ THE COMMANDMENT OF THE LORD IS PURE, ENLIGHTENING
THE EYES.”

3. *μαρτυρία*. The Testimony, or, in plural, testimonies. The spoken teachings of God, enforcing His commandments with promise or threatening; and recording what He desires His creatures to know concerning Himself and His work; and concerning themselves and their work. Of these, David writes, “ Thy testimonies are my delight and my counselors; ” and Paul, “ He left not Himself without witness.” Compare Deut. xxxi. 19, Isa. lv. 4, Matt. xxiv. 14.

“ THE TESTIMONY OF THE LORD IS SURE, MAKING WISE THE
SIMPLE.”

4. *δικαίωμα*. Statute, and in plural statutes. The continual doing of justice;—the fixed attachment of such and such penalties to the violation,—such and such rewards to the keeping,—of the commandment, and hearing of the witness.

“ THE STATUTES OF THE LORD ARE RIGHT, AND REJOICE THE
HEART.”

5. *κρίμα*. Judgment, and, in plural, judgments. Definite punishment or reward pronounced against personal or national definite parts of conduct.

“ THE JUDGMENTS OF THE LORD ARE TRUE AND RIGHTEOUS
ALTOGETHER.”

6. *λόγος*. The Word, or definite exertion (or to subordinate beings, expression,) of God’s will, as in creation or any other (so-called) act, or series of acts, of the Supreme Being. It is separated from the constant *νόμος*, in so far as “ by the Word of the Lord were the heavens made,” but considered as only a part of the constant *νόμος*, when it is said, “ heaven and earth shall pass away, but my Word shall not.”

“THE FEAR OF THE LORD IS CLEAN, ENDURING FOR EVER.”

7. *λόγια*. The oracles. The (to us apparently separate) various divisions of the words and acts of God.

These being the essential divisions of Revelation, the virtue and guilt of men in relation to them are expressed by this second group of distinct terms, each with its proper opposite.

1. *ἀγαθός. κακός*. The good man,—the bad. The terms that, regarding all qualities in both, cast them up, and give the net value.

(I am interrupted in my work at this moment,—Oxford, Sunday, 13th July, 1876, seven, morning,—first by a long rumble, which,—thinking it for a while to be something going on in the next rooms,—I make out to be a luggage train; and then, just as I begin again, and am considering whether to say “simple” or “general” terms,—by a steady whistle,—which, coming in with the morning air through the open window, worries me as if a cat were in the room, sustaining her mew at a high note. Vainly trying to fix my mind for ten or twelve seconds, as I find the noise going on, getting louder, and at last breaking into startling demi-semiquavers, I give up my business, for the present,—and count fifty-three, slowly, before this musical entertainment and psalm of modern life stops. Actually there’s another train coming, just as I have finished this paragraph. I have counted eighty, and it is still not over;—at last things are getting quiet, and I will try to go on.)

Give the net value, I was going to say, at St. Michael’s price and weight, by St. Michael’s scales. “A good man”; a Positive article, in flesh and soul. *Worth* at least *something*, to his people—to his age. “A bad man”; a Negative article in flesh and soul. *Worth* so much *less* than nothing to his people and age; a blot, and clog, and plague to them.

These terms not only include, but have primary reference to, qualities of breed. They are used of men as we should use them of horses. And the sum of good and evil is cal-

culated, not so much in honor or pleasure to the man himself, as in his pure usefulness and trustworthiness to others.

1a. "Goodness," not in use. 1b. "Badness," frequent.

Sidney terms, good and evil.

2. *δίκαιος*; *ἀδίκος*. "Just," "unjust," or righteous and unrighteous. Already enough explained. The main scriptural distinction.

2a. "Justice." 2b. "Injustice." Both in constant use.*

3. *πιστός*. *ἄπιστος*. Faithful. Unfaithful. Not used in true opposition. The first means usually faithful in the sense of trustworthy. "Faithful is he that calleth you." The second has the sense of "incredulous," ("be not faithless, but believing," to St. Thomas,) or "infidel" (1st Tim. 1. 8); "the fearful and unbelieving" (Rev. xxi. 8).

3a. Faith. 3b. Infidelity. Constant, and in true opposition, Faith signifying trust, and not truth.

4. *εὐσεβής*. *ἀσεβής*. Godly. Ungodly. The capacity, increased by industry and humility, of intelligently apprehending the existence of higher spirits, and reverently worshiping them; opposed to the incapacity of doing so, increased by idleness, or vanity.

* As I begin Article 2, a third luggage train comes and goes. I count 148—(and it's not quite over,)—what, in the name of all that's profane, do they mean by taking Sunday morning for this business? Actually, after five minutes more, comes a fourth; to this I count only 105. Now, at eight o'clock, there's my own cathedral bell begins, which would have helped me, rather than hurt, but for the railroad noise first—but now is conclusively destructive of all my power of morning thought.

Venice, Sunday, 18th March, 1877.—The rest of the preface, therefore, was set down in my notes of it, without expansion. Long enough, perhaps the reader may think; but I wish those railroad trains had not hindered me from saying what I had in my mind about the service in the shadow,

"Ye that by night, stand in the House of the Lord,"

also—about the psalmody before the battle of Leuthen, and in the following night-march, (Frederic, Book 18th, chap. 10.) and Covenanting and Cromwellian psalmody in general, as opposed either to Cavalier song, or to the Canticles of modern liberty.

4a. Godliness. 4b. Ungodliness. Constant.

5. ταπεινός. υπερήφανος. Humble. Proud. Best opposed in the Magnificat: "He hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden. He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts." So Psalm cxix.: "He hath rebuked the proud that are cursed;"—compare cxxxi. for the opposed humility.

5a. Lowliness. 5b. Pride. Constant.

6. δοῦλος. ἄνομος. Servant. Lawless. The most frequent of oppositions, next to just and unjust. In both groups, the virtue and the vice are always considered as willful, but injustice is the willful sin of intellectual persons, and lawlessness of fools; so that a peculiarly cretinous condition of brain has been developed in modern lays for the apostleship of ἀνομία. It is the sin which physically is represented by decomposition—i. e., in organic being, death;—and all witchcraft, necromancy, and the like, are parts of it. "Wickedness" is the Saxon word; embracing, curiously, derivations from others, meaning "enchanter," "crooked," (perverse,) and "vitiated." So, also, justice is the resolute virtue of intellectual persons, and servitude the resolute virtue of the simple. "Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye servants of the Lord, which *by night* stand in the house of the Lord." Psalm cxxxiv.

6a. Servitude. 6b. Wickedness. Constant.

7. ἅγιος. ἁμαρτωλός. Saint. Sinner. The conclusive opposition, expressing with respect to birth in the Spirit what ἀγαθος and κακος express with respect to birth in the flesh. The Saints are the chosen, or found, of God; the Sinners, the Reprobate, (tried and found wanting, cast away, or lost,) of God. The Son of Man comes to seek and to save that which is lost; He comes for ἁμαρτωλοί, but not for ὑπερήφανοι, ἄνομοι, or ἄδικοι. For sinners; but not for the proud, the lawless, or the unjust.

These seven oppositions, kept clearly in mind, will enable the reader, with little farther pains, to understand, not only the Psalter, but the entire theology of the Old Testament,

and mode of its translation in the New. One farther opposition must be noted; but as external to all the others: *ὅσιος*, and *ἑθνικός*, holy and profane—that is to say, belonging to the visible church, or to the “heathen.” Wickedness, or perversity, (disobeying the God it knows well,) is the sin of the visible Church; but Forgetfulness,—not seeking the God it knows dimly, of the Heathen. “The wicked shall be turned into hell, and the heathen, that forget God.” Psalm ix. 17.

Finally, what full sense was intended by David in the terms Hell and Heaven themselves, it is needless to ask more than we may here positively know from the shades or lights of each that “lie about us in our pilgrimage.” We need not think even that recognition of our state will always be conscious. In the extreme of perdition, our earthly spirit does not know that it is lost; and there are souls scattered afar upon the Elysian Hills, that, shepherdless, breathe the air of Paradise, and shall return, every man, to his house in peace.

OF THE SIDNEY METERS.

BEFORE examining the manner of these Elizabethan chants, I must say a word or two of the use of metrical psalm at all.

That any words spoken in utter truth and intensity of feeling should be “measured” seems at first impossible, or at least unfitting. On a field of battle, a soldier does not ask for quarter in iambic verse; and the publican’s prayer, “God be merciful to me a sinner,” would not be made more pathetic by any echo which we could contrive for it between “sin” and “win,” or “God” and “rod.”

But when our feelings are moved by no sudden impulse, and raised to no pitch of passion too great to be sustained, it is an honorable sign of our words that they *are* measured;—it is proper that they should bear upon them this seal of having been considered before they were uttered; nor is any sentiment in itself so intense but that, if continuous, it may be expressed more nobly under the laws of harmony and symmetry than without them.

Farther; in the greater number of persons of average power

of mind, when of happy disposition and unoppressed life, feelings of anxiety, distress, or desire, never become so deep as to forbid the enjoyment of cheerful sound in their expression. Whatever regret they may feel at having done wrong,—whatever hope of some day entering a better world if they do right, their remorse is never so poignant, nor their longing so extreme, but that both may be uttered in rhythmic syllables, and even deepened and excited by the cadence of them. The joyful and eager youth of a man like Sidney is necessarily incapable of entering into the darker thoughts of a heart like David's in old age; and the general mass of amiably and pleasantly religious persons can no more understand a psalm, than a kitten a Greek tragedy; but we may always claim from them sincerity in accepting what is suited to their age; nor need we refuse to the young what farther pleasure or sense of duty they may receive from the chanting of noble words, because the days are yet distant by whose melancholy tutorship such words are to be made finally intelligible.

And farther; while the unrhymed and undecorated language with which graver hearts would be content, is ineffectual on feebler and more impulsive dispositions, there is nothing in the symmetry of graceful terms, so long as they remain true, which need offend the feelings whose glow has no need of them. So long as the instrument is in real harmony, no strength of thought need be abated by the pleasantness of its echo; and if those who are the strongest in passion, or intelligence, are permitted to say, in some way or another, exactly the thing they mean, they need not mind saying it with such interval or inflection of voice, and such change or inversion of phrase, as may comply with the innocent desire of others for musical delight. An old man, walking up and down at evening on some meadow hillside, whence he can see the roofs and spires of his native city warm in the setting sun, may murmur to himself, and find enough sweet without melodious accompanying, the solemn words of the 48th Psalm: "Go ye round about Zion, tell the towers thereof;

mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following." But the veteran returning from war with a company of young knightly riders, entering the city gates in joyful glance of heraldry, and trained prancing of their horses' feet, might, unoffended, hear them burst into the rhythmic chant of Sidney's verse:

"Compass Syon in her standing;
Tell her towers, mark her forts;
Note with care the stately portes,
Her royal houses bear;
For that age's understanding,
Which shall come when we shall go,—
Glad, of former time, to know
How many, what they were."

Or again, and in yet more grave field of thought—while in moments of unexpected pain, and helplessly felt decline of strength, we may bitterly repeat, and with little desire for musical cadence in our words, the cry of the 90th Psalm: "Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men;" yet in the resigned peace of an old age crowned with the light of days that are not, an old man may hear with thankfulness the voices of the assenting choir proclaim the mercifully irrevocable law, over earth and her children:

"Oh, but man,—by thee created,
As he first of earth arose,—
When thy Word his end hath dated
In equal state, to earth he goes.
Thou sayest,—and saying,—mak'st it so,
'Be no more, oh Adam's heir:'
From whence ye came, dispatch to go
Dust, again,—as dust ye were."

Nevertheless, I should not have thought it necessary to add any other version of the Psalms to the accepted one of the Prayer Book, for use in St. George's schools, had not these paraphrases of Sir Philip's contained many illustrative or explanatory passages, making the sense of the original more clear, while, at the same time, their exquisitely accurate use

of the English language renders them, on the whole, the best examples known to me for the early guidance of its faithful students. In the work of all other great masters, the melody of the word is allowed somewhat to influence them in their choice of it; but Sidney never minds spoiling the sound of a verse, if the prettiest word is not also the accuratest. How pleasant the sound of verse was to him, however, the singular variety of arrangements adopted in this Psalter, may enough show, although, I suppose with reference to some particular kind of music to which they were sung, the elements out of which the verses are arranged are in the first instance exceedingly simple.* A certain number of unrhymed psalms, of Latin construction, occur towards the close of the book, either by some other writer, or by Sidney in error of too vain scholarship. Putting these aside, the remainder are, with one exception, in trochaic or iambic verse: the iambs severely accurate; the trochaic admitting, but always with extreme subtlety of appliance, the introductory short syllable, as the “*In equal state*” of the fourth line in the just-quoted stanza.

The single exception is the 52nd Psalm, which is dactylic, with admitted spondee beginning, and trochee always closing the second line:—

“ Nôt wōrds frōm—cūrsēd thēē,
 Būt gūlp̄hs—arē pōūred:
 Gūlp̄hs whērēīn—dāilŷ bē
 Gōōd mēn—dēvōūred.

Thīnkst thōū tō—bēār īt sō?
 Gōd shāl dīs—plāce thēē;
 Gōd shāl thēē—ōvērthrōw,
 Crūsh thēē, dē—fāce thēē.”

* The reader unacquainted with the construction of verse should read the little introduction to English prosody which Mr. Allen will have ready, I hope, not long after this beginning of Psalter is published.

But this meter can by no art be sustained without more license of artificial accent, or inverted construction, than may be justifiably claimed from the reader's indulgence or attention; and another two verses, giving examples of this unconquerable difficulty, but full of force in themselves, are all that I care to give of this psalm.

“Lēwd l̄ies thȳ—tōngue cōntrīves;
 Lōūd l̄ies—īt sōūndēth;
 Shārpēr thān—shārpēst knīves,
 Wīth l̄ies—īt wōūndēth.”

The false accent on the “with” is just pardonable for the sake of its help in the pretty alliteration of the whole verse.

“Lō, lō, thē—wrētehēd wīght.
 Who Gōd—dīsdāīnīng,
 Hīs mīschief—māde hīs mīght,
 Hīs gūard,—hīs gāīnīng.”

This stanza, read without any strained accent, is properly a couplet in iambic pentameter, and is only read in dactyls by courtesy. The inversion of the subject in the last two lines is, however, rather a grace than a fault; the accent enables “His” to stand for “His own,” and the concentrated meaning makes the entire verse very precious.

All the other psalms given in the following series are, as I have said, iambic or trochaic: but the differences in number of feet between the lines, the number of these in the stanzas, and the alternation of rhyme in the different groups, are so varied, that out of the hundred and twenty paraphrases given in the two volumes, I believe that, after the text is properly sifted, not one will be found in precisely the same meter as another. And the dainty intricacy of several of these arrangements, and the reasons for the repeating, with little modification, some, rather than others, present questions of so great interest to students of English verse, that I could not resist the temptation of tabulating the structure of them all.

The number of feet in the lines is of course naturally indicated by figures: 1, for a line of one meter; 2, for a dimeter;* and so 3, 4, 5, and 6, up to the hexameter; only observe that I call the ordinary trochaic line ending with a long syllable,

“Dust again, as dust ye were,”

a three-metered verse, though it is properly four-metered, for the close of such a line is a full trochee in *time*, formed of the monosyllable with a following rest: but it is convenient to express this verse as a trimeter, and to consider as tetrameter only the line with the last short syllable sounded,—“oh, but man, by thee created.” On the other hand, an iambic line ending with a superadded short syllable properly does so only by dividing the normal long syllable into two short ones; and permits no extension of the time; therefore, it is indicated by a circumflex above the numeral, thus: “the fields with flocks have hid their faces,” will be $\hat{4}$, and “Nor hid from him thy face’s fair appearing,” $\hat{5}$.

For the indication of arrangement of rhyme I use letters of the alphabet: the first line of any stanza is always called a; and all lines that rhyme to it, a; also the first different rhyme that occurs is called b, and all that rhyme to it, b; the next c,—and so on.

Thus a couplet, with its lines rhyming, is a a; a quatrain stanza of alternate rhymes, a b a b; Tennyson’s beautiful quatrain of the *In Memoriam* is a b b a and the ordinary Spenserian stanza, a b a b b c b c c.

With this notation, the Sidney meters, or any others, may be accurately tabulated; and their analysis becomes, to anyone really caring for poetry, extremely interesting; but the tabulated forms look so appallingly complex that I shall keep them for the appendix to the second volume, when they may be more easily compared with the text; merely indicating in the present volume the form of rhythm adopted for each psalm. This statement of the rhythm will in general

* My spelling of these names for verses will be found defended in my *Elements of Prosody*.

Again the 55th is written with only three rhyming words through seventy-two lines,—six stanzas of four triplets, each couple reflected, thus, a b c—c b a, a c b—b c a: the first and sixth stanzas beginning and closing thus with a; the second and fifth with b; and the third and sixth with c. The 100th and 150th are properly sonnets of fourteen lines each; but endless varieties of grouping will be found in the five-lined and six-lined stanzas, of which the greater number of the paraphrases are composed. I know of no other religious work in which so much playful art is blended with so faithful passion. I am indeed a little vexed to find, as I correct the press, that quaint or prosaic expressions which were inoffensive to me in the old spelling, look weaker in modern dress; but, in sum, readers may test the veracity of their emotions by the degree in which these faults can be forgiven. To those who have used the Psalter merely to grace their worship with a sentimental tone, this version will be useless, or irritating. To those who have really known either David's joy, distress, or desires, it will be enlightenment of heart and eyes, as the tasted honey on the stretched-out spear of David's friend.

PREFACE TO BIBLIOTHECA PASTORUM, VOL. IV.

LIFE OF SIR HERBERT EDWARDES.

THE following pages are in substance little more than grouped extracts of some deeply interesting passages in the narrative published by Sir Herbert Edwardes, in 1851, of his military operations in the Punjaub during the winter of 1848-9.

The vital significance of that campaign was not felt at the time by the British public, nor was the character of the commanding officer rightly understood. This was partly in consequence of his being compelled to encumber his accounts of real facts by extracts from official documents; and partly because his diary could not, in the time at his disposal, be reduced to a clearly arranged and easily intelligible narrative. My own abstract of it, made originally for private reference, had reduced the events preceding the battle of Kineyre within the compass of an ordinary lecture, which was given here at Coniston in the winter of 1883; but in preparing this for publication, it seemed to me that in our present relations with Afghanistan, the reader might wish to hear the story in fuller details, and might perhaps learn some things from it not to his hurt.

My work at Oxford this last spring, and illness during the summer, prevented the final revision of the proofs; but here at last is the first of the three proposed sections, and I think there is every hope of the volume being completed by Christmas.

I have only to add that, although I have been happy in the friendship both of Sir Herbert and Lady Edwardes, my republication of this piece of military history is not in the

least a matter of personal feeling with me ;—it is done simply because I know it to be good for the British public to learn, and to remember, how a decisive soldier and benevolent governor can win the affection of the wildest races, subdue the treachery of the basest, and bind the anarchy of dissolute nations,—not with walls of fort or prison, but with the living roots of Justice and Love.

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PREFACE TO "THE STORY OF IDA." *

FOR now some ten or twelve years I have been asking every good writer whom I knew, to write some part of what was exactly true, in the greatest of the sciences, that of Humanity. It seemed to me time that the Poet and Romance-writer should become now the strict historian of days which, professing the openest proclamation of themselves, kept yet in secrecy all that was most beautiful, all that was most woeful, in the multitude of their unshepherded souls. And, during these years of unanswered petitioning, I have become more and more convinced that the wholesomest antagonism to whatever is dangerous in the temper, or foolish in the extravagance, of modern Fiction, would be found in sometimes substituting for the artfully-combined improbability, the careful record of providentially ordered Fact.

Providentially, I mean, not in the fitting together of evil so as to produce visible good,—but in the enforcement, though under shadows which mean but the difference between finite and infinite retribution which enough indicate for our guidance, the Will, and for our comfort, the Presence, of the Judge, and Father of men. It might be thought that the function of such domestic history was enough fulfilled by the frequency and full detail of modern biography. But lives in which the public are interested are scarcely ever worth writing. For the most part compulsorily artificial, often affectedly so,—on the whole, fortunate beyond ordinary rule,—and, so far as the men are really greater than others, unintelligible to the common reader,—the lives of statesmen, soldiers, authors, artists, or anyone habitually set in the sight of many, tell us at last little more than what sort of people they dealt with, and of pens they wrote with; the personal life is inscrutably broken up,—often contemptibly, and

* *The Story of Ida*, by Francesca, 1883.

the external aspect of it merely a husk, at the best. The lives we need to have written for us are of the people whom the world has not thought of,—far less heard of,—who are yet doing the most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done.

The following story of a young Florentine girl's too short life is absolutely and simply true: it was written only for memorial of her among her friends, by the one of them that loved her best, and who knew her perfectly. That it was *not* written for publication will be felt after reading a few sentences; and I have had a certain feeling of desecrating its humility of affection, ever since I asked leave to publish it.

In the close of the first lecture given on my return to my duties in Oxford, will be found all that I am minded at present to tell concerning the writer, and her friends among the Italian poor; and perhaps I, even thus, have told more than I ought, though not in the least enough to express my true regard and respect for her, or my admiration of her powers of rendering, with the severe industry of an engraver, the most pathetic instants of action and expression in the person she loves. Her drawing of *Ida*, as she lay asleep in the evening of the last day of the year 1872, has been very beautifully and attentively, yet not without necessary loss, reduced in the frontispiece, by Mr. W. Roffe, from its own size, three-quarters larger,—and thus, strangely, and again let me say, providentially, I can show, in the same book, examples of the purest truth, both in history and picture. Of invented effects of light and shade on imaginary scenes, it seems to me we have admired too many. Here is a real passage of human life, seen in the light that Heaven sent for it.

One earnest word only I have to add here, for the reader's sake,—let it be noted with thankful reverence that this is the story of a Catholic girl written by a Protestant one, yet the two of them so united in the Truth of the Christian Faith, and in the joy of its Love, that they are absolutely unconscious of any difference in the forms or letter of their religion.

April 14th, 1883.

PREFACE TO "ROADSIDE SONGS OF TUSCANY." *

OF the circumstances under which this work came into my possession, account is given in my report to the St. George's Guild for the year 1883; it has been since a matter of much debate with me how to present it most serviceably to those whom it is calculated to serve; and what I am about to do with it, though the best I can think of, needs both explanation and apology at some length.

The book consists of 109 folio leaves, on every one of which there is a drawing, either of figures, or flowers, or both. To photograph all, would of course put the publication entirely out of the reach of people of moderate means; while to print at once the text of the songs and music, without the illustrations, would have deprived them of what to my mind is their *necessary* interpretation; they could not be in what is best of them understood,—even a little understood,—without the pictures of the people who love them. I have determined, therefore to photograph for the present, twenty of the principal illustrations, and to print, together with them, so much of the text as immediately relates to their subjects, adding any further elucidation of them which may be in my own power. But as soon as I have got this principal part of the book well in course of issue, I will print separately all the music, and the little short songs called *Rispetti*, in their native Italian, and Francesca's English. Meantime, I have presented to Oxford the twelve principal drawings of those which will be published in photograph, and four others to the St. George's Museum at Sheffield. Twenty-five of the leaves of text,

* "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," translated and illustrated by Francesca Alexander, and edited by John Ruskin, LL. D., 1884.

illustrated with flowers only, are placed at Oxford for temporary use and examination. These, as well as the greater part of the remainder of the volume, will be distributed between my schools at Oxford, Girton College at Cambridge, the St. George's Museum, and Whitelands College at Chelsea, as soon as I have prepared the text for publication, but this work of course necessitates for some time the stay of the drawings beside me.

They are admirably, in most cases, represented by Mr. Hollyer's photographs: one or two only of the more highly finished ones necessarily become a little dark, and in places lose their clearness of line, but, as a whole, they are quite wonderful in fidelity and clearness of representation. Of the drawings themselves I will leave the reader to form his own estimate; merely praying him to observe that Miss Alexander's attention is always fixed primarily on expression, and on the accessory circumstances which enforce it; that in order to let the parts of the design on which its sentiment depends be naturally seen and easily felt, she does not allow any artifices of composition, or charms of light and shade, which would disturb the simplicity of her appeal to the feelings; and that in this restriction, observed through many years, she has partly lost, herself, the sense of light and shade, and sees everything in local color only: other faults there are, of which, however, be they in the reader's estimate few or many, he may be assured that none are of the least weight in comparison with the virtues of the work; and farther, that they ought to be all to him inoffensive faults, because they are not caused either by affectation, indolence, or egoism. All fatal faults in art that might have been otherwise good, arise from one or other of these three things,—either from the pretense to feel what we do not,—the indolence in exercises necessary to obtain the power of expressing the truth,—or the presumptuous insistence upon, and indulgence in, our own powers and delights, because they are ours, and with no care or wish that they should be useful to other people, so only they be admired by them. From all these sources of guilty error, Miss

Alexander's work is absolutely free. It is sincere and true as the sunshine; industrious, with an energy as steady as that by which a plant grows in spring; modest and unselfish, as ever was good servant's work for a beloved Master.

In its relation to former religious art of the same faithfulness, it is distinguished by the faculty and habit of realization which belongs to all Pre-Raphaelism, whether English or American; that is to say, it represents any imagined event as far as possible in the way it must have happened, and as it looked, when happening, to people who did not then know its Divine import; but with this further distinction from our English school of Pre-Raphaelism, that Miss Alexander represents everything as it would have happened in Tuscany to Tuscan peasants, while our English Pre-Raphaelites never had the boldness to conceive Christ or His Mother as they would have looked, with English faces, camping on Hampstead Heath, or confused among a crowd in the Strand: and therefore, never brought the vision of them close home to the living English heart, as Francesca is able to show the face of her Lord to the hill peasants at the well of l'Abetone. The London artists may answer with justice, that the actual life of l'Abetone is like that of Palestine; but that London life is not: to whom it may be again answered, and finally, that they have no business whatever to live in London, and that no noble art will ever be there possible. But Francesca's method of using the materials round her, be it noted, is also wholly different from theirs. They, either for convenience, fancy, or feelings' sake, use, for their types of saint or heroine, the model who happens that day to be disengaged, or the person in whom they themselves take an admiring or affectionate interest. The first heard organ-grinder of the morning, hastily silenced, is hired for St. Jerome, and St. Catherine or the Madonna represented by the pretty acquaintance, or the amiable wife. But Francesca, knowing the histories, and versed in the ways of the people round her for many a year, chooses for the type of every personage in her imagined picture, someone whose circumstances and habitual tone of mind are

actually like those related and described in the legends to be illustrated. The servant saint, Zita of Lucca, is represented by a perfectly dutiful and happy farm-servant, who has in reality worked all her life without wages; and the gypsy who receives the forlorn Madonna in Egypt, is drawn from a woman of gypsy blood who actually *did* receive a wounded boy, supposed to be at the point of death, into her house, when all the other women in the village held back; and nursed him, and healed him.

Perceiving this to be Miss Alexander's constant method of design, and that, therefore, the historic candor of the drawings was not less than their religious fervor, I asked her to furnish me, for what use I might be able to make of them, with such particulars as she knew, or might with little pains remember, of the real lives and characters of the peasants whom she had taken for her principal models. The request was fortunate; since in a very few weeks after it had been presented, Miss Alexander sent me a little white book stamped with the red Florentine lily, containing, in the prettiest conceivable manuscript, a series of biographic sketches, which are to me, in some ways, more valuable than the book which they illustrate; or rather, form now an essential part of, without which many of its highest qualities and gravest lessons must have remained unacknowledged and unaccepted.

I take upon myself therefore, unhesitatingly, what blame the reader may think my due, for communicating to him the substance of these letters, without reserve. I print them, in Francesca's own colloquial, or frankly epistolary, terms, as the best interpretation of the legends revived for us by her, in these breathing images of existent human souls.

Of the literary value of the songs themselves, it is not necessary for me to express any opinion, since Miss Alexander claims for them only the interest of having been practically useful to the persons for whom they were composed; and, in her translation, aims only at rendering their meaning clear with a pleasant musical order and propriety of cadence.

But it is a point deserving of some attentive notice, that

this extremely simple and unexcited manner of verse, common to both the ballads and their translations, results primarily from the songs being intended for, and received as, the relation of actual facts necessary to be truly known; and not at all as the expression of sentiment, fancy, or imagination.

And they correspond in this function, and in their resultant manner, very closely to early Greek ballad in the lays of Orpheus and Hesiod,—and indeed to Greek epic verse altogether, in that such song is only concerned with the visible works and days of gods and men; and will neither stoop, nor pause, to take color from the singer's personal feelings. I received a new lesson myself only a day or two since, respecting the character of that early Greek verse, from a book I was re-reading after twelve years keeping it by me to re-read,—Emile Boutmy's "*Philosophie de l'Architecture en Grèce*,"—in which (p. 121) is this notable sentence, "*L'un des traits les plus frappants de la phrase homérique, c'est que l'omission et le sous-entendu y sont sans exemple. Je ne crois pas qu'on puisse signaler dans l'Iliade ou dans l'Odyssée une ellipse, ou une enthymème.*" But the difference between explicit and undisturbed narrative or statement of emotion, in this kind, and the continual hinting, suggesting, mystifying, and magnifying, of recent pathetic poetry, (and I believe also of Gothic as opposed to Greek or pure Latin poetry,) requires more thought, and above all, more illustration, than I have time at present to give; and I am content to leave the verses preserved in this book to please whom they may please, without insisting upon any reasons why they should; and for myself, satisfied in my often reiterated law of right work, that is the expression of true pleasure in right things—and thankful that, much though I love my Byron, the lives of Saints may be made vivid enough to me by less vigorous verses than are necessary to adorn the biography of Corsairs and Giaours.

Jan. 1st, 1884.

PREFACE TO "CHRIST'S FOLK IN THE APENNINE." *

SINCE first I received from Miss Alexander the trusts involved in the editorship of the "Story of Ida" and "Songs of Tuscany," she has been in the habit of writing to me little sketches or stories of her peasant friends, as they chance to visit her, either, as it often happens, for the simple pleasure of talking to her, or silently watching her at her work,—or, as it still oftener happens, when they seek her counsel in their troubles, or her sympathy in their good fortune. Her door is never closed to them; the drawing in progress advances under her hand with the same tranquillity through the children's babble and the mother's boast; and time is never wanting if they need her attentive care, or active help. Her letters usually contain at least a page or two of chat about the visitors who have been claiming her immediate notice, or some reminiscence of former passages between them, which the affectionate historian, finding me hardly less interested in her favorites than she was herself, and interested in the way she wished, gradually completed and developed, until now I find under my hand a series of word-portraits, finished as tenderly as her drawings, and of even higher value in their accuracy of penetration, for the written sketches contain little gleams of gentle satire which never occur in the drawings. And it seems to me that the best Christmas work I can do this year, (my own fields of occupation being also in great measure closed to me by the severe warning of recent illness and the languor it has left,) will be to gather out of this treasure of letters what part might, with the writer's permission, and without pain to any of her loved friends, be

* "Christ's Folk in the Apennine," by Francesca Alexander. London, 1901.

laid before those of the English public who have either seen enough of the Italian peasantry to recognize the truth of these *ritratti*, or have respect enough for the faith of the incorrupt Catholic Church to admit the sincerity, and rejoice in the virtue, of a people still living as in the presence of Christ, and under the instant teaching of His saints and apostles. I shall change no word in the familiar language of the letters, nor attempt any other arrangement than that of merely collating the passages referring at intervals to the same person, nor even this with any strictness. For it is one of the pleasantest features in the tenor of these annals to have our friends coming to see us again at their different ages, and in their added dignities of possession or position.

The story with which I begin is, however, a little different from the others, having been written for me by Francesca in consequence of my complaint that the "Story of Ida" was too sad, and conceded too much to the modern feeling of the British public that people who are quite good have nothing to do but to die. The story of Polissena may perhaps never reach the same place in the reader's heart; but it is in the depth of it far more bravely and widely exemplary.

30th November, 1886.

PREFACE TO "ULRIC." *

HAVING been enabled to lay before the English reader, in Miss Alexander's "Songs of Tuscany," the truth of Italian peasant character animated by sincere Catholic religion, I find it my next most instant duty to place in parallel light the more calculating and prosperous virtue of Protestant Switzerland. This I am enabled to do merely by translating the story of Jeremias Gotthelf, called "Ulric the Farm-servant," which, if the reception granted it encourage me, will be followed, as in the original work, by its continuous history of "Ulric the Farmer."

I hoped to have translated at least one of these tales myself; but I only know the French translation, and have therefore accepted the gladly-given help of a very dear friend and active member of St. George's Guild, Mrs. Firth, of Seathwaite Rayne, Ambleside. She has translated the whole book from the original German, adopting sometimes the terms of phrase which seemed more graceful or expressive from the French; and I have myself revised the whole, indulging my own preference for the French words or idioms where it seemed to me the German was cumbrous.† Of

* "Ulric the Farm Servant," by Jeremias Gotthelf. Translated by Julia Firth, 1886.

† My reasons for following Max Buchon's text in the main passages, will be understood at once, on reading the following note to me from Carlyle's niece, Miss Aitken, written nine years ago, when first I tried to bring Uli before the English reader.

"5 GREAT CHEYNE ROW,
"CHELSEA, S. W.,
"June 6, 1876.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—

"I take the liberty of sending with this a note that has come to-night from Lady Lothian, who, as you will see, is anxious to have

Gotthelf's work and life, a succinct and sensible account will be found in Max Buchon's preface to the French edition of "The Joys and Sorrows of a Schoolmaster;" it is only necessary for the reader of this book to know that his real name was Albert Bitzios; that he was an entirely benevolent and sincere German-Protestant clergyman, vicar of the little Bernese village of Herzogen-Buch-See, six leagues north of Berne; and that in character he was a combination of Scott and Sydney Smith, having the penetrative and imaginative faculty of the one, with the practical common sense of the other. He cultivated his own farm so as to gain the respect and sympathy of his farmer parishioners,—fulfilled his pastoral duties with benevolent cheerfulness,—and wrote, in the quiet mornings of his well husbanded and well spent days, a series of stories of Swiss life, each beautifully, and with the subtlest literary art, led to its crisis through chains of modest and natural event; and in its course giving portrait-

a nomination to the Blue Coat School, for a boy she is interested in. I do not know whether the lady is right in supposing that you have the power of nomination, but if you had and were willing to give the required promise for next year, you would be doing a kindness to one of the hardest-working and most self-denying people in the world.

"I hardly know how to put into words the awful fact I have to communicate. I have failed utterly and ignominiously in my attempt to translate Uli into English. I have tried over and over again and can't get on at all. It is written in cramped, foreign German, largely interspersed with Swiss words, which no dictionary will explain. My uncle has goaded me on with cruel gibes; but he read the book himself, and says now that *he* could at no period of his life have translated it. I need say no more, except that I am much grieved to find what would have been a great pleasure to me so far beyond my very small powers.

"You will be sorry to know that my uncle has been very weak and poorly of late weeks. He is, however, getting a little better as the weather improves.

"He sends his kindest and best love to you; and I am ever, dear Mr. Ruskin,

"Yours affectionately and respectfully,
"MARY CARLYLE AITKEN."

ure, exquisite in its sympathy, lovely in its delicacy, merciless in its veracity, of all that is best—and as much as it is needful to dwell on, of the worst—of the Swiss character in the phase of change during which it came under his observation, when the noble customs of the past were still observed by the peasants of ancient and honorable family, while the recent influences of trade and foreign travelers were gradually corrupting alike the lower peasantry and the city population. As studies of general human character, I know nothing but Scott's soundest work which can compare with these books; nor I believe will any sensible reader find the details which give them local vivacity and precision other than interesting, if he will not read too much at a time. Partly to assist him in that wholesome economy of his attention, and partly because I want to get some of the book quickly into his hands for the sake of the immediate comparison of the Swiss with the Italian character, and of the Protestant with the Catholic faith, I publish this translation in parts, like most of my own books. Twelve parts, containing about forty-eight pages each, and published monthly, price one shilling, will contain the first story, "Ulric the Farm Servant." The little quotations at the heads of the chapters have been chosen by Mrs. Firth from my own books, and appear to me by no means the least valuable part of the volume!

30th June, 1885.

PREFACE TO
"THE ENGLISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING." *

I AM most happy in the privilege accorded to me by the author of this book to introduce to the public of England—interested as they all are commercially, in the estimate of English Art formed by foreign States, and as they all ought to be, morally, in the impression which that art produces on the minds of its foreign purchasers—a piece of entirely candid, intimately searching, and delicately intelligent French criticism—mostly praise, indeed, but scrupulously weighed and awarded, of the entire range of English painting, from the days of Sir Joshua to our own.

Every nation is, in a certain sense, a judge of its own art, from whose decision there is no appeal. In the common sense of the phrase, it "knows what it likes," and is only capable of producing what it likes. But every well-educated nation also derives a more thrilling, though less intimate and constant, pleasure, from the just appreciation of the art of other climates and races. To take an extreme instance: how much vivid and refining pleasure have not we English taken in Chinese porcelain, just *because* we were incapable ourselves of making, with all the British genius we could concentrate upon that object, a single pattern of prettily-colored cup and saucer.

Hitherto the action of all Governments in the encouragement of National Art has been resolutely wrong, in one or other of two opposite directions. Either they have endeavored to protect their own clumsy workmen from the competition of more dexterous neighbors by laying duties on foreign art—as at present the Americans, in a state of hitherto unprecedented egoism and stupidity, and formerly

* "The English School of Painting," by Ernest Chesneau. 1885.

the English, at the time when my father, in constant mercantile relations with Spain, used to see the most superb fifteenth and sixteenth century Spanish plate dashed to pieces, and beaten flat by the axes of the Custom House officers, lest it should perchance be bought by London citizens, in preference to the articles offered by the goldsmiths of Cheapside—or else they have hoped to teach the native artist foreign tricks of trade, and filled—as now the universal repertory at Kensington—their museums and workrooms with miscellaneous types of unexplained design, from which the incapablest of their own craftsmen might filch absurdities enough to provoke demand when trade was slack, or content a fashion when taste was rabid.

We are still, I fear, a long way behind the time—but it will come—when governments will recognize and cultivate the essential genius of their people, aiding them, by wisely restricted collection and discriminate explanation of examples, to adopt whatever excellences of method may assist them in their proper aims, and to take refined and sympathetic delight in skill which they cannot emulate.

After being for at least half a century paralyzed by their isolation and self-sufficiency, the British schools of painting are now in the contrary danger of losing their national character in their endeavor to become sentimentally German, dramatically Parisian, or decoratively Asiatic. It is a singular delight to me to hear this acute and kindly Frenchman assuring us that we have some metal of our own, and interpreting to his own countrymen some of the insular merits of a school which hitherto has neither recommended itself by politeness, confirmed itself by correctness, nor distinguished itself by imagination.

My own concurrence with M. Chesneau's critical judgment respecting all pieces of art with which we have been alike acquainted, has been enough expressed in my terminal lectures on the Art of England. My confidence in his power of analyzing the characters of English art least known in France is sufficiently proved by my having commissioned him to

write a life of Turner, prefaced by a history of previous landscape; to which I believe my own revision will have little to add in order to make it a just and sufficient record of my beloved Master. In his estimate of other really great painters, I am always disposed to follow M. Chesneau, as far as my knowledge permits. But I find him too ready to forgive the transgressions of minor genius, and to waste his own and the reader's time in the search for beauties of small account, and the descriptions of accidental and evanescent fancy. There are many painters named with praise in the following pages of whom there is really nothing noteworthy, except the local or temporary causes of their ever obtaining any public attention. But I hold myself on this the more bound in honor to invite public attention to the opinions of a critic who says the best that can be said of men whom I have myself treated with remorseless contumely, praying, however, the reader to observe that in these cases I have by no means changed or withdrawn from my own opinions, though I am glad to admit that art which is uninteresting to me may be useful and helpful to other people.

Of the illustrations of the volume I am not justified in speaking on the strength only of the imperfect states in which they have been submitted to me; but this much I can merely say of them, that they have been prepared with honest endeavor to represent as much of the character of the paintings as could be interpreted by woodcut, and not with the view of producing merely attractive or brilliant effects on their own independent terms. The renderings of Hogarth are in this respect both wonderful and exemplary; and those from Sir Joshua and Gainsborough are intelligent and accurate, so as really to represent the security of those two painters from all rivalry in the English school. Scarcely any attempt has been made to obtain the characters of Turner,—but these must be themselves seen,—the reader who will not take the pains to visit them need not hope to be otherwise rightly informed about them, even by the most ingenious of critics and industrious of engravers. Much greater injustice, though in-

evitably, is done to the Pre-Raphaelite pictures, which, as a rule, depend on their color far more than Turner does; for Turner is essentially a chiaroscuroist, while the best Pre-Raphaelite work is like so much colored glass.

But in the meantime, I think M. Chesneau may be well satisfied in presenting the English public with a list, indexed by unaffected illustration, of the artists whose work deserves their recognition and memory; criticising that work with absolute frankness and willing admiration, and leaving the reader to perfect his knowledge by pilgrimage, now so easily accomplished, to the collections which gift and bequest are gradually rendering, not only in the metropolis, but in several of our great commercial centers, representative not only of the Art of England, but of the art and craftsmanship alike of the past and present world.

7th December, 1884.

PREFACE TO
"A POPULAR HANDBOOK OF THE
NATIONAL GALLERY."

So far as I know, there has never yet been compiled, for the illustration of any collection of paintings whatever, a series of notes at once so copious, carefully chosen, and usefully arranged, as this which has been prepared, by the industry and good sense of Mr. Edward T. Cook, to be our companion through the magnificent rooms of our own National Gallery; without question now the most important collection of paintings in Europe for the purposes of the general student. Of course the Florentine School must always be studied in Florence, the Dutch in Holland, and the Roman in Rome; but to obtain a clear knowledge of their relations to each other, and compare with the best advantage the characters in which they severally excel, the thoughtful scholars of any foreign country ought now to become pilgrims to the Dome—(such as it is)—of Trafalgar Square.

We have indeed—be it to our humiliation remembered—small reason to congratulate ourselves on the enlargement of the collection now belonging to the public, by the sale of the former possessions of our nobles. But since the parks and castles which were once the pride, beauty, and political strength of England are doomed by the progress of democracy to be cut up into lots on building leases, and have their libraries and pictures sold at Sotheby's and Christie's, we may at least be thankful that the funds placed by the Government at the disposal of the Trustees for the National Gallery have permitted them to save so much from the wreck of English mansions and Italian monasteries, and enrich the recreations of our metropolis with graceful interludes by Perugino and Raphael.

It will be at once felt by the readers of the following catalogue that it tells them, about every picture and its painter, just the things they wished to know. They may rest satisfied also that it tells them these things on the best historical authorities, and that they have in its concise pages an account of the rise and decline of the arts of the Old Masters, and record of their personal characters and worldly state and fortunes, leaving nothing of authentic tradition, and essential interest, untold.

As a collection of critical remarks by esteemed judges, and of clearly formed opinions by earnest lovers of art, the little book possesses a metaphysical interest quite as great as its historical one. Of course the first persons to be consulted on the merit of a picture are those for whom the artist painted it: with those in after generations who have sympathy with them; one does not ask a Roundhead or a Republican his opinion of the Vandyke at Wilton, nor a Presbyterian minister his impressions of the Sistine Chapel:—but from anyone honestly taking pleasure in any sort of painting, it is always worth while to hear the grounds of his admiration, if he can himself analyze them. From those who take no pleasure in painting, or who are offended by its inevitable faults, any form of criticism is insolent. Opinion is only valuable when it

gilds with various rays

These painted clouds that beautify our days.

When I last lingered in the gallery before my old favorites, I thought them more wonderful than ever before; but as I draw towards the close of life, I feel that the real world is more wonderful yet: that Painting has not yet fulfilled half her mission,—she has told us only of the heroism of men and the happiness of angels: she may perhaps record in future the beauty of a world whose mortal inhabitants are happy, and which angels may be glad to visit.

April, 1888.

THE GUILD OF ST. GEORGE.

ABSTRACT

OF THE OBJECTS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF ST. GEORGE'S GUILD.

THE St. George's Guild consists of a body of persons who think, primarily, that it is time for honest persons to separate themselves intelligibly from knaves, announcing their purpose, if God helps them, to live in godliness and honor, not in atheism and rascality: and who think, secondarily, that the sum which well-disposed persons usually set aside for charitable purposes, (namely, the tenth part of their income,) may be most usefully applied in buying land for the nation, and intrusting the cultivation of it to a body of well-taught and well-cared-for peasantry.

For the teaching of these laborers, schools are to be erected, with museums and libraries in fitting places. The founders' views of what the education of a peasant should be are explained, *passim*, in "*Fors Clavigera*."

Persons entering the Guild promise, therefore to give, if so much can be spared, a tenth of their income, or, at all events, whatever they can afford for general charity, to this special object. They undertake, further, to behave honestly and justly to all men, and to obey the Master of the Guild in all matters relating to the management of the affairs of the Guild. The Master is elected by majority of the Guildsmen, and is at any time subject to deposition by majority of votes; but is absolutely uncontrolled in authority, while in office, over all the proceedings of the Guild.

The Guild will hold its land as other registered Societies do, in its own name; its capital will be vested in Trustees chosen by the Master and accepted by the Guildsmen. The Master is bound to furnish accounts of the affairs of the Guild, certified by the Trustees, half-yearly.

No one but the Master can incur any debt in the name of the Guild.

It is required by the Board of Trade, if the registration of the Guild is consented to by them, that a liability for a sum stated in the memorandum now before them, as not exceeding five pounds, should extend to the members of the Guild in the event of its affairs being wound up.

In the meantime, persons not wishing to incur any responsibility, or make any promises, yet interested in the success of the Guild, may practically become members of it merely by sending it such subscriptions as they please, and managing their own business with perfect honesty, and resolute benevolence.

General subscriptions may be either paid directly to the account of the Guild at the Union Bank, Chancery Lane, or to Mr. Egbert Rydings, Laxey, Isle of Man. Persons wishing to be enrolled in the Guild must read the instructions in Letters LV. and LVIII. of "*Fors Clavigera*," and then communicate with me, the present Master of the Guild, by letter addressed to Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

20th December, 1877.

GENERAL STATEMENT

EXPLAINING THE NATURE AND PURPOSES OF ST. GEORGE'S GUILD.

THIS Guild was originally founded with the intention of showing how much food-producing land might be recovered by well-applied labor from the barren or neglected districts of nominally cultivated countries. With this primary aim, two ultimate objects of wider range were connected: the leading one, to show what tone and degree of refined education could be given to persons maintaining themselves by agricultural labor; and the last, to convince some portion of the upper classes of society that such occupation was

more honorable, and consistent with higher thoughts, and nobler pleasures, than their at present favorite profession of war; and that the course of social movements must ultimately compel many to adopt it,—if willingly, then happily, both for themselves and their dependants,—if resistingly, through much distress, and disturbance of all healthy relations between the master and paid laborer.*

But I had myself in early life known so many good and wise soldiers, and had observed so constantly in my historical readings the beneficence of strict military order in peace, and the justice, sense, and kindness of good officers acting unrestrictedly in civil capacities, that I looked first to the army itself for help in exemplifying the good to be looked for from a change in its functions; and wrote, in the first developed statement of the design of St. George's Guild, ("Fors," Letter XXXVII., January, 1874,) that its Commandants were to be veteran soldiers. Its servants and laborers also were to be chosen from among the domestics and retainers of old families, likely to be thrown out of employment, or driven into exile, by modern changes of institution: and the objects to be attained were so manifestly desirable, and the means proposed so consistent with the most sacred traditions of England, that I firmly hoped the work would be soon taken out of my hands by men of means and position, whose experience would enable them to act with certainty and success.

Failing such hope, if even I had devoted myself, under whatever disadvantages, to this single object, resigned alike authorship and Professorship, and only done my best to persuade such men of influence as I could reach to help me, I do not doubt that the work would long since have been in prosperous and rapid advance. It seemed to me, however, that my fields of personal duty had been already appointed

*I indicated in the "Fors Clavigera" for September 1874 the year 1880 as the probable time when such disturbance would necessarily arise. The history of the Parliament of 1881 has too clearly interpreted the words.

me, and ought not to be abandoned; and the business of the Guild has been therefore allowed by me to linger on, failing continually—and often grotesquely—in minor accidents, for want of my personal attention; and looked upon with hourly increasing doubt by those few of the outside public who became aware of its existence, on account of its connection with other parts of my teaching which were sternly antagonistic to many extensive selfish interests, and logically destructive of the favorite fallacies cherished and alleged in their support; denouncing, chiefly of these, the final articles of modern religious faith, that human happiness consists in being fed without exertion, taught without attention, faultful without punishment, and charitable without expense.

I believed, nevertheless, that there existed, both in England and Scotland, a remnant of persons who were still in the habit of reserving some part of their annual income for the help of the poor; some of whom, I thought, might be persuaded into the acceptance of a Companionship which laid aside every sectarian animosity, and took for its marching orders only the simple command, with simple promise, “Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.”

But I suppose that, in rating the portion of their incomes devoted even by sincerely religious people to uncompelled charity,* at a tithe, I was gravely mistaken; at all events, I find practically that the requirement of such a contribution instantly and effectually prevents the help of any rich person from being given to the project at all; and I propose, therefore, to forego this clause in the original charter of the Guild, and to accept any person as Companion, who, complying with our modes of action and consenting in our principles,

* I call the expenses incurred for support of destitute family relations, superannuated servants, and the like, “compelled” charities. They are properly to be counted as items of the necessary household expenditure; and indeed the burden of them may often be the heaviest part of it,—increasing towards the close of life. But they are never to be reckoned as any part of the voluntary tithe for the stranger poor.

will contribute one per cent. of their income, up to ten pounds on incomes reaching a thousand a year, on the understanding that, above that sum, no more shall be asked.

Farther, I will accept any donation or subscription from stranger or friend not desiring to be associated with our body, yet who, without consent to our general modes of operation, may wish to further some special undertaking among the works of different kinds already in progress, and for which his contribution may be reserved.

I will therefore briefly enumerate these, and explain their designs; nor do I suppose that I could take any better method of illustrating the general principles of the Association.

I. I found, in the first place, that in the Isle of Man there remained still a healthy native industry for women, in spinning the wool of the isle-bred sheep; but so little remuneration, that frequently infirm and aged women were obliged to leave their cottages and their spinning-wheel, to work in the mines. (This, the reader will please observe, is one of the primary results of steam machinery, which reduces the former wages of the feeble and aged, to put their maintenance, in the form of percentage on his capital, into the pockets of a capitalist.*) I have organized this form of industry with the intelligent help of Mr. Egbert Rydings, and we have built a water-mill for the manufacture of the honest thread into honest cloth—dyed indelibly. For this establishment, therefore, only the wellwisher's custom is asked—not his charity.

* It is to be carefully noted that *machinery* is only forbidden by the Guild where it supersedes healthy bodily exercise, or the art and precision of manual labor in decorative work;—but that the only permitted *motive power* of machinery is by natural force of wind or water—(electricity perhaps not in future refused); but *steam* absolutely refused, as a cruel and furious waste of fuel to do what every stream and breeze are ready to do costlessly. The moored river mill alone, invented by Belisarius fourteen hundred years ago, would do all the mechanical work ever required by a nation which either possessed its senses, or could use its hands. Gunpowder and steam hammers are the toys of the insane and paralytic.

II. In order to try the present conditions of fruit and vegetable supply to large towns, I authorized the purchase for the Guild of a plot of thirteen acres, within six miles of Sheffield, which came very completely under the head of "waste land," having been first exhausted and then neglected by former proprietors. Of course, in the first years, nothing but outlay is to be recorded of this acquisition; and the recent severe winters have retarded prospect of better things; but the land is now fairly brought into heart, and will supply good fruit (strawberries, currants, and gooseberries) to the Sheffield markets at a price both moderate and fixed. I have further the intention of putting some part of the ground under glass, and of cultivating, for botanical study, any beautiful plants which may in their tropical forms illustrate the operation of climate in our own familiar English species. For this special purpose, I should be glad to receive subscriptions from any persons interested in botanical education: all such specially intended contributions should be sent to Mr. Henry Swan, Curator of the St. George's Museum in Sheffield.

III. Very soon after the establishment of the Guild, a piece of rocky ground was presented to it, near Barmouth, by a friend whose aid in every department of the Guild's action has been unwearied, ever since. This piece of crag, falling steep from the moors to the shore, had some small tenements in the nooks of it, of which the rents have been taken without alteration, and applied to sanitary improvements such as were feasible, without disturbance of the inmates. I went to look at all the cottages myself: and in general the Master of the Guild would hold annual visit to the estates within his reach, part of his necessary duty. I am now, however, entirely past work of this kind—nor was it one for which I was fitted; still less, must it be said, in passing, should the Companions suppose that I am myself able, or that the Master under any circumstances would be able, to become the confidant of their private feelings or distresses, as if he were the abbot of a monastery. The drain-

age of land he may sometimes superintend; but not that of spirits.

IV. I also much regret having only once been able to visit a piece of ground given us, twenty acres in extent, by our kind Trustee, Mr. George Baker, in one of the loveliest districts of Worcestershire; so precious, in its fresh air and wild woodland, to the neighboring populations of large manufacturing towns, that I am content at present in our possession of it, and do not choose to break the quiet of its neighborhood by any laborer's cottage building, without which, however, I do not at present see my way to any effective use of the ground. But in the neighborhood of my own village of Coniston there are many tracts of mountain ground at present waste, yet accessible by good roads, and on which I believe the farmers or landlords would gladly see some labor spent to advantage. This autumn, therefore, I have begun, on my own ground, the kind of work which it has been my own chief purpose for the last twenty years so to initiate. Leaving the emergent crags, the bosquets of heath, and the knolls of good sheep pasture, untouched, as well as the deeper pieces of morass which are the proper receptacles of rainfall and sources of perennial streams, I have attacked only the plots of rank marsh grass which uselessly occupy the pieces of irregular level at the banks of the minor rivulets; and the ledges of rock that have no drainage outlet. The useless marsh grass, and the soil beneath it, I have literally turned upside-down by steady spade labor, stripping the rock surfaces absolutely bare, (though under accumulations of soil often five or six feet deep,) passing the whole of this loose soil well under the spade; cutting outlets for the standing water beneath, as the completely seen conformation of the rock directed me, and then terracing the ledges, where necessary, to receive the return ground. I am thus carrying step by step down the hill a series of little garden grounds, of which, judging by the extreme fruitfulness of the piece of the same slope already made the main garden of Brantwood, a season or two will show the value to my former neighbors, and very suffi-

ciently explain the future function of St. George's Guild, in British mountain ground of ordinary character.

I have been very pleasantly surprised, in the course of these operations, to find how much a day's labor will do, and how far a very small sum will go, in thus transmuting ground which never yet, since the mountains were made, has been of the smallest use to man or beast, into entirely docile and easily workable plots of territory. I must wait another year, however, at least, before inviting subscription for the like operations on a larger scale: but I do not doubt that the results of the experiment, even in this first year of sowing, will be more than enough to justify my doing so with confidence.

V. This agricultural work is, as I have said, the business nearest my heart of all I am engaged in. But the duty of which I am myself best capable, and the consummation of all that hitherto has been endeavored in my writings, must be found in the completion of the design for St. George's Museum at Sheffield.

I am now frequently asked why I chose Sheffield for it—rather than any other town. The answer is a simple one;—that I acknowledge Ironwork as an art always necessary and useful to man; and English work in iron as masterful of its kind. I know scarcely any other branch of manufacture in which England could even hope to surpass, or in which it is even her duty to strive for equality with, the skill of other countries. Asiatics and Italians must always take the lead in color design; French craftsmen in facility and fineness of handling, whether the work be in wood, stone, porcelain, or gold: and I hope that cotton will eventually be spun and woven where it is grown—or at least by races capable of no manlier business. But what iron we need, for sword, tool, or plowshare, we shall be able, I trust, to forge for ourselves.

Not for this reason only, however, but because Sheffield is in Yorkshire; and Yorkshire yet, in the main temper of its inhabitants, old English, and capable therefore yet of the

ideas of Honesty and Piety by which old England lived;—finally, because Sheffield is within easy reach of beautiful natural scenery, and of the best art of English hands, at Lincoln, York, Durham, Selby, Fountains, Bolton, and Furness; for these great primary reasons, including many others, I have placed our first museum there: in good hope also that other towns, far and near, when they see how easily such a thing can be done, will have their museums of the same kind, as no less useful to them than their churches, gasometers, or libraries for circulating rubbish. I continually see subscriptions of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand pounds, for new churches. Now a good clergyman never wants a church. He can say all that his congregation essentially need to hear in any of his parishioners' best parlors, or upper chambers, or in the ball-room at the Nag's Head; or if these are not large enough, in the market-place, or the harvest field. And until every soul in the parish is cared for, and saved from such sorrow of body or mind as alms can give comfort in, no clergyman, but in sin or heresy, can ask for a church at all. What does he want with altars—was the Lord's Supper eaten on one? What with pews—unless rents for the pride of them? What with font and pulpit—that the next wayside brook, or mossy bank, cannot give him? The temple of Christ is in His people—His order, to feed them—His throne alike of audience and of judgment, in Heaven: were it otherwise, even the churches which we have already are not always open for prayer.

Far different is the need for definite edifice, perfect instrument, and favorable circumstance in the consistent education of the young.

In order to form wholesome habits in them, they must be placed under wholesome conditions. For the pursuit of any intellectual inquiry, to advantage, not only leisure must be granted them, but quiet. For the attainment of a high degree of excellence in art, it is necessary that the excellence of former art should be exhibited and recognized. For the attainment of high standard in moral character, it is neces-

sary that weakness should be protected, and willfulness restrained, by the daily vigilance and firmness of tutors and masters. The words school, college, university, rightly understood imply the leisure necessary for learning, the companionship necessary for sympathy, and the reference of the education of each citizen to the general claims, progress, honors, and powers of his country. Every wise nation has counted among its most honored benefactors those who have founded its scholastic institutions in these three kinds; but the founding of museums adapted for the general instruction and pleasure of the multitude, and especially the laboring multitude, seems to be in these days a farther necessity, to meet which the people themselves may be frankly called upon, and to supply which their own power is perfectly adequate, without waiting the accident or caprice of private philanthropy.

I must refer my reader to the "Arrows of the Chace," both for evidence of the length of time during which my thoughts have been directed to the subject of National Museums, and for statement in some detail of the necessary principles of their arrangement; reiterating only here the primary *law of selection*, that a Museum directed to the purposes of ethic as well as scientific education must contain no vicious, barbarous, or blundering art, and no abortive or diseased types or states of natural things;—and the primary *principle of exhibition*, that the collection must never be increased to its own confusion; but within resolute limits permanently arranged, so that every part of it shall be seen to the best advantage in the simplest order, and with completest intelligible description possible in brief terms. The little room which is all that we at present have in our disposal at Sheffield has been made by its Curator's skillful disposition to contain more than such an apartment ever before contained, accessible to public curiosity; but it is now absolutely necessary that we should possess a building capable of receiving a representative collection in such order as I have defined; and the following letter, laid before the Committee for the Museum enlargement formed by the gentlemen of

Sheffield, will sufficiently express my design, as far as respects that city.

“The immediate additions to the Walkley Museum should, I think, be limited to the erection of a very simple and inexpensive, but entirely strong and comfortable, (and, as far as may be, fireproof) building, two-storied, and divided in each story into a ‘gallery’ with a terminal attached ‘room.’ The lower (ground) story, consisting of the Public Library with an attached students’ reading room, and the upper or second floor, sky-lighted, consisting of the Art Gallery with attached Jewel Room.

“The Public Library would contain the mass of the Museum books—of which all would be chosen for their good contents, and some, further, for curious print, pretty binding, and the like, of which the *outsides*, (within glass doors,) and the most interesting pages of others opened under glass on flat tables, should be by all visitors visible; but the *use* of the books granted by special privilege in the attached reading-room, to such persons as the future Committee of Management may think proper.

“The Public Library would further contain all such prints, water-color drawings, maps, &c., as might be by any device or arrangement advantageously exhibited in it, illustrative of History, Poetry, and the other higher forms of Literature.

“The Public Art Gallery would in the proposed building be devoted especially to the illustration of Sculpture, and its associated craftsmanships in metal-work, including fine goldsmiths’, and pottery; but such larger pictures as the Museum may, with prudence as to funds, become possessed of, would be easily arranged so as to make the general effect of the gallery more warm and cheerful.

“The attached Jewel Room would contain a series, of which the existing collection is a sufficient germ, of crystalline minerals, notable either for their own beauty or for their uses in the arts illustrated in the greater gallery; and the elements of Mineralogical science might be far more practi-

cally and pleasantly taught in connection with a series of specimens thus limited, than by the infinitude of a general collection.

“For the present, Mr. Ruskin would not wish any attempt to be made for the illustration of Botany or Zoölogy. He wishes to put his own, now much diminished, strength, on the subjects familiar to him, in which he believes it can be still serviceable to the public; and the uses of the Museum itself will be on the whole wide in proportion to the clearness of elementary arrangement and illustration, in a few subjects of connected study; and will not be forwarded by the extension of imperfect efforts, or accumulation of miscellaneous objects.”

The reason for the importance given to Sculpture in the plan for the Museum here briefly abstracted is that Sculpture is the foundation and school of painting; but painting, if first studied, prevents, or at least disturbs, the understanding of the qualities of Sculpture. Also, it is possible to convey a perfect idea of the highest qualities of an original Sculpture by casts; and even in the plurality of cases, to know more of it by a well-lighted cast than can be known in its real situation. But it is impossible to copy a noble painting with literal fidelity; and the carefulest studies from it by the best artists attempt no more than to reproduce some of its qualities reverently, and to indicate what farther charms are to be sought in the original. Whatever can thus be done by intelligent copying, for the knowledge of painting, will be effected, in process of time, by the efforts of the Guild in the promotion of general education; but the immediate and complete arrangement of the Art Gallery at Sheffield will be chiefly designed for the study of Sculpture.

It must be carefully observed however, that the word “Sculpture” will be there somewhat otherwise interpreted than by the present guides of public taste. The idea at first formed of a Sculpture Gallery will doubtless be of a comfortable room, with a smoky cast of the Venus of Melos in the middle of it, an undersized Laocöon at one end, an Apollo

Belvidere at the other, and busts of Roman Emperors all round.

The Sculpture Gallery of the Walkley Museum will, on the contrary, be arranged on the Master's strong conviction and frequent assertion that a Yorkshire market-maid or milk-maid is better worth looking at than any quantity of Venuses of Melos; while, on the other hand, a town which is doing its best to extinguish the sun itself cannot be benefited by the possession of statues of Apollo. The Sheffield Art Gallery will therefore be unencumbered by any life-size statues whatsoever, and in the niches and lighted recesses of its walls will show only such examples of the art of Sculpture as may best teach the ordinary workman the use of his chisel, and his wits, under such calls as are likely to occur for either, in the course of his daily occupations.

In the center of the room will be placed, under full skylight, the tables with sliding frames spoken of in my report read at the meeting of the Guild, 7th November, 1881. These tables, furnished with proper desks and frames, will be adapted to contain, and place at the convenient command of the student, such drawings as may best illustrate, or supplement, the examples of sculpture on the walls, and the pictorial art founded on them, or associated with them. Since the letter above abstracted was written to the Chairman of the Sheffield Committee, I have been seriously occupied with the many questions which are involved in the erection even of a small building, if it be for great purposes; and the result has been, I regret to say, that the designs made for me under restricted conditions as to cost, have hitherto proved unsatisfactory, and that I believe the end must be that I shall design the building myself according to my own notions of what it ought to be, and trust to my friends to help me in carrying it out, so as to represent, in some manner, what I have praised or recommended in my works on architecture. As soon as the design for it is ready, I will give the definite detail of it, with estimate, and ask subscriptions to the amount required: but, in the meantime, there is an instant and much

more serious ground for appeal to the public, not for the walls of the Museum, but its contents. I think it possible that as soon as I send in a definite plan, Sheffield itself alone may frankly give me all I want for the erection. But there is an opportunity, at this time, of ennobling the foundation of its Library, such as I believe can never occur again.

I hear that the library of Hamilton Palace is to be sold, some time this spring. That library contains a collection of manuscripts which the late Duke permitted me to examine at leisure now some thirty years ago. It contains many manuscripts for which I have no hope of contending successfully, even if I wished to do so, against the British Museum or the libraries of Paris and Vienna. But it contains also a very large number of manuscripts among which I could assuredly choose some for which the partly exhausted general demand might be not extravagantly outbid, and I think the English public ought to have confidence enough in my knowledge of Art and History to trust me with a considerable sum for this purpose. I mean to come up from Brantwood to examine the collection, as soon as it is visible; and I hope that in the meantime all my friends will very earnestly talk this matter over, advise me how best to conduct it, and collect for me in any sums offered, small or large, all they can, to help me in saving from any farther chance of dispersion, and placing within the reach of the British historian and designer, what I think most useful or admirable among these precious manuscripts of the earlier Christian ages.

I have now enumerated the chief directions in which the Guild is acting, or hopes to act; and if the reader cares to know more of them, he may consult the report already referred to, presented at its last public meeting; but he can only understand the principles of our association by a patient comparison of the different passages in "*Fors Clavigera*," which represent the necessity of moral as well as practical consent between the members of a society hoping to carry out any widely benevolent purpose; and above all the necessity in modern England of reviving the trust in past times in

conscience, rather than in competition, for the production of good work; and in common feeling, rather than in common interests, for the preservation of national happiness and the refinement of national manners. The promise to be honest, industrious, and helpful, (that is to say, in the broadest sense charitable,) is therefore required from all persons entering the Guild; and as, on the one hand, I trust that the prejudices of sectarian religion may turn aside from us none who have learned in their hearts that "Christ is all and in all," so, on the other hand, I trust that the cause of true religion may be, even yet by modern sciolists, so far identified with that of useful learning, as to justify me in taking the first article of the Apostles' Creed for the beginning, the bond, and the end of our own.

21st February, 1882.

MASTER'S REPORT.

THE GUILD OF ST. GEORGE.

JANUARY, 1886.

The notices which I see in the leading journals of efforts now making for the establishment of Industrial villages, induce me to place before the members of the St. George's Guild, in my report for the past year, the reasons for their association in a form which may usefully be commended to the attention of the general public.

The St. George's Guild was instituted with a view of showing in practice, the rational organization of country life, independent of that of cities.

All the efforts, whether of the Government or the landed proprietors of England, for the help or instruction of our rural population, have been made under two false suppositions: the first that country life was henceforward to be

subordinate to that of towns, the second that the landlord was, for a great part of the year, to live in the town, and thence to direct the management of his estate.

Whatever may be the destiny of London, Paris, or Rome in the future, I have always taught that the problem of right organization of country life was wholly independent of them; and that the interests of the rural population, now thought by the extension of parliamentary suffrage to be placed in their own keeping, had always been so, and to the same degree, if they had only known it.

Throughout my writings on social questions I have pointed to the former life of the Swiss (represented with photographic truth by Jeremias Gotthelf), and to the still existing life of the Norwegians and Tyrolese, perfectly well known to every thoughtful and kind-hearted traveler in their respective countries,—as examples, nearly perfect, of social order independent of cities:—but with Carlyle, I have taught also that in English, French, and Italian natures there was superadded to the elements of the German and Norwegian mind, a spirit of reverence for their leaders in worldly things, and for their monitors in spiritual things, which were their greatest strength and greatest happiness, in the forfeiture of which by their nobles, had passed away their own honor, and on the loss of which, by the people, had followed inevitably the degradation of their characters, the destruction of their arts, and the ruin of their fortunes.

The object principally and finally in my mind in founding the Guild, was the restoration, to such extent as might be possible to those who understood me, of this feeling of loyalty to the Land-possessor in the peasantry on his estate, and of duty, in the Lord, to the peasantry with whose lives and education he was intrusted. The feeling of a Scottish clansman to his chief, or of an old Saxon servant to his Lord, cannot be regained now, unless under the discipline of war; but even at this day, an English hereditary owner of land, would therefore set himself to bring up upon it the greatest number possible of grateful tenants, would find instantly that the old

feeling of gratitude and devotion are still in the heart of the people; and, not to be manifested, need only to be deserved.

I thought when, following Carlyle's grander exhortation to the English landholders in "Past and Present," I put these thoughts with reiterated and varied emphasis forward in connection with a definite scheme of action, at a time when for want of any care or teaching from their landlords, the peasantry were far and wide allowing themselves to be betrayed into Socialism, that at least a few wise and kindly-hearted Englishmen would have come forward to help me, and that in a year or two enough would have understood the design to justify me in the anticipations which at that time, having had no experience of the selfishness of my countrymen, I allowed to color with too great aspect of romance the earlier num[ber] of "Fors Clavigera." That during the fifteen years which have now elapsed since it was begun, only two people of means—both my personal friends, Mrs. Talbot and Mr. Baker—should have come forward to help me, is, as I have said in the last issue of "Fors," I well know in great part my own fault; but also amazing to me beyond anything I have read in history in its proof of the hard-heartedness incident to the pursuit of wealth. Friends, I have, whose affection I doubt not,—many; readers, becoming friends without profession, more. A week rarely passes without my hearing, of, or receiving a letter from, someone who wishes to thank me for making their lives happier, and in most cases also, more useful. In any appeal to this direct regard for me I have found answer justifying my thoughts of them. They subscribed a thousand pounds to give me a Turner after my first illness, and with four hundred more paid the law costs of my defense against action for libel. I am grateful to them, but would very willingly have gone without the Splügen, and paid my own law costs, if only they would have helped me in the great public work which I have given certainly the most intense labor of my life to promote. Whereas, one and all, their holding back has shown either that they think me a fool in such matters—or that they

were apprehensive of any action which might in the least degree give insight into the corruption of our modern system of accumulating wealth.

More strangely still, they have held back from me in my endeavors to make useful to the British public the especial talents which that public credits me with. It is admitted that I know good pictures from bad, and that my explanations of them are interesting. It is admitted that I know good architecture from bad, and that my own drawings of it, and those executed under my directions by my pupils, are authoritative in their record of the beauty of buildings which are every hour being destroyed. I offered to arrange a museum,—and if the means were given me, a series of museums,—for the English people, in which, whether by cast, photograph, or skilled drawing, they should be shown examples of all the most beautiful art of the Christian world. I did enough to show what I meant and to make its usefulness manifest. I may boldly say that every visitor, of whatever class, to the little Walkley Museum, taking any real interest in art, has acknowledged the interest and value even of the things collected in its single room. And yet year after year passes, and not a single reader or friend has thought it the least incumbent on them to help me to do more; and from the whole continent of America, which pirates all my books and disgraces me by base copies of the plates of them, I have never had a sixpence sent to help me in anything I wanted to do.

Now, I will not stand this any more. To young people needing advice, and willing to take it, I remain as accessible as ever—though it may often be impossible for me, in mere want of strength and time, to reply to their letters; but to the numbers of people who write to express their gratitude to me, I have only this one general word,—send your gratitude in the form of pence, or do not trouble me with it; and to my personal friends, that it seems to me high time their affection should take that form also, as it is the only one by which they can also prove their respect.

The educational and archæological purposes for which I thus instantly want money are only a collateral branch of the work of the St. George's Guild, which is essentially the buying and governing of land for permanent national property; but while I remain its Master, I mean to direct all its resources to the branch of its work which none deny my capacity of directing rightly.

Finding, as I have already more than once stated, the original condition of Companionship subscription of the tenth of income, entirely prohibitory of all help from rich people, I accept for members now anyone who will consent to our laws, and subscribe five pounds a year and upwards.

Persons desirous of becoming members of the Guild must write to the Master, giving their ages, professions, average annual income, and probable future manner of life.

I have no progress to give account of last year in any direction of our main work; no new land has been bought nor given us; and the funds in hand do not admit of our undertaking more than absolutely needful preparations and out-house enlargements of the Walkley Museum. The circumstances which have led to the abandonment of my purpose of building a larger museum at Sheffield are briefly that I found the offers of assistance in such project made me by the gentlemen of Sheffield depended on my making over to Sheffield the entire collection in the Museum. In other words, Sheffield offered, if we would give them our jewels, to make themselves a case for them. This I absolutely and finally declined to do. The Guild parts with none of its property anywhere. I offered to guarantee the stay of the collection in Sheffield during my own lifetime; but I neither wished, nor had the right, to limit the action of succeeding Masters. Under these conditions, I propose to leave the Museum at Walkley, as it stands, and will have its catalogue finished, God willing, this year, 1886.

For the bulk of the Guild's property in objects for exhibition, I intend a better place. There are now in my hands at Brantwood, or lent to various schools, upwards of two thou-

sand pounds' worth of drawings executed for the Guild by Mr. Murray, Mr. Alessandri, Mr. Collingwood, Mr. Rooke, and Mr. Randal; and at Oxford half as many more—capable now of being arranged in a permanently instructive gallery. I have no time nor strength of life now to lose in attempts at ornamental architecture; and am going, therefore, to build a perfectly plain gallery, comfortably and safely warm and dry, in the pure air of Bewdley, where these drawings may at once be placed and described, and from which those of minor value may be lent for the use of schools. We are at present, however, at the end of our disposable funds, having enough in hand only to pay our current expenses at Walkley; and I have been obliged, to my great sorrow, to check for a time the beautiful work of Mr. Alessandri and Mr. Rooke. So it is for the British public to say whether they and I are to be of any further use to them or not. The complete catalogue of the Guild's property shall be prepared and issued as soon as my now sorrowfully diminished power of daily work permits,—and if I receive no better help than hitherto, I shall place the drawings simply at the disposition of the trustees, and withdraw myself from further toil or concern in the matter. The kindly and honest trade in homespun work—for full account of which I may happily and thankfully refer the reader to the article in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of Monday, 8th February—is, I hope, already in charge of Mr. Fleming and Mr. Thomson, likely to prosper without care of mine; but I have nothing more closely at heart, nor can any of my friends oblige me more than by their support of it.

PAPERS ON GEOLOGY.

NOTICE RESPECTING SOME ARTIFICIAL SECTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE GEOLOGY OF CHAMOUNI.*

In the Proceedings of the Royal Society, vol. iii., p. 348, an account has been given by Professor Forbes of the discussions which had then taken place as to the geological constitution of the chain of Mont Blanc, and as to the reality of the alleged superposition of the primary rock (gneiss) to the secondary (limestone), near Chamouni, and at Courmayeur.

In order to clear up any remaining doubt, Mr. Ruskin caused sections to be made, laying bare the junction at several points of the Valley of Chamouni. The results, which are perfectly accordant with the conclusions of the above-cited paper, have been kindly communicated by Mr. Ruskin to Professor Forbes, and are described and sketched by him in the following note. The order of the sections is from the head of the Valley of Chamouni towards its lower or south-western extremity.

Specimens of the more important rocks have been placed in the Museum of the Royal Society.

“ 1. At Crozzet de Lavanchi, on road to Argentière, under the Aiguille de Bochart.

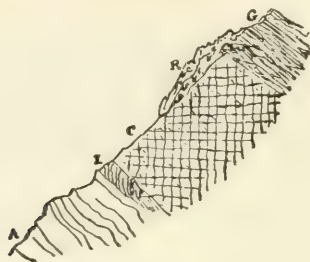
“ A. Black calcareous rocks of the Buet, with belemnites, a good deal contorted (the same rock as at Côte des Pigets).

“ I. Imperfect *cargneule* (porous limestone), about 2 feet thick.

* Communicated in a letter to Professor Forbes. Proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

"C. Common cargneule, used for limeworks, &c. (about 50 feet thick at the utmost).

"R. Debris concealing junction with gneiss.



"G. Gneiss laid bare, striking N. 50 E., and dipping 36° S. E., an unusually small angle, quite accidental and local, the average dip south being much steeper.



"2. On the road to Chapeau, the same succession of beds takes place, the dip being greater (about 50°); the Buet limestones lower down dipping still more

(about 65°). I say 'about,' not as guessing the angle, but giving the average of many accurate measurements.

"3. Junction opposite Prieuré of Chamouni, at my excavation.

"L. Brown limestone, a form of the cargneule.

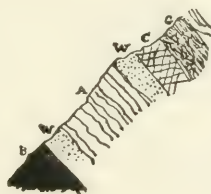
"C. Cargneule, generally inclosing fragments of the browner limestone, and with bands of greasy green earth, E, E, in the middle of its beds.

"F. Fault filled with fragments of clay and cargneule.

"D. Decomposing white gneiss.

"G. Hard gray gneiss of Montanvert.

"4. At Les Ouches, in the ravine under the Aiguille du Gouté."



"B. Black slates of the Buet.

"W. Pure white fine-grained gypsum.

"A. Buet limestone (A of first section).

"W. Gypsum.

"C. Cargneule (C of first section).

"G. Gneiss.

NOTES ON THE SHAPE AND STRUCTURE OF SOME PARTS OF THE ALPS WITH REFER- ENCE TO DENUDATION.

PART I.*

IT is often said that controversies advance science. I believe, on the contrary, that they retard it—that they are wholly mischievous, and that all good scientific work is done in silence, till done completely. For party in politics, there are some conceivable, though not tenable, reasons; but scientific controversy in its origin must be always either an effort to obscure a discovery of which the fame is envied, or to claim credit for a discovery not yet distinctly established: and it seems to me there are but two courses for a man of sense respecting disputed statements; if the matter of them be indeed doubtful, to work at it, and put questions about it, but not argue about it; so the thing will come out in its own time, or, if it stays in, will be no stumbling-block; but if the matter of them be not doubtful, to describe the facts which prove it, and leave them for what they are worth.

The subject of the existing glacial controversy between older and younger geologists seems to unite both characters. In some part, the facts are certain and need no discussion; in other points, uncertain, and incapable of being discussed. There are not yet data of measurements enough to enable us to calculate accurately the rate of diluvial or disintegrating action on mountains; there are not data of experiment enough to enable us to reason respecting the chemical and mechanical development of mountains; but all geologists know that every one of these forces must have been concerned in the formation of every rock in existence: so that a hostile separation into two parties, severally maintaining a theory of Erosion and a theory of Fracture, seems like dividing on the question whether a cracked walnut owes its present state to nature or

* From the Geological Magazine, pp. 49-54, February, 1865.

the nutcrackers. In some respects, the dispute is even more curious; the Erosion party taking, in Geology, nearly the position which they would occupy zoologically, if they asserted that bears owed the sharpness of their claws to their mothers' licking, and chickens the shortness of their feathers to the friction of the falling bit of shell they had run away with on their heads. For indeed the Alps, and all other great mountains, have been tenderly softened into shape; and Nature still, though perhaps with somewhat molluscous tongue, flinty with incalculable teeth, watches over her craggy little Bruins,

"—forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.'

Very assuredly, also, the Alps first saw the world with a great deal of shell on their heads, of which little now remains, and that little by no means so cunningly held together as the fragments of the Portland Vase. None will dispute that this shell has been deeply scratched, and clumsily patched; but the quite momentous part of the business is, that the creatures have been carefully Hatched! It is not the denudation of them, but the incubation, which is the main matter of interest concerning them. So that Professor Ramsay may surely be permitted to enjoy his glacial theory without molestation—as long as it will last. Sir Roderick Murchison's temperate and exhaustive statement* seems to me enough for its extinction; but where would be the harm of granting it, for peace's sake, even in its complete expansion? There were, we will suppose, rotatory glaciers—whirlpools of ecstatic ice—like whirling Dervishes, which excavated hollows in the Alps, as at the Baths of Leuk, or the plain of Sallenche, and passed afterwards out—"queue à queue"—through such narrow gates and ravines as those of Cluse. Gigantic glaciers in oscillation, like handsaws, severed the

* Address at Anniversary Meeting of Royal Geographical Society, 1864.

main ridge of the Alps, and hacked it away, for the most part, leaving only such heaps of sawdust as the chain of the Turin Superga; and here and there a fragment like the Viso and Cervin, to testify to the ancient height of the serrated ridge. Two vast longitudinal glaciers also split the spine of the Alps, east and west, like butcher's cleavers, each for sixty miles; then turned in accordance to the north ("Come si volge, con le piante strette, a terra, e intra se, donna che balli"), cut down through the lateral limestones, and plunged, with the whole weight of their precipitate ice, into what are now the pools of Geneva and Constance. The lakes of Maggiore, of Como and Garda, are similar excavations by minor fury of ice-foam;—the Adriatic was excavated by the great glacier of Lombardy;—the Black Sea, by the ice of Caucasus before Prometheus stole fire;—the Baltic, by that of the Dovrefeldt, in the youth of Thor;—and Fleet Ditch in the days of the Dunciad by the snows of Snow Hill. Be it all so: but when all *is* so, there still was a Snow-hill for the snows to come down—there still was a fixed arrangement of native eminence, which determined the direction and concentrated the energies of the rotatory, precipitate, or oscillatory ice. If this original arrangement be once investigated and thoroughly described, we may have some chance of ascertaining what has since happened to disturb it. But it is impossible to measure the disturbance before we understand the structure.

It is indeed true that the more we examine the Alps from sufficiently dominant elevations, the more the impression gains upon us of their being rather one continuously raised tract, divided into ridges by torrent and decay, than a chain of independent peaks: but this raised tract differs wholly in aspect from groups of hills which owe their essential form to diluvial action. The outlying clusters of Apennine between Siena and Rome are as symmetrically trenched by their torrents as if they were mere heaps of sand; and monotonously veined to their summits with ramifications of ravine; so that a large rhubarb-leaf, or thistle-leaf, cast in

plaster, would give nearly a reduced model of any mass of them. But the circuit of the Alps, however sculptured by its rivers, is inherently fixed in a kind of organic form; its broad bar or islanded field of gneissitic rock, and the three vast wrinkled ridges of limestone which recoil northwards from it, like surges round a risen Kraken's back, are clearly defined in all their actions and resistances: the chasms worn in them by existing streams are in due proportion to the masses they divide; the denudations which in English hill-country so often efface the external evidence of faults and fissures, among the Alps either follow their tracks, or expose them in sections; and the Tertiary beds, which bear testimony to the greater energy of earlier diluvial action, form now a part of the elevated masses, and are affected by their metamorphisms: so that at the turn of every glen new structural problems present themselves and new conditions of chemical change. And over these I have now been meditating—or wondering—for some twenty years, expecting always that the advance of geology would interpret them for me: but



Fig. 1.—Northern portion of the ridge of Mont Salève.

time passes, and, while the aspect and anatomy of hills within five miles of Geneva remain yet unexplained, I find my brother geologists disputing at the bottom of the lake. Will they pardon me if I at last take courage to ask them a few plain questions (respecting near and visible hills), for want of some answer to which I am sorely hindered in my endeavors to define the laws of mountain-form for purposes of art?

Fig. 1 is the front view, abstracted into the simplest terms, and laterally much shortened, of the northern portion of the ridge of the Mont Salève, five miles from Geneva.

It is distinguished from the rest of the ridge by the boldness of its precipices, which terminate violently at the angle \sphericalangle , just above the little village called, probably from this very angle, "Coin." The rest of the ridge falls back behind this advanced

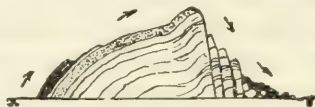


Fig. 2.—Section of Mont Salève at a, fig. 1 (Ruskin).

corner, and is softer in contour, though ultimately, in its southern mass, greater in elevation, Fig. 2 is the section, under a, as I suppose it to be; and Fig. 3, as it is given by Studer.



Fig. 3.—Section of Mount Salève at a, fig. 1 (Studer).

To my immediate purpose, it is of no consequence which is the true section; but the determination of the question, ultimately, is of importance in relation to many of the foliated precipices of the Alps, in which it is difficult to distinguish whether their vertical cleavage across the beds is owing merely to disintegration and expansion, or to faults. In all cases of strata arched by elevation, the flank of the arch (if not all of it) must be elongated, or divided by fissures. The condition, in abstract geometrical terms, is shown in fig. 4. If AD was once a continuous bed, and the portion CD is raised to EF, any connecting portion, BC, will become of the form BE; and in doing this, either every particle of the rock must change its place, or fissures of some

kind established themselves. In the Alpine limestones, I think the operation is usually as at GII; but in the Salève the rock-structure is materially altered; so much so that I believe all appearance of fossils has been in portions obliterated. The Neocomian and the Coralline Jura of the body of the hill are highly fossiliferous; but I have scrambled among these vertical cleavages day after day in vain; and even Professor Favre renders no better account of them.*

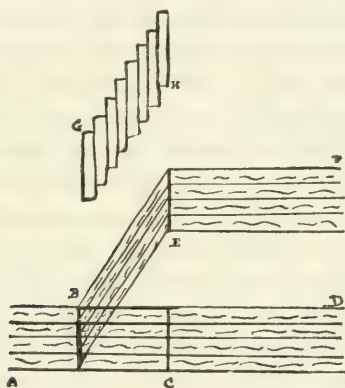


Fig. 4.—Diagram of Upheaved Beds.

The whole ridge of the mountain continues the curve of the eastern shore of the Lake of Geneva, and turns its rounded back to the chain of the Alps. The great Geneva glacier flowed by it, if ever, in the direction of the arrows from X to Y in fig. 1; and, if it cut it into its present shape, turned very sharply round the corner at C! The great Chamonix glacier flowed over it, if ever, in the direction of the arrows from X to Y in fig. 2. It probably never did, as there are no erratic blocks on the summits, though many are still left a little way down. But whatever these glaciers made of the mountain, or cut away from it, the existence of the ridge at all is originally owing to the elevation of its beds in a gentle arch longitudinally, and a steep semi-arch trans-

* *Considerations sur le Mont Salève*, Geneva, 1843, p. 12.

versely; and the valleys or hollows by which this ridge is now traversed, or trenched (M, the valley of Monnetier; A, the hollow called Petite Gorge; B, that called Grande Gorge; and C, the descent towards the Valley of Croisette), owe their origin to denudation, guided by curvilinear fissures, which affect and partly shape the summits of all the inner lateral limestone-ranges, as far as the Aiguille de Varens.

It is this guidance of the torrent-action by the fissures; the relation of the longitudinal fault to the great precipice; and the altered condition, not only of the beds on the cliff-side, but of the Molasse conglomerates on the eastern slope, to which I wish presently to direct attention: but I must give more drawings to explain the direction of these fissures than I have room for in this number of the Magazine; and also, before entering on the subject of the angular excavation of the valley at M, and curvilinear excavations at A and B, I want some answer to this question—one which has long embarrassed me:—The streams of the Alps are broadly divisible into three classes: 1st, those which fall over precipices in which they have cut no ravine whatever(as the Staubach); 2nd, those which fall over precipices in which they have cut ravines a certain distance back (as the torrent descending from the Tournette to the Lake of Annecy); and third, those which have completed for themselves a sloping course through the entire mass of the beds they traverse (as the Eau Noire, and the stream of the Aletsch Glacier). The latter class—those which have completed their work—have often conquered the hardest rocks; the Eau Noire at Trient traverses as tough a gneiss as any in the Alps; while the Staubbach has not so much as cut back through the overhanging brow of its own cliff, though only of limestone! Are these three stages of work in anywise indicative of relative periods of time?—or do they mark different modes of the torrents' action on the rocks? I shall be very grateful for some definiteness of answer on this matter.

PART II.*

At the extremity of my sketch, fig. 1, p. 315, which by the printer's inadvertence is marked Y instead of X, the beds appear to turn suddenly downwards. They are actually more inclined at this spot; but the principal cause of their apparent increase in steepness is a change in their strike. Generally parallel to the precipice, it here turns westwards (*i. e.*, towards the spectator); and, beholding myself bound in candor to note, as I proceed, every circumstance appearing to make for the modern glacial theories, I must admit that, as the beds at this extremity of the cliff turn outwards from the Alps, it might not inaptly be concluded that the great Chamouni Glacier, which by its friction filed the mountain two thousand feet down at the top, by its pressure turned the end of it several points of the compass round at the bottom!

This change in the strike of beds, though over a very limited space, yet perfects the Salève as a typical example, entirely simple in its terms, of a wave of the undulatory district of the Savoy Alps. I call it the "undulatory" district, because, in common with a great belt of limestone ranges extending on the north side of the gneissose Alps as far as the Valley of the Rhine, it is composed of masses of rock which have bent like leather under the forces affecting them, instead of breaking like ice; and their planes of elevation are therefore all, more or less, curved.

This is one of the points on which I want help. I have hitherto met with no clear statement of the supposed or supposable differences between the mountains which rise bending, and those which rise rigid. The conglomerates of Central Switzerland, for instance, are raised always, I think, in rectilinear masses, league heaped on league of continuous slope, like tilted planks or tables. But the subjacent limestones of Altorf and Lauterbrunnen are thrown into fantastic curves. The gneissitic schists of Chamouni are all recti-

* From the Geological Magazine, pp. 193-196, May, 1865.

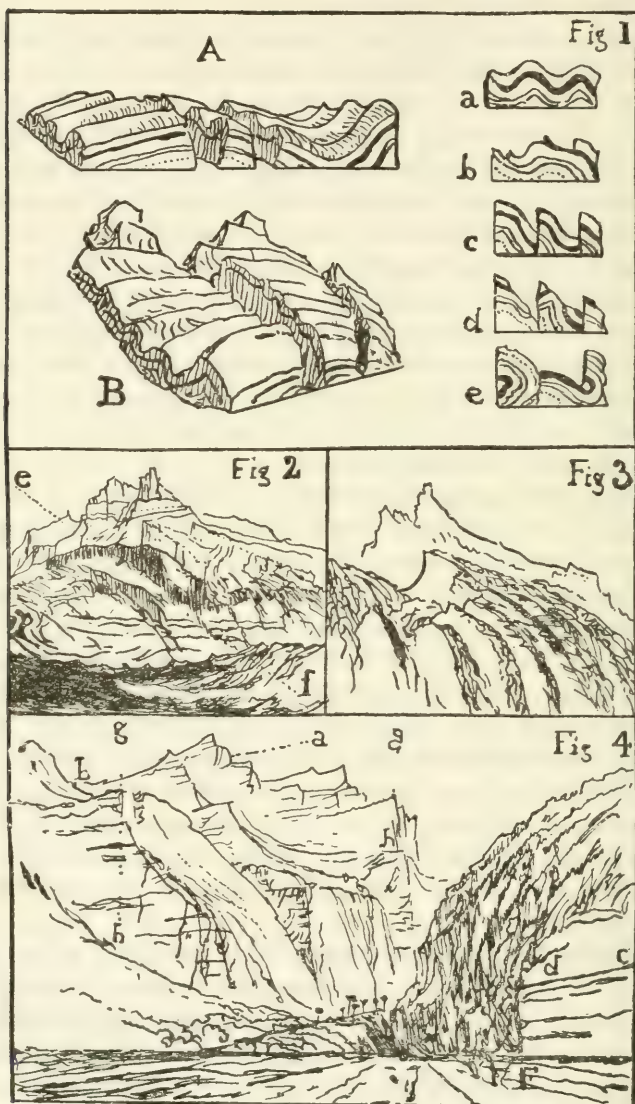
linear; those of Val d'Aoste, and the Black Forest are coiled like knots of passionate snakes. Is this difference caused by difference in the characters of the applied forces, or by differences in the state of the materials submitted to them? If by difference in the materials, it is not easy to understand how forces which could twist limestone-beds a thousand feet thick, as a laundress wrings linen, could have left conglomerates in any other state than that of unintelligible heaps of shingle and dust. But if the difference is in the manner of the agency, we have instantly a point of evidence of no small value respecting the date and sphere of any given elevatory force. But I have not yet seen any attempt to distinguish, among the several known periods of elevation in the Alps, those during which the action was accompanied by coiling pressures from those, if any, during which we have only evidence of direct heave. And the question is rendered both more intricate and interesting by the existence of the same structural distinction on a small scale. The metamorphic series, passing from gravel into gneiss, through the infinitely various "poudingues," is far more interesting than the transition from mud to gneiss through the schists, except only in this one particular, that the conglomerates, as far as I know them, do not distinctly coil. Their pebbles are wrenched, shattered, softened, pressed into each other; then veined and laminated; and at last they become crystalline with their paste: but they neither coil, nor wholly lose trace, under whatever pressure, of the consistent crouching on their broad sides, which first directed Saussure's attention to the inclined position of their beds; whereas limestone in the same transitional relation to the gneiss (those under the Castle of Martigny, for example) wrinkle themselves as if Falstaff's wit had vexed, or pleased, them, and made their faces "like a wet cloak ill laid up."

It is true that where the conglomerates begin to take the aspect of shattered breccias, like those which accompany great faults, some aspect of coiling introduces itself also. I have not examined the conglomerate-junctions as I have

the calcareous ones, because the mountain-forms of the breccias are so inferior (for my own special purposes of art) to those of the schists, that I never stay long in the breccia districts. But a few hours of study by the shores of the Reuss or Limmat are enough to show the general differences in aspect of compression between metamorphic schists and conglomerates; and the distinction on a large scale is everywhere notable; but complicated by this fact, which I have not until lately ascertained positively, that through even the most contorted beds of the limestones there run strange, long rectilinear cleavages, extending in consistent slopes for leagues,—giving the mountain-mass, seen at right angles to their direction, an aspect of quite even stratification and elevation, with a strike entirely independent of its true beds and minor cleavages, and traversing them all.

Putting these gigantic cleavages (of the origin of which, even if I could guess any reason, I would still say nothing so long as I could do no more than guess) for the present out of the question, the mass of the Savoy limestones forms a series of surges, retreating from the Alps, undulatory in two directions at least, as at fig. 1, A, Pl. VI., and traversed by fissures usually at right angles to the strike of the longitudinal surge. When that strike varies consistently at the same time, we may get conditions of radiant curve and fracture, B; and the undulations themselves are seldom simple, as at a, but either complicated by successive emergence of beds, b, or more frequently by successive faults, c, farther modified by denudation of upper beds, d, and, locally, by reversals of their entire series, e.

All these complex phenomena will be produced by one consistent agency of elevatory or compressive force. Any number of such tides of force may of course succeed each other at different epochs, each traversing the series of beds in new directions,—intersecting the forms already produced, and giving maxima and minima of elevation and depression where its own maxima and minima coincide with those resulting from previous forces.



J. Ruskin del.

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ALPINE STRUCTURE.

Now, by every such passage of force, a new series of cleavages is produced in the rocks, which I shall for the present call "passive cleavages," as opposed to "native cleavages." I do not care about the names; anybody is welcome to give them what names they choose; but it is necessary to understand and accept the distinction. I call a cleavage "native" which is produced by changes in the relation of the constituent particles of a rock while the mass of it is in repose. I call a cleavage "passive" which is produced by the motion of the entire mass under given pressures or strains. Only I do not call the mere contraction and expansion of the rock *motion*; though, in large formations, such changes in bulk may involve motion over leagues. But I call every cleavage "native" which has been produced by contraction, expansion, segregation, or crystallization, whatever the space over which the rock may be moved by its structural change; and I only call a cleavage "passive" which has been caused by a strain on the rock under external force. Practically, the two cleavages, or rather the two groups of cleavages, mingle with and modify each other; but the "native" cleavage is universal;—the "passive" is local, and has more direct relations with the mountain form. In the range, for instance, of which the Aiguille de Varens forms the salient point, of which the rough outline is given in the same plate, fig. 2, seen in front, and in fig. 4, seen in profile, the real beds dip in the direction *ab*, fig. 4, being conspicuous in every aspect of the mountain in its profile: they are seen again on the opposite side of the valley (of Maglans) at *cd*. On the face of the mass, fig. 2, they are seen to be contorted and wrinkled, on the left reversed in complete zigzags;* but through all these a native cleavage develops itself in the direction *ef*, accompanied by an elaborate network of diagonal veining with calcareous spar.

This cleavage directs the entire system of the descending

* This contortion is an important one, existing on both sides of the valley; but it is in reality further to the left. I have crowded it in to complete the typical figure.

streams, which, by help of it, cut the steps of precipice into oblique prisms, curved more and more steeply downwards, as the sweep of the torrent gains in power; so that, seen from a point a little farther to the right, the mountain seems composed of vast vertical beds, more or less curved in contour, fig. 3. But the face of the precipice itself is hewn into steps and walls, with intermediate slopes, by a grand vertical passive cleavage, gh, fig. 4, to which the direction and disposition of the entire Valley of Maglans are originally owing.

And thus in any given mountain-mass, before we can touch the question of denudation, we have to determine the position it occupies in the wave-system of the country,—the connections of its cleavages with those of neighboring masses,—and the probable points of maxima elevation which directed the original courses of glacier and stream. Then come the yet more intricate questions respecting the state of the materials at each successive elevation, and during the action of the successively destructive atmospheric influences.

I have no pretension to state more than a few of the main facts bearing on such questions in the Savoy districts of the Lower Chalk, which I will endeavor to do briefly in one or two following papers.

ON BANDED AND BRECCIATED CONCRETIONS.*

I.

AMONG the metamorphic phenomena which seem to me deserving of more attention than they have yet received, I have been especially interested by those existing in the brecciate formations. They are, of course, in the main, two-fold; namely, the changes of fragmentary or rolled-pebble deposits into solid rocks, and of solid rocks, *vice versa*, into brecciate or gravel-like conditions. It is certainly difficult, in some cases, to discern by which of these processes a given breccia has been produced; and it is difficult, in many cases, to ex-

* The Geological Magazine, August, 1867, *et seq.*

plain how certain conditions of breccia can have been produced either way. Even the pudding-stones of simplest aspect (as the common Molasse-nagelfluhe of north Switzerland) present most singular conditions of cleavage and secretion, under metamorphic action; the more altered transitional breccias, such as those of Valorsine, conceal their modes of change in a deep obscurity; but the greatest mystery of all attaches to the alterations of massive limestone which have produced the brecciated, or apparently brecciated, marbles: and to the parallel changes, on a smaller scale, exhibited by brecciated agate and flint.

The transformations of solid into fragmentary rocks may, in the main, be arranged under the five following heads:—

1. Division into fragments by contraction or expansion, and filling of the intervals with a secreted, injected, or infused paste, the degree of change in the relative position of the fragments depending both on their own rate and degree of division, and on the manner of the introduction of the cement.

2. Division into fragments by violence, with subsequent injection or secretion of cement. The walls of most veins supply notable instances of such action, modified by the influence of pure contraction or expansion.

3. Homogeneous segregation, as in oolite and pisolite.

4. Segregation of distinct substances from a homogeneous paste, as of chert out of calcareous beds. My impression is that many so-called siliceous “breccias” are segregations of knotted silex from a semi-siliceous paste; and many so-called brecciated marbles are segregations of proportioned mixtures of iron, alumina, and lime, from an impure calcareous paste.

5. Segregation accompanied by crystalline action, passing into granitic and porphyritic formations.

Of these the fourth mode of change is one of peculiar and varied interest. I have endeavored to represent three distinct and progressive conditions of it in the plate annexed; but before describing these, let us observe the structure of a piece of common pisolite from the Carlsbad Springs.

It consists of a calcareous paste which arranges itself, as it dries, in imperfect spheres, formed of concentric coats which separate clearly from each other, exposing delicately smooth surfaces of contact: this deposit being formed in layers, alternating with others more or less amorphous. Now it is easy to put beside any specimen of this pisolite, a parallel example of stratified jasper, in which some of the beds arrange themselves in pisolitic concretions, while others remain amorphous. And I believe it will be found that the bands of agate, when most distinct and beautiful, are not successive coats, but pisolitic concretions of amorphous silica.

Of course, however, the two conditions must be often united. In all minerals of chalcedonic or reniform structure, stalactitic additions may be manifestly made at various periods to the original mass, while in the substance of the whole accumulation, a structural separation takes place,—separation (if the substance be siliceous) into bands, spots, dendritic nuclei, and flame-like tracts of color. But the separation into any of these states is not so simple a matter as might at first be supposed.

On looking more closely at the Carlsbad pisolite, we may discern here and there hemispherical concretions, of which the structure seems not easily to be accounted for;—much less when it takes place to the extent shown in Fig. 1, Plate XV., which represents, about one-third magnified, a piece of concretionary ferruginous limestone, in which I presume that the tendency of the iron-oxide to form reniform concretions has acted in aid of the pisolitic disposition of the calcareous matter. But there is now introduced a feature of notable difference. In common pisolite, the substance is homogeneous; here, every concretion is varied in substance from band to band, as in agates; and more varied still in degree of crystalline or radiant structure; while also *sharp-angled* fragments, traversed in one case by straight bands, are mingled among the spherical concretions: and series of brown bands, of varying thickness, connect, on the upper surfaces only, the irregular concretions together, in a manner

not unusual in marbles, but nevertheless (to me) inexplicable.

Next to this specimen, let us take an example of what is usually called "brecciated" malachite (Fig. 2, in the same plate). I think very little attention will show, in ordinary specimens of banded malachite, that the bands are concretionary, not successive; and in the specimen of which the section is represented in the plate, and in all like it, I believe the apparently brecciated structure is concretionary also. This brecciation, it will be observed, results from two distinct processes: the rending asunder of the zoned concretions by unequal contraction, which bends the zones into conditions like the twisted fibers of a tree; and the filling up of the intervals with angular fragments, mixed with an ochereous dust (represented in the plate by the white ground), while the larger concretions of malachite are abruptly terminated only at right angles to the course of their zones, not broken raggedly across: a circumstance to be carefully noted as forbidding the idea of ordinary accidental fracture.

Whether concurrently with, or subsequent to, the brecciation (I believe concurrently), various series of narrow bands have been formed in some parts of the mass, binding the apparent fragments together, and connecting themselves strangely with the unruptured malachite, like the brown bands in example No. 1.

Now, if we compare this condition of the ore of copper with such a form of common brecciated agate as that represented in Plate XV., Fig. 3, it will, I think, be manifest that the laws concerned in the production of this last—though more subtle and decisive in operation, are *essentially* the same as those under which the malachite breccia was formed,—complicated, however, by the energetically crystalline power of the (amethystine) quartz, which exerts itself concurrently with the force of segregation, and compels the zones developed by the latter to follow, through a great part of their course, the angular line of the extremities of the quartz crystals *cotemporaneously formed*, while, in other

parts of the stone, a brecciate segregation, exactly similar to that of the malachite, and only the fine ultimate perfectness of the condition of fragmentary separation which is seen incipiently in the pisolite (Fig. 1), interrupts the continuity both of the agate and quartz.

I cannot, however, satisfy myself whether, in this last example, some conditions of violent rupture do not mingle with those of agatescent segregation; and I am sincerely desirous to know the opinions of better mineralogists than myself on these points of doubt: and this the more, because in proceeding to real and unquestionable states of brecciate rock, such as the fractured quartz and chalcedony of Cornwall, I cannot discern the line of separation, or fix upon any test by which a fragment truly broken and cemented by a siliceous paste which has modified or partly dissolved its edges, may be distinguished from a secretion contemporaneous with the paste, like the so frequent state of metalliferous ores dispersed in quartz.

Hoping for some help therefore, I will not add anything further in this paper; but if no one else will take up the subject, I shall proceed next month into some further particulars.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE XV.

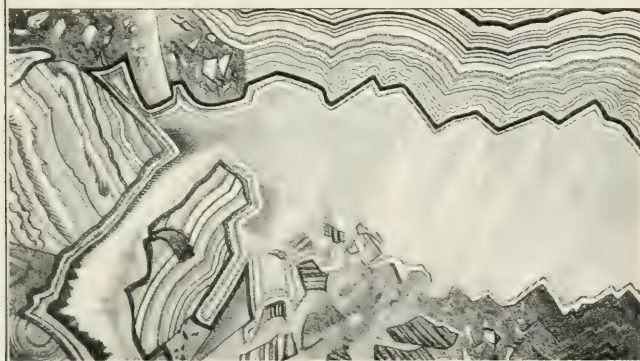
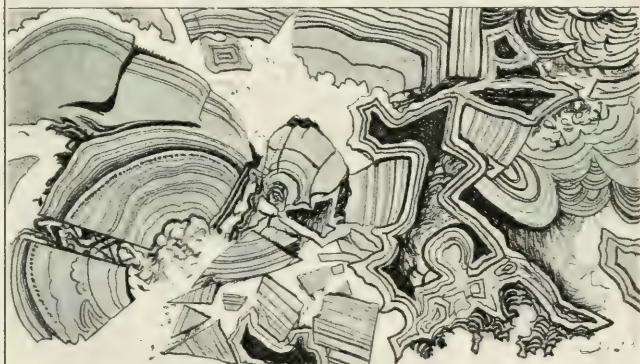
Fig. 1. Section of a piece of concretionary ferruginous limestone, magnified about one-third.

Fig. 2. Section of a (so-called) "Brecciated" Malachite.

Fig. 3. Section of a Brecciated Agate.

II.

I wrote the first of these papers more with a view of obtaining some help in my own work than with any purpose of carrying forward the discussion of the subject myself. But no help having been given me, I must proceed cautiously alone, and arrange the order of my questions; since, when I have done my best as carefully as I can, the papers will be nothing but a series of suggestions for others to pursue at their pleasure.



BANDED AND BRECCIATED CONCRETIONS.

Let me first give the sense in which I use some necessary words:

1. Supposing cavities in rocks are produced by any accident, or original structure (as hollows left by gas in lava), and afterwards filled by the slow introduction of a substance which forms an element of the rock in which the cavities are formed, and is finally present, in the cavities, in proportion to its greater or less abundance in the rock; I call the process "secretion."

2. But if the cavities are filled with a substance not present (or not in sufficient quantity present), in the surrounding rock, and therefore necessarily brought into them from a distance, I call the process, if slow, "infiltration"; if violent, "injection."

It is evident that water percolating a rock may carry a substance, present in the mass of it, by infiltration, into the cavities, and so imitate the process of secretion. But there are structural differences in the aspect of the two conditions hereafter to be noticed. The existence of permanent moisture is however to be admitted among conditions of secretions; but not of fluent moisture, introducing foreign elements.

3. If a crystalline or agatescent mass is formed by addition of successive coats, I call the process "accretion."

4. But if the crystalline or agatescent mass separates itself out of another solid mass, as an imbedded crystal, or nodule, and then, within its substance, divides itself into coats, I call the process "concretion." The orbicular granite of Elba is the simplest instance I can refer to of such manifest action; but all crystals, scattered equally through a solid inclosing paste, I shall call "concrete" crystals, as opposed to those which are constructed in freedom out of a liquid or vapor in cavities of rocks, and which I shall call "accrete."

The fluor nodules of Derbyshire, and amethystine nodules of some trap rocks, present, in their interiors, the most beautiful phenomena of concrete crystallization, of which I hope to give careful drawings.

It is true, as I said in the last paper, that these two processes are perpetually associated, and also that the difference between them is sometimes only between coats attracted and coats imposed. A small portion of organic substance will, perhaps, attract silica to itself, out of a rock which contained little silica in proportion to its substance; and this first knot of silica will attract more, and, at last, a large mass of flint will be formed, which I should call "concrete;" but if a successive overflowing of a siliceous spring had deposited successive layers of silica upon it, I should call it "accrete." But the resemblance of the two processes in such instances need not interfere with the clearness of our first conception of them; nor with our sense of the firm distinction between the separation of a solid mass, already formed, into crystals or coats in its interior substance, and the increase of crystalline or coated masses by gradual imposition of new matter.

Now let me restate the scope of the questions, for the following out of which I want to collect materials:—

I. I suspect that many so-called "conglomerates" are not conglomerates at all, but concretionary formations, capable, finally, of complete mechanical separation of parts; and therefore that even some states of apparently rolled gravel are only dissolutions of concretionary rock.

Of course, conglomerates, in which the pebbles are fragments of recognizable foreign rocks, are beyond all possibility of challenge; as also those in which the nodules could not, by any chemistry, have been secreted from the surrounding mass. But I have in my hand, as I write, a so-called "conglomerate" of red, rounded, flint "pebbles," much divided by interior cracks, inclosed by a finely crystallized quartz; and I am under the strongest impression that the inclosed pieces are not pebbles at all; but secretions—the spots on a colossal bloodstone. It is with a view to the solution of this large question, that I am examining the minor structure of brecciated agates and flints.

II. It seems to me that some of the most singular conditions of crystalline metamorphic rocks are the result of the

reduction of true conglomerates into a solid mass; and I want therefore to trace the changes in clearly recognizable conglomerates, where they are affected by metamorphism; and arrange them in a consistent series.

III. I cannot, at present, distinguish in rocks the faults, veins, and brecciations, caused by slow contraction, from those occasioned by external pressure or violence. It seems to me now that many distortions and faults, which I have been in the habit of supposing the result of violence, are only colossal phenomena of retraction or contraction; and even that many apparent strata have been produced by segregation. A paper, on this subject, of Mr. George Maw's, put into my hands in May, 1863, gave me the first suggestion of this possibility.

I shall endeavor, as I have leisure, to present such facts to the readers of this Magazine as may bear on these three inquiries; and have first engraved the plate given in the present number in order to put clearly under their consideration the ordinary aspect of the veins in the first stage of metamorphism in the Alpine cherts and limestones. The three figures are portions of rolled fragments; it is impossible to break good specimens from the rock itself, for it always breaks through the veins, and it must be gradually ground down in order to get a good surface.

Fig. 1 is a portion of the surface of the black chertose mass; rent and filled by a fine quartzose deposit or secretion, softer than the black portions and yielding to the knife: neither black nor white parts effervesce with acids: it is as delicate an instance of a vein with rent fibrous walls as I could find (from the superficial gravel near Geneva).

Fig. 2 is from the bed of the stream descending from the Aiguille de Varens to St. Martin's. It represents the usual condition of rending and warping in the flanks of veins caused by slow contraction, the separated fragments showing their correspondence with the places they have seceded from; and it is evident that the secretion or injection of the filling white carbonate of lime must have been concurrent with the

slow fracture, or else the pieces, unsupported, would have fallen asunder.

Fig. 3 is from the bed of the Arve at St. Martin's, and shows this condition still more delicately. The narrow black line traversing the white surface, near the top, is the edge of a film of slate, once attached to the dark broad vertical belt, and which has been slowly warped from it as the carbonate of lime was introduced. When the whole was partly consolidated, a second series of contractions has taken place; filled, not now by carbonate of lime, but by compact quartz, traversing in many fine branches the slate and calcite, nearly at right angles to their course.

I shall have more to say of the examples in this plate in connection with others, of which engravings are in preparation.

III.

The states of semi-crystalline silica are so various, and so connected in their variety, that the best recent authorities have been content to group them all with quartz, giving to each only a few words of special notice; even the important chapters of Bischof describe rather their states of decomposition and transition than the minerals themselves. Nevertheless, as central types, five conditions of silica are definable, structurally, if not chemically, distinct; and forming true species: and in entering on any detailed examination of agatescent arrangements, it is quite necessary to define with precision these typical substances, and their relation to crystalline quartz.

I. *Jasper*.—Opaque, with dull earthy fracture; and hard enough to take a perfect polish. When the fracture is conchoidal the mineral is not jasper, but stained flint. The transitional states are confused in fracture; but true jasper is absolutely separated from flint by two structural characters; on a small scale it is capable of the most delicate pisolitic arrangement; and on a larger scale is continually found

in flame-like concretions, beautifully involved and contorted. But flint is never pisolitic, and, in any fine manner, never coiled; nor do either of these structures take place in any transitional specimen, until the conchoidal fracture of the flint has given place to the dull earthy one of jasper; nor is even jasper itself pisolitic on the fracture being too close-grained. The green base of heliotrope, with a perfectly even fracture, may be often seen, where it is speckled with white, to be arranged in exquisitely sharp and minute spherical concretions, cemented by a white paste, of which portions sometimes take a completely brecciated aspect, each fragment being outlined by concave segments of circles (Fig. 1).



Fig. 1.

Jasper is eminently retractile, like the clay in septaria, and in agates often breaks into warped fragments, dragging the rest of the stone into distortion. In general, the imbedded fragments in any brecciated agate will be mainly of jasper; the cement, chalcedonic, or quartzose.

II. *Flint*.—Amorphous silica, translucent on the edges, with fine conchoidal fracture. Opaque only when altered, nascent, or stained. Never coiled, never pisolitic, never reniform; these essentially negative characters belonging to it as being usually formed by a slow accumulative secretion, and afterwards remaining unmodified (preserving therefore casts of organic forms with great precision). It is less retractile than jasper; its brecciate conditions being not so much produced by contraction or secession, as by true secretion, even when most irregular in shape (as a row of flints in chalk differ from the limestone fragments represented in

Vol. IV. Plate XX. Fig. 3, which might stand for a jasperine structure also). But there are innumerable transitions between these two states, affected also by external violence, which we shall have to examine carefully. Within these nodular concretions, flint is capable of a subsequently banded, though not pisolitic arrangement. (See Dr. S. P. Woodward's paper on banded flints, in this Magazine, Vol. I. for October, 1864, p. 145.)

III. *Chalcedony*.—Reniform silica, translucent when pure, opaque only when stained, nascent, or passing into quartz. The essential characteristic of chalcedony is its reniform structure, which in the pure mineral is as definite as in wavellite or hematite, though when it is rapidly cooled or congealed from its nascent state of fluent jelly it may remain as a mere amorphous coating of other substances; very rarely, however, without some slight evidence of its own reniform crystallization. The study of its different degrees of congelation in agates is of extreme intricacy. As a free mineral in open cavities it is actively stalactitic, not merely pendant or accumulative, but animated by a kind of crystalline spinal energy, which gives to its processes something of the arbitrary arrangement of real crystals, modified always by cohension, gravity, and (presumably) by fluid and gaseous currents.

There is no transition between chalcedony and flint. They may be intimately mixed at their edges, but the limit is definite. Impure brown and amber-colored chalcedonies, and those charged with great quantities of foreign matter, may closely resemble flint, but the two substances are entirely distinct. Between jasper and chalcedony the separation is still more definite in mass, jasper being never reniform, and differing greatly in fracture; but the flame-like or spotted crimson stains of chalcedony often approach conditions of jasper; and there is, I suppose, no pisolitic formation of any substance without some inherent radiation, which associates it with reniform groups, so that pisolitic jasper must be considered as partly transitive to chalcedony. On the other hand chalcedony seems to pass into common crystalline

Fig. 1.

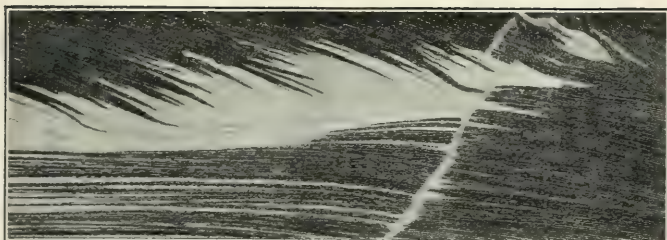


Fig. 2.

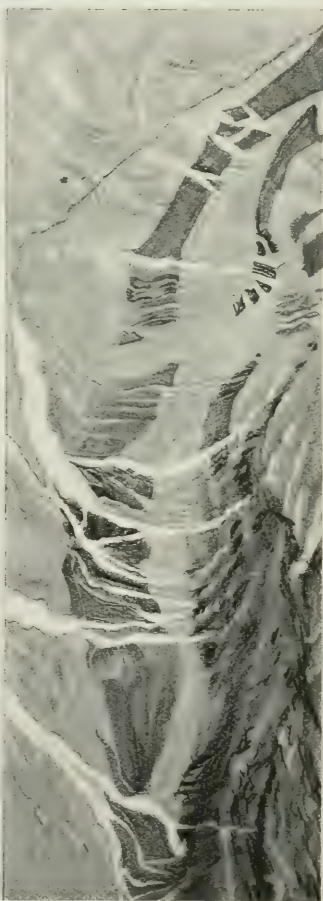


Fig. 3.

ROCK VEINS, UNDER CONTRACTION, AT TWO PERIODS.

quartz through milky stellate quartz, associated in Auvergne with guttate and hemispherical forms.

IV. *Opal*.—Amorphous translucent silica, with resinous fracture, and essential water. Distinguished from chalcedony by three great structural characteristics: *a*, its resinous fracture; *b*, that it is never pisolitic or reniform; *c*, that when zoned, in cavities or veins, its zones are *always rectilinear*, and transverse to the vein, while those of chalcedony are usually undulating, and parallel to the sides of the vein; level only in lakes at the bottom of cavities.

V. *Hyalite*.—Amorphous transparent silica, with vitreous fracture, and essential water. Never reniform, nor pisolitic, nor banded; but composed of irregularly grouped bosses, generally elliptical or pear-shaped (only accidentally spherical), formed apparently by successive accretion of coats, but not showing banded structure internally (Fig. 2). Entirely

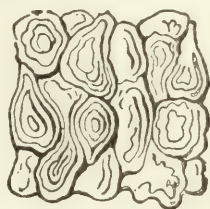


Fig. 2.

transparent, with splendid smooth glassy fracture. Sometimes coating lava; sometimes in irregularly isolated patches upon it: apparently connected in structure with the roseate clusters of milky chalcedony of Auvergne. I shall keep the term “guttate” for this particular structure, of which singular varieties also occur among the hornstones of Cornwall.

These five main groups are thus definable without embarrassment: two other conditions of silica, perhaps, ought to be separately named; namely, *cacholony*, which seems to take a place between chalcedony and opal, but which I have not yet been able satisfactorily to define; the other, the *calcareous-looking*, usually whitish agate, which often surrounds

true translucent agate, as if derived from it by decomposition. I am under the impression that this is chalcedony, more or less charged with carbonate of lime, and that it might be arranged separately as lime-jasper, differing from aluminous jasper by being capable of reniform structure; but it is certainly in some cases an altered state of chalcedony, which seems in its more opaque zones to get whiter by exposure to light. I shall therefore call it white agate, when it harmoniously follows the translucent zones; reserving the term jasper for granular aggregations. Perhaps ultimately it may be found that nascent chalcedony can take up either oxide of iron, or alumina, or lime, and might relatively be called iron-jasper, clay-jasper, and lime-jasper; but for any present descriptive purposes the simpler arrangement will suffice.

These, then, being the principal types of agatescent silica, it is of importance to define clearly the two structures I have severally called pisolitic and reniform.

A pisolitic mineral is one that has a tendency to separate by spherical fissures, or collect itself by spherical bands, round a central point.

A reniform mineral is one which crystallizes in radiation from a central point, terminating all its crystals by an external spherical surface. It is, however, difficult to define this character mathematically. On the one hand, radiate crystals may be terminated by spherical curves, as in many zeolites, without being close set enough to constitute a reniform mass; on the other, radiate crystals, set close, may be terminated so as to prevent smoothness of external spherical surface, and I am not sure whether this smoothness is a mere character of minute scale (so that chalcedony, seen delicately enough, might present pyramidal extremities of its fibers on the apparently smooth surface), or whether, in true reniform structure, the crystallization is actually arrested by a horizontal plane: I do not mean a crystalline plane, as in beryl, but one of imperfect crystallization, presenting itself only under a peculiar law of increase. Thus, in hematite, which is both reniform and pisolitic, the masses often

divide in their interior by surfaces of jagged crystallization, while externally they are smooth and even lustrous; but I put this point aside for future inquiry, because it will require us to go into the methods of possible increment in quartz-crystals, and for our present purpose, we need only a clear understanding of two plainly visible conditions of jasper and chalcedony, namely, that jasper will collect itself pisolitically, out of an amorphous mass, into concretion round central points, but not actively terminate its external surface by spherical curves; while chalcedony will energetically so terminate itself externally, but will, in ordinary cases, only develop its pisolitic structure subordinately, by forming parallel bands round any rough surface it has to cover, without collecting into spheres, unless either provoked to do so by the introduction of a foreign substance, or encouraged to do so by accidentally favorable conditions of repose. And here branch out for us two questions, both most intricate; first, as to the introduction of foreign bodies; secondly, as to the crystalline disposition of chalcedony, under variable permission of repose.

First—As to foreign substances. I assume that in true pisolitic concretion, such as that of the jasper, roughly



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

sketched in Fig. 3. (it is not a coral—the radiant lines are merely conventional indications of the grain of the jasper, so far as it is visible with a lens*), no foreign body has pro-

* In my woodcut diagrams I shall employ no fine execution; they will be merely illustrative, not imitative,—diagrams, not drawings. In the plates, on the contrary, with Mr. Allen's good help, I shall do the best I can.

voked the orbicular arrangement. The jasper is red; the little dark circles are wells of pure chalcedony, each containing within it a white ball of crystallized quartz, forming a star on the section. The whole is magnified about three times in the drawing, being a portion of a horizontal layer, alternating with solid white jasper. It seems that the pisolitic structure is here truly native: but we must nevertheless grant the possibility that the balls of quartz may have had some organic atom for their nucleus. On the other hand, in the ordinary conditions of dendritic agate, in which stalactites of chalcedony surround branches of clearly visible chlorite,* or oxide of iron or manganese, I assume that in the plurality of cases, such sustaining substances have been first developed, and the chalcedonic stalactite afterwards superimposed, being, in the most literal sense of the word, "superfluous" silica; but I, nevertheless, see great reason for thinking that, in many cases, the core of the group is only a determination to its center of elements which have been dispersed through the mass. In the generality of Mocha-stones, the dendritic oxides, so far from being an original framework, are clearly of subsequent introduction, radically following the course of fissures from which they float partially into the body of the imperfectly congealed gelatinous mass; in other more rare, and singularly beautiful cases, the metallic oxides ramify in curves in the intervals of the pisolitic belts, and then there is nearly always a dark rod in the stalactitic center, which may or may not be solid. In the finest Mocha-stones, I think it is a black film round a chalcedonic nucleus; but in the associations of limonite with chalcedony, it is usually of solid radiate iron-oxide, and doubtless of prior, though perhaps only of immediately prior, formation. A more complex state is presented by such stalactites, when enveloped in a chalcedonic solid paste, to which they do not communicate their own zoned structure. Ordi-

* Or green earth? I cannot find any good account of the green substance which plays so important a part in the exterior coats of agates, and Iceland chalcedonies.

narily, the surrounding mass throws itself into zones parallel with those of the inclosed stalactite; but, in some cases, it is of quite adverse structure, perhaps laid level across the stalactite fall.

The conditions admitting the interfusion of this solid paste, are strangely connected with those which cause chalcedony to form true vertical stalactites and straight rods, instead of arborescent and twisted stalactites. I have never seen the twisted stalactite unless enveloping fibers of some foreign, perhaps organic, substance, inclosed in massive chalcedony; but the straight stalactite is perhaps oftener so than free (unless connected with limonite), and it would appear, therefore, as if the apparently interposed mass were really of contemporary formation, or else it would sometimes inclose the contorted stalactite. But this question respecting the causes of the vertical and twisted groups properly belongs to the second branch of our inquiry as to states of repose.

Second: Conditions affecting mode of crystallization. It is evident that fluent deposits of silica contained in a rock-cavity must be affected, in course of their solidification, not only by every addition to their own mass, but by every change in the temperature or grain of the surrounding rock, so that we have innumerable modifications of state, dependent partly on accession and transmission of substance, partly on changes in external temperature and pressure. And, under these influences, we perceive that the gelatinous silica occasionally obeys gravity,* and occasionally resists it, becoming sometimes pendant from the roof, and forming level lakes on the floor and roof alike, and in transitional periods, forming thick layers on the floor, and thin ones at the sides, the layers being liable, meantime, to different degrees of compression

* I use this word gravity in some doubt; not being quite sure that the straight beds are always horizontal, or always inferior to the rest deposited at the same time. I have one specimen in which, according to all analogies of structure, it would appear that the vacant space is *under* the level floor, between it and reniform chalcedony; and sometimes these floors cross pillars of stalactite like tiers of scaffolding.

from their own modes of solidification, which give them, locally, the appearance of an elastic compression and expansion: there seems no limit to the fineness of their lines at these compressed points, when their continuity is uninterrupted. Figures 6 and 7 illustrate, in two small pieces of agate, each here magnified about three times, most of the appearances which must be severally studied. In Fig. 6 the lowest band, A. level at the bottom, broken irregularly towards the rough side of the stone, is yet of nearly even thickness everywhere; above it, the one with a black central line encompasses the whole agate symmetrically. Then a white band, thin at the bottom, projects into concretions on the flanks. Then, a thick white deposit, B. does not ascend at the flank at all; then a crystalline bed, with pisolitic concretions at the bottom of it, changes into dark chalcedony (drawn as black), which ascends at the flanks. Then another thin

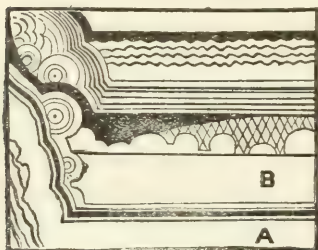


Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.

line at the bottom, in concretion at flanks; then one thick at the bottom, thin at the flanks, and so upwards. In Fig. 7, a level mass, itself composed of silica in two different states, one separating into flakes, and the other even-laid, is surrounded by bands which melt into it with gradually diminishing thickness, these being evidently subordinate to an external formation of crystalline quartz; the whole terminated by a series of fine bands of graduated thickness, and by clear chalcedony (drawn as black).

Now all these, and many more such variations, take place without any apparent disturbance of the general mass, each

bed conforming itself perfectly to the caprice of its neighbor, and leaving no rents nor flaws. But an entirely different series of phenomena arise out of the fracture or distortion of one deposit by another, after the first has attained consistence. Thus, in Fig. 4, a yellow orbicular jasper is split into segments, singularly stellate, or wheel-like, and then variously lifted and torn by superimposed chalcedony; and in Fig. 5, a white and opaque agatescent mass is rent, while still ductile, the rents being filled with pure chalcedony: and from this state, in which the pieces are hardly separate, and almost hang together by connecting threads, we may pass on through every phase of dislocation to perfect breccia; but, all the while, we shall find the aspect of each formation modified by another kind of fault, which has no violent origin, and for the illustration of which I have prepared Plate III. This plate represents (all the figures being of the natural size) three sections of amethystine agate, in which the principal material is amethyst-quartz, and the white jasperine bands for the most part form between the points of the crystals.

All the three examples are types of pure concrete agatescence in repose, showing no trace whatever of external disturbance. The fault in the inclined bed at the base of the uppermost figure, has some appearance of having been caused by a shock; but for that reason is all the more remarkable, the bed beneath it being wholly undisturbed, and its own fracture quite structural, and connected with the crystalline elevation and starry concretion above. I have no idea at present why the central portions of these concretions of dark amethyst are partly terminated by right lines, or what determines the greater number of bands on one side than on the other.

The second figure is of a less varied, but of still more curious interest. There is no trace of violence or fracture in the stone, and the line of the crystallized amethystine mass is undisturbed at the summits, except by a partial dissolution in one part and mingling with the white bands above. But the white undulatory band at its base is cut into three parts, and

the intermediate portion lifted (or the flanks removed downwards), a quarter of an inch, by pure calm crystalline action, giving thus room for an interferent brown vein of less definite substance which proceeds without interruption, dividing the white band in a direction peculiarly difficult to explain, unless by supposing the interferent one to be the slow filling of a fissure originally opened in the direction of the black line in Fig. 8, and straightened in widening.

But the third example is inexplicable, by any such supposition. It is the agatescent center of a large amethyst nodule, in which a small portion, about the third of an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick, of its encompassing belt, is separated bodily from the rest, taken up into the surrounding concretion of quartz, and its place supplied by a confused segregation of chalcedony, with a sprinkled deposit of jasper spots on the surface exposed by this removal of its protecting

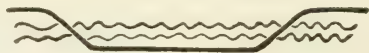
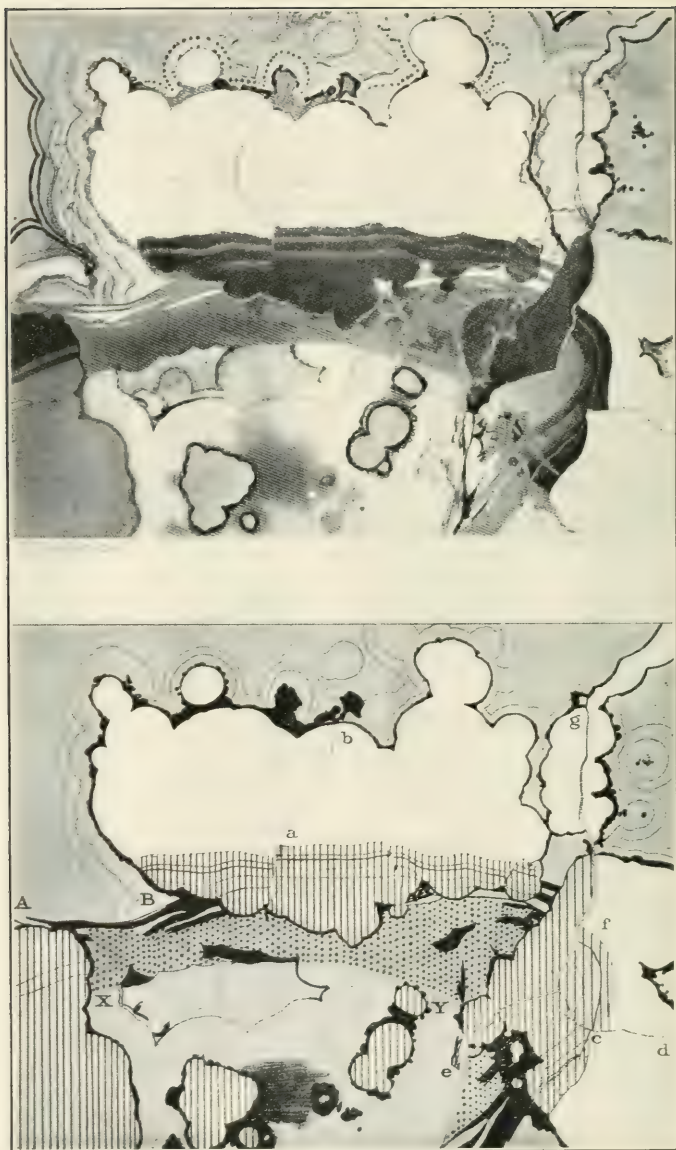


Fig. 8.

coat ; spots, which in the rest of the stone, form on the exterior of the coat itself, just under the quartz. There are many points in all these three examples which it is useless to take further note of at present, but to which I shall return, after collecting examples enough to form some basis of reasoning and comparison. I must apologize, as it is, for the length of this paper on a subject partly familiar, partly trivial, yet in which these definitions, not by skill of mine expressible in less room, were necessary before I could proceed intelligibly.

IV.

I propose now to pursue my subject by describing in some detail a series of typical examples of the principal groups of agatescent minerals; noting, as we proceed, the circumstances in each which appear to afford proper ground for future general classification.



SECTION AND MAP OF A CONCRETE AGATE.

The upper figure in Plate X. represents, of its real size, the surface of a piece of jasperine agate in my own collection, belonging to the same general group as the specimen, *a, b, d, 5*, in the British Museum. This group consists, broadly, of irregular concretions of jasper affected by faults caused by contraction, having their interstices filled with chalcedony, and the whole inclosed by a quartzose crystalline mantle or crust.

The British Museum specimen (*a, b, d, 5*) is said to be Icelandic. Two others of the group are labeled "Oberstein;" one, of parallel construction, but slightly varied in character, is from Zweibrücken, in Bavaria. I do not know the locality of my own, but there is a community of feature in all the specimens, which assuredly indicates similarity of circumstance in their localities; and the more various the localities, the more interesting it will be eventually to determine their points of resemblance. I have not yet obtained an example of this group in the gangue, but the crust of the stones themselves is in every case composed of quartz-crystals rudely formed, sometimes so minute as to look like a crumbling sandstone: in my own specimen they can only be seen with a lens, associated in filiform concretions like moss; within this crust two distinct formations have first taken place, and then a change of state is traceable affecting both in new directions. The map-diagram, Pl. X. Fig. 2, is lettered, so as to permit accurate indication of the parts.*

The outer formation, next the crust, is composed of very pale whitish brown jasper. It is expressed by a shade of gray in the map, and it is limited towards the interior of the stone by the strong line (with occasional projecting knots) thrown into curves, convex outwards.

The inner formation is of a finer jasper, with dark chalcedony in segregation. The vertical lines in the map indicate the chalcedony, and the pure white space, the inner jasper,

* I have carelessly worded the title of Plate X. as if the two figures were a vertical section and surface map; but the lower one is, of course, only explanatory of the upper.

terminated outwardly by convex curves. We are thus led at once to note the distinction between the two families of agates, formed from within outwards in knots, and from without inwards in nests. The first group, to which our present example belongs, is usually agatescent in the interior, and crystallized on the surface; the second is agatescent in the coating, and crystallized in the interior.

Supposing the silica deposited under the same circumstances of solution, and the same time granted for solidification, the difference between these two structures would depend (and often does depend) only on the chance of the silica finding a hollow prepared for its reception, or a solid nucleus round which it can congeal; the ordinary deposits on the inner surface of a nest often become nodular or stalactitic as they project into its open space, and the greater part of the apparently independent concretions are probably mere fragments out of the hollows of larger ones. But there is, nevertheless, frequently a true distinction between the two modes of deposit. The agates formed on a central nucleus appear usually to have had a longer time for their construction than those which fill hollows, or, at least, they are the portion of the mass, in the hollow itself, which has crystallized most slowly; they are distinctly reniform in their chalcedony, and distinctly symmetrical in their crystals; while the nested agates run into level or irregularly continuous bands, and choke their cavities with confused net-work of quartz. I have difficulty in finding convenient names for these two families of agate; but merely for reference to them in these papers, I shall call those formed in knots, which are often conspicuously radiant in the lines of their crystals, "stellar" agates; and those evidently formed in cavities, "nested" agates.

I believe that the stellar forms, when independent, will be found most frequently under circumstances admitting the possibility of slow concretion at comparatively low temperatures, while the nested or bomb-like structures belongs characteristically to volcanic formations, in which the cavities

might be filled by comparatively violent infusion, and their contents in many cases quickly cooled. Both conditions, of course, sometimes agree in all their processes; and we shall be able finally to classify these processes of deposit under description which will apply equally to the stellar and nested forms, marking afterwards the points of exceptional difference. Thus, for instance, the most frequent of all the forms of tranquil deposit, uninterrupted by flowing additions of material, is that in which a clear band of chalcedony, perfectly equal in breadth throughout, is first formed round the point (or branch) of nucleus, in stellar, or on the outer wall of the cavity in nested, agate. But after this has been formed in stellar agate, the succeeding belts will not usually show a minor pisolitic structure, whereas, in nested agates, marvellous groups of pisolitic hemispherical arches often rise from the inner surface of the clear external chalcedony, in section, like long bridges crossing a flat, and modify the whole series of bands above them; but, again, with this most important distinction between these and the bands of stellar agate,—that stellar bands, the farther they retire from the nucleus, usually throw themselves with increasing precision into circular curves, till they sometimes terminate in perfect and exquisitely drawn segments of spheres; while in nested agate, the bands, if parallel, efface more and more the original minor curves as they approach the center of the nest, and sweep over them in broad indeterminate lines, as successive coats of paint of equal thickness efface the projections and roughnesses of the surface they cover, or as successive falls of snow, undrifted, efface irregularities of ground. And now, observe, we shall want a word expressive of an intermediate condition between the states above defined as pisolitic and reniform. A pisolitic mineral we define to be one which separates into more or less spherical layers by contraction; and this kind of division takes place sometimes quite irrespectively of the crystalline structure, and on the grandest, as well as the most minute scale. In one of my specimens of Indian Sard, there are multitudinous pisolitic flaws, exquisitely perfect in spher-

ical curvative, dividing the parallel bands of the agate transversely in every direction, looking like little palæ of chaff in its clear substance; on a large scale, the aiguilles of Chamouni are pisolitic, rending themselves into curved layers five or six hundred feet in the sweep of their arcs, variously crossing their cleavage (which is rectilinear), and often diametrically crossing their beds. On the other hand, true reniform structure is perfectly compact, and dependent on minute radiating crystallization of substance. But between the two there is the fine agatescent structure, in which bands of different materials, jasperine and chalcedonic, are separated from each other under a radiating law; and yet not divided by a mechanical contraction; for though they are often so distinct as to separate under the hammer stroke, they never leave spaces between, as true pisolitic beds do in ultimate separation. For this intermediate action, the most frequent of all, I shall keep the term "spheric;" and I was forced to admit only a guarded use of the word "gravity" in last paper, because this spheric action is constant, as far as I know, in all agatescent matter, so that I have never yet seen an instance in level-laid agate of the transition from the lake in the (lowest?) part of the cavity to the beds at the sides being made under any subjection to the mechanical law of gravity on fluent substance; but (as in the petrification of the banks of Dante's Phlegethon *lo fondo suo, e ambo le pendici. fatt' eran pietra, e i margini dal lato*, "its bottom, and both the slopes of its sides, and the margin at the sides, were petrified"), the flinty bands form in parallelism on the slopes as well as the bottom, and retain this parallelism undisturbed round the walls and vault of the agate. On the other hand, I cannot but admit the idea that these rectilinear tracts are formed under a modified influence of gravity, because, first, I have never seen them laid in different directions in different parts of the same stone; and, secondly, whenever they are associated with pendant stalactites, they are at right angles to them. So that the aspect of one of these leveled agates in cavities may be approximately described as that of a polygonal crystal in which

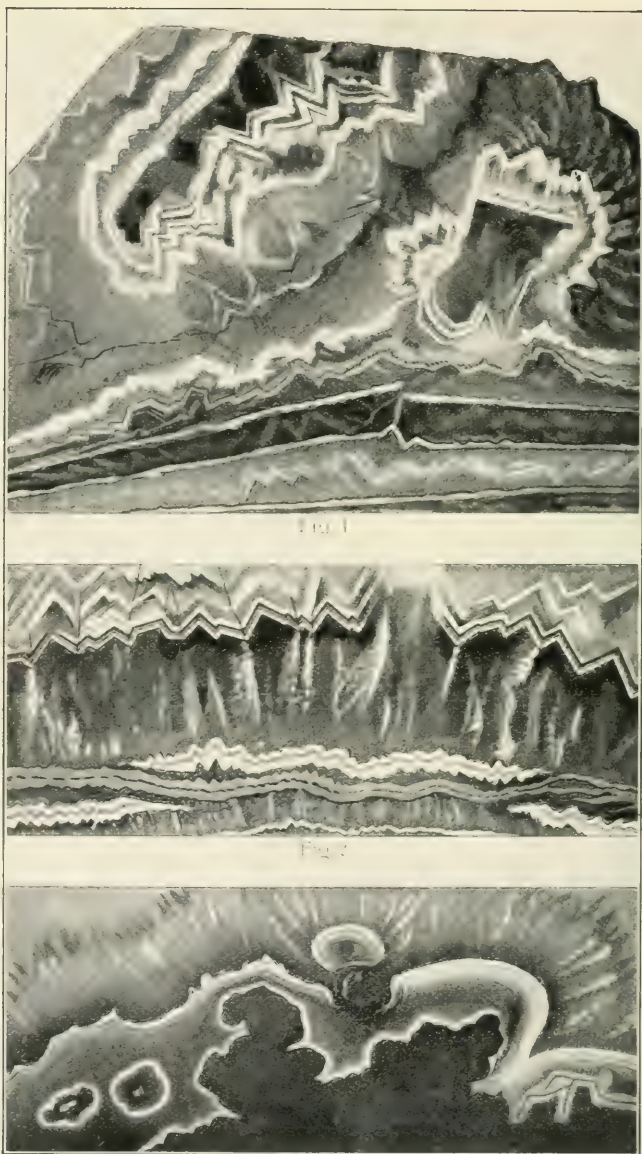


Fig. 3.

AMETHYST-QUARTZ, WITH WARPED FAULTS IN CONCRETION.

the position of one of its sides is determined by gravity; and the other sides modified into curves by radiating crystallization (of course the changes of form caused by gradual entrance or exit of material being at present withdrawn from consideration). In the example before us, which, though showing but feeble crystalline energy, belongs to the stellate group, the outer formation of rudely spheric white jasper withdraws itself confusedly from the sandy crust of quartz and becomes finer and finer towards the inner jasper, on the surface of which it throws down a coating of superb crimson (oxide of iron?) which is itself arranged every here and there in minute spherical concretions. The same formation exists in the same position under the quartzose outer bed and on the surface of the chalcedonic interior one, in the specimen figured in Plate III. Fig. 3; and when we find it, as we often shall in future, under similar circumstances, I shall speak of it simply as the "medial oxide." In the map, this crimson deposit is throughout represented in black.

Proceeding next to examine the inner formation on the surface of which this medial oxide is deposited, we find it composed of two parts, sharply divided; a white jasper, and dark gray translucent chalcedony. The white jasper has a spheric structure much more perfect than that of the outer coat, and so delicate as to be hardly visible without a lens (not that the spheres are small,—they are on the average, the third of an inch in diameter,—but the lines of division are so subtle that the mass appears compact). In this character the inner deposit seems only a finer condition of the external one: but it differs *specifically* in being affected by sharp displacements apparently owing to contraction. To these faults, though minute, I would direct the reader's special attention. They are by no means small in proportion to the extent of material affected by them; and they differ wholly from ordinary displacements, in this, that there is no trace whatever of movement at the limiting convex curves, but only at the edge of the chalcedony—so that the fault at *a* seems owing to contrac-

tion within the space $a b$, and at c , to contraction within little more than the space $c d$; and farther, the fissures $a b$, $c d$ are not rugged or broken, as if caused by the displacement, but sinuously current, passing on through the chalcedony from c to e , f , and g ; and in fact, I am very certain that these veins are not caused by the contraction in question; but that the contraction takes place unequally on each side of the primarily formed vein. This kind of fault, of which we shall find frequent instances, the unequal contraction, namely, of beds on opposite sides of a vein or dyke, I shall call fault "by partition," and the violent fracture of beds at a point where no vein or dyke previously existed, I shall call fault "by divulsion." Deposits which fill compartments in fossil shells may often be seen, in a correspondent series of beds, to vary their proportionate thickness at each partition: the rectilinear bands of Labradorite may be found varying in thickness and position while they correspond in direction, in contiguous crystals; and I do not doubt but that even on a great scale, displacements of beds which at first sight might be supposed to have given rise to the fissures which divide them, will be found on examination to be the result of an unequal contractile action in the masses released by the fissure, protracted for long periods after it had given them their independence. Lastly. The separation of the chalcedony from the jasper does not take place only in the inner formation. It is an operation evidently subsequent to the deposition of both layers, and even in the outer one, makes the entire dotted space, as far as the curved limit $x y$, chalcedonic, and flushes it with a diffusion of the medial oxide from its edges; this medial oxide here drawing itself into bands, which being parallel with those of the gray chalcedony, are manifestly produced by a segregation which has taken place simultaneously in the two layers. This being clearly ascertained, the intensely sharp line, which separates the chalcedony from the white jasper, considered as a result of segregation, becomes highly remarkable, and a standard of possibility in sharpness of limit so produced.

The spots surrounded by dark lines in the lower part of the figure are portions of the inner formation cut off by the surface section. It is often difficult on a single plane to distinguish such spaces, the truncated summits of an inferior, or, as here, remnants of a superior, bed, from isolated concretions: and it is always necessary in examining agates to guard against mistaking variation of widths of belt caused by obliquity of section from true variations in vertical depth. All the difficulties of a geological survey sometimes meet in the space of a single flint. The gradated softness of edge in belts widened by oblique section is however usually an instant means of recognizing them; but in this stone the material is so fine that the oblique edges are as sharp as the vertical ones.

I could not without tediousness proceed farther in the description of this stone; it presents other phenomena peculiar to itself; but, resuming the points hitherto stated, we may define the family of agates, which it represents, as consisting of at least two formations inclosed by quartz; the inner formation being affected by dislocations which do not pass into the outer one. Generally their color is brownish red and white, and their main material opaque and jasperine; their chalcedony developing itself subsequently and subordinately. The crimson veins and striæ, which in some examples traverse the inner formation, will furnish us with a study of separate interest after we have obtained determinate types of other large and typical groups: the minor details in each may then be examined with a better field for comparison. For convenience sake I shall in future refer to the group described in this paper as "Dipartite jaspers." Their division may, indeed, be into more than two coats or formations, but the operation of a contractile force in one, which does not affect another, sufficiently justifies the term for general purposes.

V.

The next group of agates which I have to describe belongs to the nested series; but is distinguished from all other vari-

eties of that series by having a pure chalcedonic surface (unaffected, except in the form of it, by the material of its gangue); and by uniformity of color; consisting only of white and transparent gray bands, wholly untinged by more splendid colors. But nearly all the agates of this group which now occur in the market have been dyed brown or black at Oberstein, to the complete destruction of their loveliest phenomena.

With the true agates of this group must be associated some transitional examples, in which the surface is more or less entangled with, and degraded by, the material of the gangue, (the body of the stone then becoming susceptible of coloring by iron, or of chloritic arborescence from the exterior); and others, in which the mass is rudely egg-shaped, like a rolled pebble, and the crust is of a fine pale brown agatescent jasper in multitudinous concretions, plainly visible on the surface, like the convolutions of the brain of an animal. But in the typical examples of the whole series, no lines of concretion are visible on the surface; it is knotted and pitted; but not



Fig. 1.

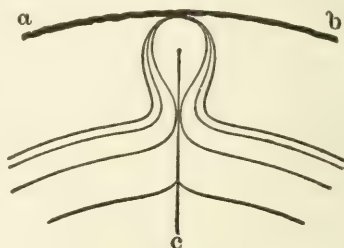
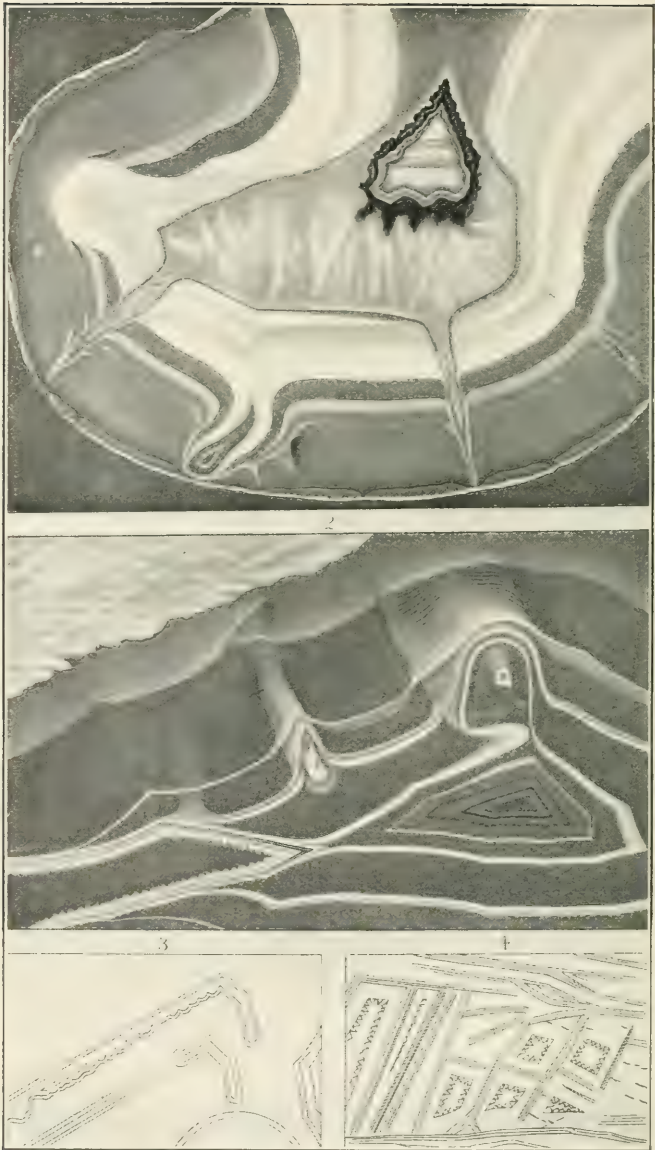


Fig. 2.

banded—it is of gray clear chalcedony, and the entire mass of the stone is often thrown into irregularly contorted folds, which are sometimes parallel to the interior bands, and from which I shall, for convenience sake, give the name to the whole group of “Folded Agates.”

I say “sometimes parallel,” because the folds of the interior beds are much more complex than those of the surface,

Fig. 1.



FOLDED AGATES AND MURAL AGATES.

and often are most notable when the exterior is undisturbed; and they are specifically peculiar in two respects. First, they are formed out of beds which are in the greater part of their course accurately parallel, and arranged in graceful sweeping continuous curves, while the bands of ordinary agates are broken into minor undulation, and run into irregular curves. Fig. 1 is the typical structure of the common, and Fig. 2 or folded agate; the line *a b*, in each figure, representing the surface of the stone.

Secondly, These sweeping and beautiful parallel beds are at particular points of their course suddenly and systemat-

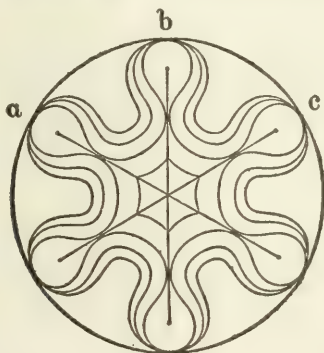


Fig. 3.

ically contracted, and bent outwards, (outwards, that is to say, in nested agates—inwards in stellar agates, but the stellar formation is very rare in this group) like flowing drapery raised by a rod beneath it; and this ideal rod may either raise these sheets of drapery hanging over it, as clothes hang over a line; or on the end of it, as the sides of a tent hang from its pole;* with every variety of beautiful curvature, inter-

* In Plate XIII. Fig. 1 shows the clothes-line arrangement in pure surface-section, and Fig. 2 in perspective, seen through the transparent stone, the edges only of the pendant veils being at the surface. Of the tented arrangement I will give examples in succeeding plates, but they are not specifically different arrangements; they are only accidental variations in the direction of the interrupting masses.

mediate between these two arrangements. The ideal rod is of course composed of the interior chalcedony or quartz; and I once supposed the entire range of these phenomena to be dependent on the former subtle influx of the dissolved silica at the points where the apparent rods or tubes reached the exterior of the stone; but I now believe rather that, taking Fig. 3 as a formal type of a perfect folded agate, the points *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., at the sides of the nest have been those of *impeded* secretion or deposit (if, which is not by any means clear to me, there has been successive deposit at all), and that the intermediate curved beds are the increasing stalactic masses. The right lines indicating flaws at the intersection of these masses, are essential in the typical structure. The two upper figures in Plate XIII. will characteristically represent the phenomena principally resultant, though the complexity of these phenomena is so great that in detail they can only be followed by the reader with good specimens of the stones in his hand.

Fig. 1 is from a very rare agate in my own collection, which unites the characters of the folded group with that of the nested agates which have level beds (the pure folded agates never, as far as I have seen, contain rectilinear tracts), and the folds, or tubes of arrest, in this stone are less regular in structure than in typical examples, and present somewhat the appearance of having been caused by contraction, the rent spaces being afterwards filled by the inner quartz. But I believe this appearance to be wholly deceptive. Whatever the cause of the interruptions may be, they are certainly not mere rents like those of septaria. The greater width of the white band at the top, which suggests the idea of large influx there, is a sectional deception; this white band is of equal thickness everywhere; and, with all the others, seems entirely concentric, except when interrupted by the tubes, and by the changes in the direction of the films in its own substance which are connected with them. Fig. 2 is from a piece of perfect folded agate, showing the symmetrical arrangement of its successive beds round the tubes, and their lovely de-

pendent curves as they detach themselves. In some cases, however, the tubes appear isolated in the mass of the stone, or interrupt the beds in their own thickness; but in whatever accidental relation to the secreted chalcedony, they assuredly indicate a peculiar state of its substance at the time of secretion; and their nature, and the conditions under which they develop themselves, must be understood before we can hope to explain the more complex tubular formation of dendritic chalcedonies.

And this investigation is rendered doubly difficult by the perpetual confusion in all agatescent bodies between the concretionary separation, and successive deposit of their beds. If these folded agates were, indeed, formed in successive beds, from without inwards, as it has been supposed, it should be possible sometimes to trace the point of influx of material, and the sequence of the added bands from it, which I never yet have been able to do satisfactorily in a single instance in folded agates (and only with suspicion of the appearance of it, even in the brown coated and level bedded stones in which it seems to be of ordinary occurrence): and also, the beds ought to present some of the irregularly accumulate aspect of common calcareous stalactite; and in the interior we ought to find sometimes vacancies left by the failure of supply. But on the contrary, folded agates are always *full*, so far as I have seen, except occasionally in the centers of their tubes, or in hollows of outer folds, but they are always closed in their centers (differing, observe, again *essentially* from common agate in this circumstance), and their beds are not only parallel, instead of irregularly heaped, but involved in the strangest way in reduplicate crystalline series. See the interior of the stone, Fig. 2, in Plate XIII.

On the other hand, were they truly concrete, these beds ought to exhibit occasionally clear evidence of subordinate concretion in their mass. Thus in the true concrete jasperine agate, Fig. 4,* the beds which are simply concurrent on the right hand break up presently, and separate into flamy and

* Magnified about three times.

shell-like groups, transverse to the general bedding, and at last bend round a knotted nucleus; but nothing of this kind ever occurs in folded agates, though their veils of dependent film are sometimes covered with an exquisite dew of minute pisolitic concretions, making them look (under the lens) like a beautiful tissue of gossamer laden with dew, and connected with a peculiar complex basalt-like fracture: then finally, to finish the difficulty, these folded agates are connected by a series of scarcely distinguishable transitions with the group

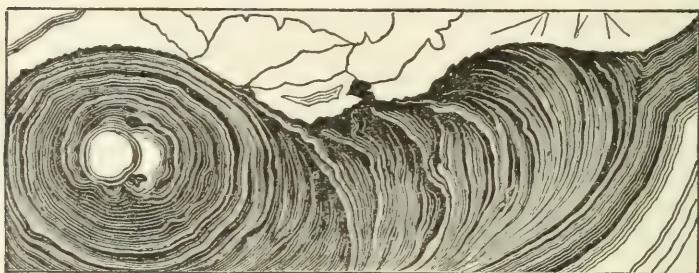


Fig. 4.

which we shall have next to examine, which seems to be in great part concretionary, but concretionary in right lines. The two lowest figures in Plate XIII. are outlines of two of the most singular conditions of it. Fig. 3, Plate XIII. is reduced in scale from a stone which I shall hereafter engrave of its real size, as its mode of association of agatescent with crystalline structure is, as far as I know, unique—and its proper discussion is connected with that of the modes of increase of crystals. Fig. 4, Plate XIII. is from an agate of almost equal rarity, though I have seen other examples of its structure, but never so decisive in character. This figure is slightly enlarged, being of a portion of a mass which has crystallized out of a breccia, in thin walls of linear brown agate inclosing opaque white agate, leaving internal spaces filled with quartz.

The entire group to which these examples belong, consist-

ing of walls, or tabular crystallizations, of agate, I shall name Mural agates; and they are connected, on the one hand, with Folded agates, by a series in which tabular portions of the external matrix are torn off like pieces of broken slate, lifted up into the agatescent mass, and then encrusted with folds of chalcedony; on the other hand, when the Mural fragments become curved, they are connected with a great jasperine group of the most curious interest, which I shall examine under the general term of Involute Agates, consisting of bands of a consistent structure, broken up (or fragmentarily secreted), Fig. 5, A, in fine specimens disposed in curves resembling the contour of a *haliotis* shell, Fig. 5, B, but in less developed examples forming broken vermicular concretions in a jasperine paste, Fig. 5, c. It is almost impossible without microscopic examination to distinguish some of these shell-like concretions (of which the most delicate are white, closely crowded, and surrounded by milky chalcedony), from true organic remains; and to my mind perhaps the most sin-

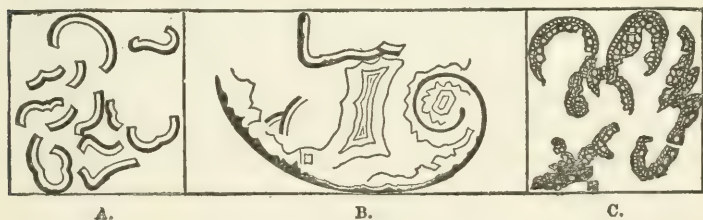


Fig 5.

gular fact, of all that are connected with minor physical phenomena, is this apparent effort of the occult natural powers to deceive their investigator, by making one thing resemble another. There seems to be a mocking spirit in Nature which sometimes plays with its creatures, as in the orchis tribe of plants, or the mantis group of insects; and sometimes deliberately connects two totally different systems of its work by deceptive resemblances, causing prolonged difficulty or error in the attempt to discriminate them. In this subject before us, for instance, the inorganic secretions of

chert and flint are connected, by the most subtle resemblances, with those which have organic nuclei; the fliform and foliated secretions of chlorite, and the flamelike and infinitely delicate mossy traceries of jasper, pass with the cunningest treason into the organisms of altered sponge and wood; the pisolitic and radiated-crystalline agates confuse themselves with true corals; the involute agates with shells; the rolled breccias with slowly knotted secretions; and all the phenomena of successive deposits, quite inextricably with those of segregation! I imagine, however, that the reader must have had enough, for the present, of these mere statements of doubt, and as my next subject, mural agate, is a very difficult one, I shall delay the paper for some time; but meanwhile, if any good chemist would set briefly down for me what is now positively known of the fluent and gelatinous states of silica, and silicate of iron, with respect to their modes of separation, when undisturbed, from other substances, it would be of the greatest service to me (and not, I should imagine,) irrelevant to the general purpose of this Magazine; for all inquiries respecting metamorphic rocks must rest on such chemical data primarily); and, also, I should be grateful to any mineralogist who would give me some tenable clew, or beginning of clew, to the laws which affect the modes of crystalline increase; that is to say, which determine whether a prism of quartz or calcite shall increase at the extremities or at the flanks, or consistently on both, or inconsistently at different parts of the prism; and, especially, by what law stellar or roscate aggregations take place, instead of confused ones, in groups of crystals; and by what tendencies some minerals, fluor for instance, are limited in their expansions of the cubic or other common form, while others, such as salt and the oxide of copper, are enabled to shoot unlimitedly into prismatic needles; and others, like sulphide of iron, will form in solid crystals on the outside of calcite and in stellar acicular groups within it. If I can get some help in this chemical and microscopic part of the work, which I cannot do myself, I have hope of being able to give something like a serviceable

basis for future description of the two great groups of calcite and silica, and the modifications of iron which color the concretions of marble in the one case, and of agate in the other; and I should do this piece of work with, perhaps, more zeal and care than another person, owing to its connection with my own speciality of subject, by the use of these two earth-products in the arts, and the foundation of much of what is most beautiful in architecture, and perfect in gem-engraving, on the accidents of congelation which have veined the marble and the onyx.

VI.

When we find at the sides of veins, the veinstone rent into laminae, as I tried to present in Plate XX. of Vol. IV. it is easy to think of the fracture as violent, and of the disruption of the vein as sudden.

That, at least, this disruption must have been exceedingly slow, and that as it took place the rent must have been filled by contemporary crystallization, is I think evident in the instances figured, and in the great number of cases which they represent.

And as I continue my inquiry, it becomes more and more questionable to me whether there has in such cases been disruption at all. For the more I endeavor to read Nature patiently, the more I find that she is always trying to deceive us while we are impatient, by pretending to do things in ways in which they never were done, and making things look like one another, which have no connection with each other.

For instance, in Fig. 1, which rudely sketches a piece of Cornish hornstone, it would seem at first sight that the detached black and white bands were pieces of a band once continuous, but which had been broken up, and re-cemented in disorder. And if, on a large scale, we had met with the fault in almost exactly coincident beds, to which the arrow points, we should have had little doubt of their former continuity. But in this stone they have never been in any other than their existing position, any more than the two

upper beds on the left, of which one is an entirely undisturbed branch of the other, as much as any branch of stalactitic chalcidony is of the rest of the mass. Nor have any of these beds ever been broken at all. The whole is a tranquil determination of variously crystallizing substances, like that of the component minerals in granite. The white portions are hornstone; the black band in each is ferruginous, and the inclosing paste rudely crystalline quartz.

There is, however, one grave structural difference between this stone and common granite. The crystals in granite run in all directions. These zones of hornstone have a more or less parallel direction; and the black band, with another narrow one succeeding it, is always at the same side of them.

I have placed the woodcut (Fig. 1) with the black beds uppermost, so that the resemblance may be seen between them, and the always uppermost gray beds in the highest division of Plate XV. Vol. IV. But in neither case can I say

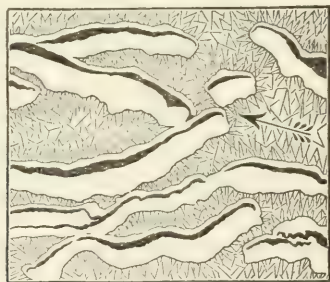


Fig. 1.

that their position has been influenced by gravity. For in Plate XV. it will be observed that the elliptical bar of central calcite crystallizes in every direction, and in this piece of hornstone, very near the portion above figured, is a cavity, in which while the bands whose separation forms it, retain their relation unchanged, the quartz, having now room to crystallize, does so indifferently up and down, and from both sides. as in Fig. 2. I do not know the position of the stone *in situ*.

But though common granites show only arbitrary positions of crystals, in graphic granites we have a definitely parallel arrangement of them, somewhat resembling this of the hornstone, only more regular; and in massive felspathic rock we get the same deceptive resemblance of faults exquisitely defined. Fig. 3 represents (of the real size: as are also Figs. 1 and 2) a portion of felspathic rock in which two crystals of labradorite are separated by apparent breccia, but really, crystalline mass, of mixed labradorite and hyperstein. The oblique lines stand for this gangue (merely for a symbol—there are no lines nor cleavage in the gangue itself). The white spaces are pale blue labradorite, the horizontal lines indicate in each crystal a sharp, exquisitely defined, zone of vivid orange, and the vertical lines a zone of intense blue. There has evidently been no fracture in this case, any more

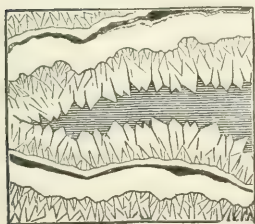


Fig. 2.

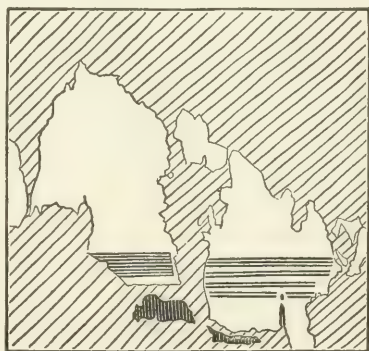


fig 3.

than between the felspar crystals of common granite. And the—in this instance absolutely accurate—coincidence of direction in the zones of the detached pieces, with their fault-like variation in breadth and relative position, are both of them entirely crystalline phenomena.

Now we must always remember that in chalcedony and quartz we have two entirely distinct groups of crystalline

forces; one radiant, endeavoring to throw the mass into spherical concretions; the other rectilinear, endeavoring to reduce it to hexagonal crystals: and that both of these are capable of producing phenomena of relative distortion.

Also, the group of the spheric forces associates itself delightfully with the spheric forces of hydrous oxide of iron, thus producing endlessly fantastic groups of mixed iron and chalcedony, while the rectilinear forces ally themselves in like manner to those of micaceous iron, bowenite, heavy spar, and calcite, producing tabular groups of crystals which present close analogies to the flat leaves of chalcedonies which have metallic or earthy laminae for their support; while the iron-oxide, when it has no longer the power of modifying the shapes of the crystals, sets itself to imitate two other minerals frequently found in them. It mimics the globes of brown mica so exactly with its own bossy groups of clustered laminae, that only a strong lens, or the knife, will distinguish them, and, in the interior of crystals, throws itself into golden-colored radiant or circular sheaves which, when within amethyst, are the most beautiful things I know among minerals; but which it is a matter of great difficulty to distinguish in common quartz from minor forms of rutile. Finally, to crown the complexity of this iron and flint group, the sulphide of iron, varied beyond all minerals in the fantasies and grotesques which it can build out of its plastic and innumerable cubes, shoots its stellate crystals through the mass of the hydrous oxide, and disputes with it the central position in stalactites of chalcedony.

But, through all this confusion, one generalization presents itself which is of great value. Whenever iron, whether oxide or sulphide, is associated with stalactitic chalcedony, it is always in the center of the mass; but when iron, whether oxide or sulphide, is associated with quartz crystals, it is always (if determinately placed at all), either on the outside, or at a slight depth below the surface, under an external coat of clearer crystal. It may be indeterminately placed, in dispersed stars or cubes; but, if ordered at all it is ordered so.

Briefly, a crystal of quartz never has a *center* of iron, and a crystal of chalcedony never a *coat* of it.*

And an important result seems to follow from this. If stalactites of chalcedony were formed by superfluent coats, some of these coats would have iron in solution at the outside as well as the interior, and would secrete it in successive films; whereas, on the contrary, the entire bulk of the iron, being always central, must surely have been secreted out of the entire mass; and, therefore, I believe that the true chalcedonic stalactite is indeed a long botryoidal crystal, like some of the forms of sulphide of iron, found in chalk, and not at all a drooping succession of fluent coats, except in cases of rapid deposit, which, as far as I remember, show no central iron.

Again, when iron is systematically associated with quartz, it is never in the center of the crystal, but either on the surface or under an externally imposed glaze. Hence it follows that the crystalline forces at work in forming quartz act nearly in the reverse of those that form chalcedony, as regards the direction of ferruginous elements, and that they have quite a peculiar power in finishing crystals, which determines, at a given time, either a purer, or an amethystine, silica to the surface, often throwing down crystals of iron between the two.

I have already noticed the clear coat forming the exterior of many nested agates in basaltic cells, and the deposit of iron succeeding it, to which I gave the name of medial oxide. My impression is that the exterior of such agates, as relating to the crystalline power, may be considered identical with the center of a stalactite, and I think it will be found that the iron in such stalactitic centers, however delicate the fiber of it, is not solid, but tubular, leaving the absolute center of clear

* Of course I do not vouch for any so wide generalization as this absolutely. If ever one ventures to do such a thing, the next stone one takes up on a dealer's counter is sure to be an exception to the announced law; but I am confident that any mineralogist can fortify the statement from his own experience quite enough to justify our reasoning upon it.

silica correspondent to the surface of clear silica in a quartz crystal.

It is very strange that among these complicated forces certain conditions of chalcedony and quartz should be so constant, and the intermediate states, giving evidence of formation, so rare; but though the interior of almost every quartz crystal shows the forces of agatescence and straight crystallization in confused contest, I have only seven or eight specimens, out of a collection of some thousands, which clearly show the balance of the two powers in accomplished structure.

The uppermost figure in Plate XIX. represents a portion

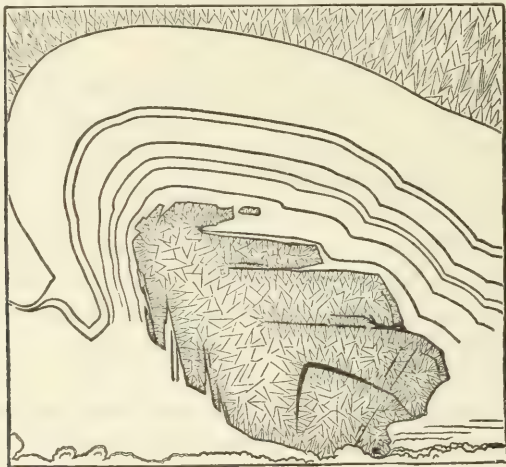
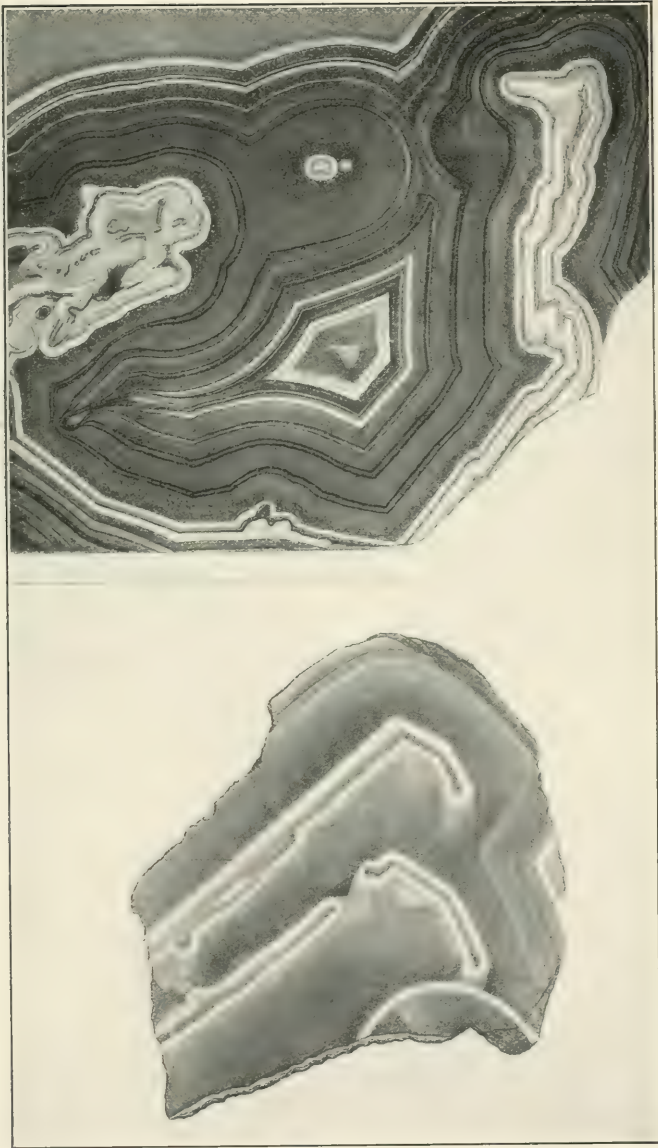


Fig. 4.

of one of these, which is a stellar agate, formed of gray chalcedony, with white bands collected in a knot within radiant quartz. The precision of its lines is beyond all imitation, but Mr. Allen has succeeded in drawing and engraving it for us quite well enough to show the repeated efforts of the chalcedony to throw itself into straight crystalline planes, successful, tremulously, here and there for a quarter of an inch, and then thrust again into curvature by the lateral spheric force.

The second example, engraved in the lower figure in Plate



MURAL AGATES.

XIX., shows the two forces reconciled in their reign: the crystalline or mural form is completely taken by the agatescent bands in one part of the stone and the spheric in another, while the bands themselves are arranged in double folds, turned at the extremities, like the back of a book.

Finally, the woodcut, Figure 4, gives the rude outline of a stone in which the central nucleus of confused quartz has made vigorous, repeated, and, as far as I know quartz, I may even say super-quartzine efforts to gather itself into a single crystal, dragging the circumfluent agatescent lines one after another violently aside, to expire in the planes of its successive pyramids.

In all these instances the crystalline action is unmistakable, being at relative angles, of which only agatescent warping deranges the magnitude, but here (Fig. 5) is an example in

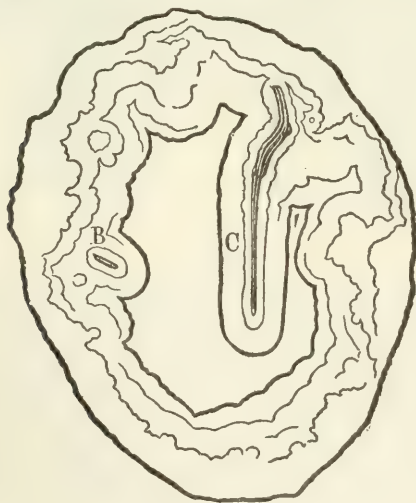


Fig. 5.

which we have an apparently pendant stalactite (which is, however, the section of a vertical wall) without evidence of any relative planes, except the very short and secondary one on the left. Yet, between conditions of this kind and true

stalactitic agates, there is a gap which at present I cannot bridge. The mural agate consists of concretions in flat planes, formed irrespectively of gravity; the stalactitic agate, of concretions on central rods, formed with reference to gravity. I have, indeed, one example in which these central rods are incipient in formation;—are as fine as hairs, and are connected, as in Fig. 6, by drooping branches concurrent with the successive outlines of the falling mass; and another, Fig. 7, in which the tubes of a folded agate have become crystal-



Fig. 6.

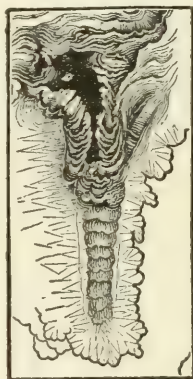


Fig. 7.

line, and are clearly minded to determine themselves into straight lines. But these are both small, and of structures too unusual to found reasoning upon. I shall engrave them, however, hereafter, but before examining these and the other structures illustrating the connection between mural and stalactitic agates, it will be better to trace the closer connection on the other side between mural and conchoidal agates. The states intermediate between these two will be the subject of my next paper.

VII.

We have now, I think, obtained sufficient evidence that the disposition of differently colored or composed bands

in agate is in most cases the result of crystalline segregation. We shall find, also, that the order of this segregation is constant under given conditions; and that, with fixed proportions of elements and fixed rate of cooling and drying, the agate will necessarily produce itself in a ribbon of a fixed succession or pattern of stripes: a spectrum of substances, which, if we had observed data enough, we might read like a spectrum of light; inferring, not the nature of the elements from its bars of color, but the former conditions of solution from the bars of elements.

When the stone has been undisturbed, this ribbon or chord of its constituent elements will necessarily form quietly

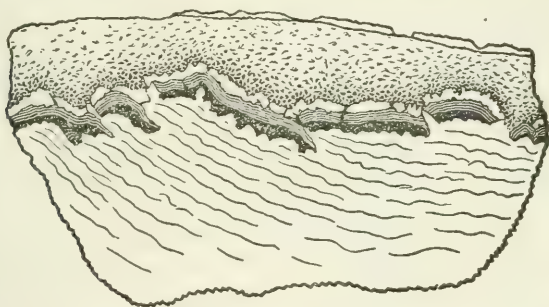


Fig. 1.

round it, either in its nest, or on its nucleus, with phases of level or vertical deposit under peculiar circumstances. But when the congelation has been disturbed, the chord of elements is broken up, and may then be traced here and there about the stone, forming where it may, and as it can. For instance, Fig. 1 represents rudely a quartzose band formed at a junction of fluor with siliceous sandstone. The dotted space is the grit, the undulating lines stand for a coarse mass of compact fluor spar, vaguely crystalline in that direction.

The faulting of the band is, I believe, entirely owing to fitfulness in the crystalline action; there is no trace of any kind of flaw or rent, either in the sandstone on one side, or fluor on the other.

The composition of the band here, as in the hornstone (Geol. Mag. 1869, Dec., Fig. 1, p. 529), is of one series of elements only; but very often the chord is composed of a central band, with corresponding opposite series on its sides. Here, in Fig. 2, is a very simple case, in which the chord has a thin white central line, with first a dark and then a broader white one on each side. The entire chord is flung irregularly about the stone, sometimes in continuity for a few folds,

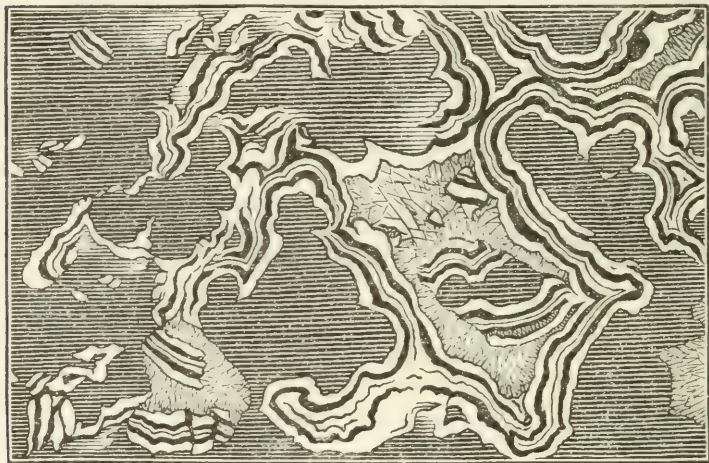


Fig. 2.

sometimes in broken segments; but the outer white band has the power of detaching itself from the chord occasionally, and of expanding here and there into wider spaces.

And, as in Fig. 1, we have a deceptive semblance of consecutive faults, so here we have an equally deceptive mimicry of brecciation by violence. But the two apparently broken portions of the band, in the center of its own loop, are simply detached crystalline formations of it in those places. Here, Fig. 3, is a single example of such an one from another stone, in which the inclosed banded segment is seen at once to be concurrent at its base with every undulation of the surrounding belt, though so trenchantly divided from it at the flanks.

And here we have to note a further separation of our subject into two branches, or, rather, into two threads of mesh (for its classification, like most true natural ones, is not branched, but reticulated). When the bands form in several fragments in all directions, as in Fig. 2, we are conducted gradually to the most fantastic structures of abruptly brecciated agates. But when they are systematically affected by a consistent action of crystalline power, as in Fig. 1, we are conducted to the group I shall describe in the following paper under the name of involute agates (I carelessly used the word "conchoidal" for involute, in page 534), which seems to me,

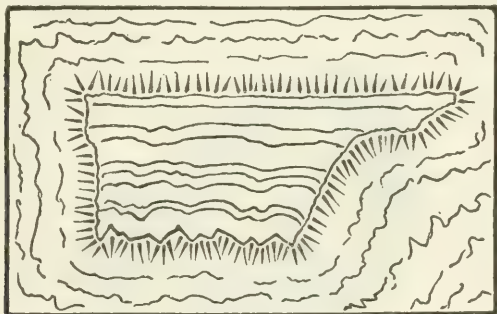


Fig. 3.

as far as I have any clew to their mysterious structure, to be chiefly owing to the action, in a partially fluid substance, of the great diagonal—or spiral?—force of silica. This diagonal power of, or in, quartz, is to me one of the most interesting phenomena in mineral nature, both in itself and as one of a group of powers like it—wholly distinct from the crystalline ones, and acting with them, or dominant over them, at particular times and places, elsewhere and at other times remaining entirely passive.

Thus the growth of an ordinary quartz crystal depends on the regular imposition or secretion of parallel coats, which sometimes are capable afterwards of frank separation, forming "capped" quartz. But the flute-beak of Dauphiné is

never capped. It is formed and wholly compacted under an oblique energy, which disciplines and guides together the hexagonal forces of the crystal. On St. Gothard the same force, instead of terminating the crystals obliquely, unites them laterally, and leads them into long walls, warped into curves, sometimes like crowns or towers. Generally, when there is amianthus within crystals, the oblique force carries the filaments across the crystal diagonally; and it is very notable, as regards the time of secretion of these interior deposits, that while the iron oxides always arrange themselves in concurrence with the coats of the crystal, amianthus and rutile never do, but shoot clear through the whole body of it, if themselves long enough, and, if short, root them-

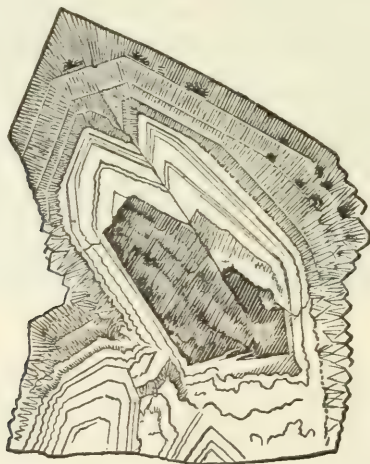


Fig. 4.

selves on an external plane, and shoot to the inside; while the iron oxides root themselves on internal planes and shoot to the outside.

Here (Fig. 4) is an example which will at once illustrate the power of the oblique force, and this relation of the oxides.

It is the section of a singly terminated, and apparently, seen from the outside, an altogether single, crystal, one of a

well-formed cluster, showing externally no signs of disturbance. They are all beautifully spotted with black iron oxide under a clear external coat, about one-seventh of an inch deep, which entirely covers them. These concretions of iron are represented in the woodcut accurately in section by the black spots; a minor series, not seen externally, is exposed by the section within the crystal, which is also shown by the section to be dual in the interior, separated into two parts by a perfectly straight line in the direction of its length, and nearly into two other parts by a jagged and broken one across it; all the interior beds being faulted by the oblique force, which acts,—in one direction softly, guiding, without breaking, one part of the white beds (opaque white in the stone) into an angle beyond the other,—and in another direction violently, causing jagged flaws across the beds. Within the white beds, and under the great flaw, the quartz becomes again dark-clear.

Now, all these arrangements of substance take place under laws which surely need more investigation than they have yet received,* being quite distinct from those which limit crystalline form, and bearing every semblance of a link between molecular and organic structure. For instance, pure crystalline force determines both gold and silver into cubes or octahedrons. So also it determines the diamond. But no force of aggregation supervenes to form branches or coils of diamonds; whereas an unexplained power, dominant over the crystalline one, extends the golden triangles into laminæ, and wreathes the cubes of silver into vermicular traceries. Agencies alike inexplicable twist the crystal of quartz like a piece of red-hot iron, and design the bands of agate into curves like those of a nautilus shell.

* I look with extreme interest to the result of the inquiries which Mr. W. Chandler Roberts has undertaken on the chemistry of silica. I have to thank him already for some most valuable information communicated to me in the course of last year, of which, however, I will venture no statement until he has made public his discoveries in such form as he may think proper.

The transition from such coated crystals as that shown in Fig. 4, to these involute agates, may I think be traced without a break. The base of this stone is formed of smaller and less perfect crystals, which, cut transversely, present themselves in honeycomb-like groups, Fig. 5. Each of these cells is a little mural agate, with no spherical force disturbing it. When quartz disposed to such formation gets mixed with jasper, or with any other uncrystallized rock, the cells become shapeless, and we get results such as those represented in Plate II. This stone there drawn shows the combination of angular cells with confusedly coiled ones, of which a close-set group is seen on the right, gathered together within broadly

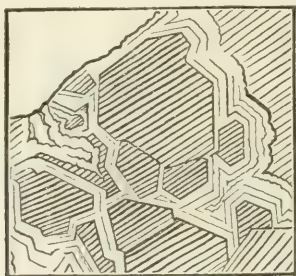
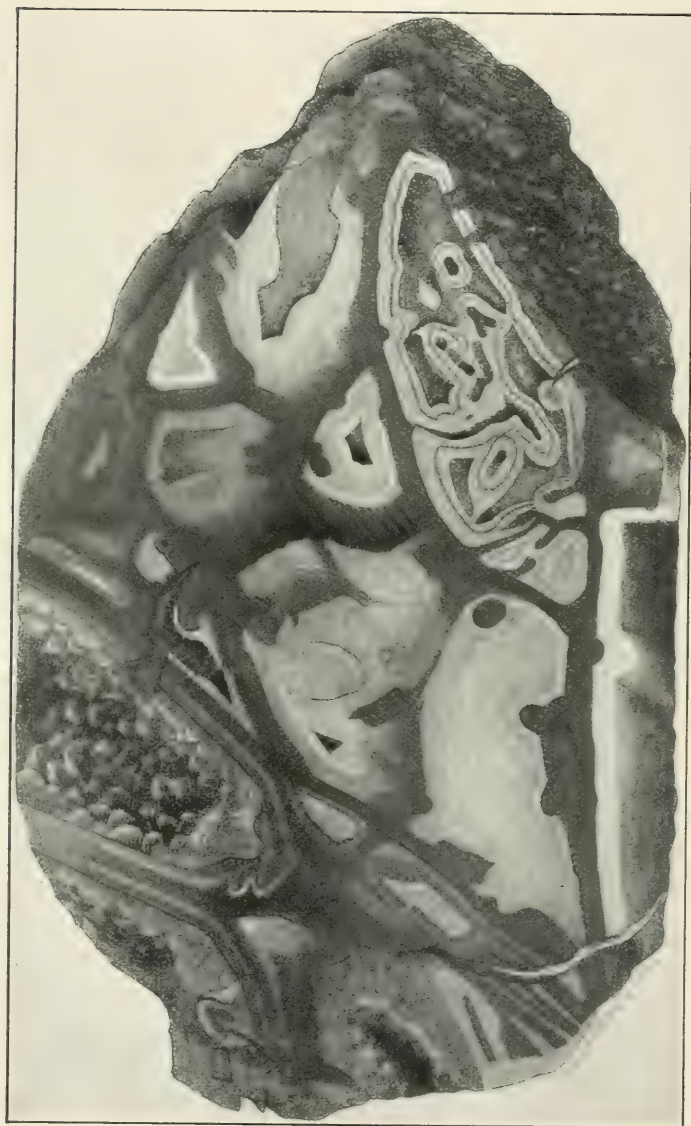


Fig. 5.

curved lines, which I think we shall be able to trace through succeeding examples, as they reduce themselves to the shell-like contours of true involute agate. On the other hand, in the center of the stone, the less disciplined series of jasper veins, surrounding crystalline spaces, show the first origin of the groups of agate, which ultimately resemble a pebble breccia. I will endeavor in following papers to trace the two series through their gradual development.



TRANSITION FROM MURAL TO INVOLUTE AGATE.

INTRODUCTION TO THE LIMESTONE ALPS OF SAVOY.*

THE following book is the fulfillment, by one of the best and dearest of those Oxford pupils to whom I have referred in the close of my lectures given in Oxford this year, of a task which I set myself many and many a year ago, and had been obliged, by the infirmities of age, with deep regret to abandon. The regret is ended now, for the work is here done in a completeness which, among my mixed objects of study, it could never have received at my hands.

The subject of the sculpture of mountains into the forms of perpetual beauty which they miraculously receive from God, was first taken up by me in the fourth volume of "Modern Painters;" and the elementary principles of it, there stated, form the most valuable and least faultful part of the book. They had never been before expressed, or even thought of, for the simple reason that no professed geologists could draw a mountain, nor therefore *see* the essential points of its form. So that at this very time being, the large model of the valley of Chamouni exhibited in the library of the British Museum, is a disgrace not only to the Museum first, and the Geological Society next, but actually it is a libel on the ordinary intelligence of human nature. For if people resolutely refuse to look at things in the right way, the law of their nature is, they come to look at it exactly in the wrong.

The only member of the Geological Society, since its energies were diverted to palæontology, who could draw a mountain in outline, was James Forbes, and even *he* could not draw in light and shade; but his outlines were precise and lovely. And it was the accuracy of observation directed by this practice that enabled him to recognize the lines of flux in glaciers, which no previous (nor subsequent, for that

matter) geologist had so much as a glimpse of;—to this day most of them remaining as incapable of tracing the linear indices of motion of glacier waves as the puce-de-glace that live in them.

After comparing notes with James Forbes at the village inn of the Simplon (see “Deucalion,” chap. x.), in 1849, I went up to the Bell Alp, then totally unknown, and drew the panorama of the Alps, from the Fletsch Horn to the Matterhorn, which is now preserved in the Sheffield Museum. Then, going up to Zermatt I took the first photograph* of the Matterhorn (and, I believe, the first photograph of any Alp whatever) that had then been made. On the work done in Zermatt at that time, the mountain section of “Modern Painters” was principally based; but in 1861 I went into Savoy, and spent two winters on the south slope of the Mont Salève, in order to study the secondary ranges of the Alps, and their relation to the Jura. I quickly saw that the elements of the question were all gathered in the formation of the mountains round the Lake of Annecy: and, at Talloires, in the spring of 1862, made a series of studies of them, which only showed me how much more study I wanted.

Being called to England, I left the light blue lake with resolution of swift return; and the time of Troy-siege passed by, before I stood again upon its brink among the vineyards.

In the meantime I had been able to do some collateral work that was of use. The autumn and half-winter, till Christmas, of 1862, were spent at Lucerne and Altorf, in examining the relations of the limestone of Uri with the Northern Nagelfluh and Molasse. The summer of 1866, though principally given to “Proserpina,” yet allowed me time, at Brienz and Interlachen, to trace the lines of Studer’s sections across the great lake-furrow of Central Switzerland. I learned enough geological German to translate for myself the parts of his volumes which relate to the Northern Alps, and wrote them out carefully, with brilliantly illuminated enlargements of his tiny woodcuts, proposing the immediate

* Properly daguerreotype—photography then being unknown.

presentation of the otherwise somewhat dull book to the British public in this decorated form. A letter, bringing me bad news, interrupted me one bleak wintry day; and the since untouched manuscript, with its last drawing only half colored, remains on the library-shelf behind me, like an inoffensive ghost.

It chanced, or rather mischanced, also, that having written "Unto this Last," in the valley of Chamouni in 1860, and "Munera Pulveris" at Mornex in 1861, I was eager at Lake Lucerne in 1862 to translate into pithy English the two first books of Livy,—a design which broke down like that for Mr. Studer, after I had lost a whole lovely day of clear frost at Altorf in cataloguing the forces of the preposition *ob*, as a prefix to verbs. In the course of these desultory efforts, however, I ascertained that the essential facts of Alpine construction remained to be detailed: that Studer had given only superficial examination to a far too widely extended surface; and while he had spent years of unremitting labor in partially determining the conditions of form in the Jura, the Apennines, and the entire length of the Alpine chain between Savoy and the Tyrol, had never given the exhaustive attention to any single valley, which was needed to ascertain the scope and results of the metamorphic, as distinguished from mechanical, changes of feature in its secondary strata.

I took up this subject with renewed eagerness in the first leisure given by retirement from my Oxford Professorship in 1879, and received from time to time the kindest assistance and coadjutorship from Mr. Clifton Ward, whose lamented death in 1881 deprived modern science of one of her most patient, powerful, and candid observers; and left me again discouraged, and at pause, in the presence of questions which had become by his help more definite, but in that very distinctness, less assailable.

Feeling also that my strength would no more permit me the climbing of Swiss hills, I resigned hope of doing more among the precipices of the Buet or the Jungfrau; and began, as better suited to my years, the unadventurous rambles by

the streams of Yewdale, whose first results were given in my Kendal lecture ("Deucalion," chap. xii.)

But here again I soon was in need of help. Though still able easily enough to get to the top of Wetherlam or Silver How, on occasion, I had no time for such survey of the country in all the lights of evening and morning as I felt to be necessary for the understanding of its essential forms: and I entreated Mr. Collingwood, who had been at work for me on the bed of the retreating Glacier des Bossons, to come to my assistance at Coniston, and make me a perfect model of the mountain group which was within the day's walk of Brantwood.

He gave a summer to this task; and completed his model to a scale of six inches to the mile,—the best, I am bold to say, yet made of any part of the Lake district. But, before we had settled the coloring of it, the usual malignity of my fairy godmother (or gnome godfather) interfered; and Mr. Collingwood had to leave his whole summer's work—like my former ones, *re infecta*; and to come with me to Italy, more in the capacity of physician than geologist. His watchful care of me had such good results that before recrossing the Alps, I had formed the hope of returning to my duties in Oxford; and in a newly active frame of mind, asked my friend, while yet the snows were high, to review with me some of the old problems in the much loved recesses of the Dorons and Tournette.

To my (somewhat unreasonable) surprise I found his instinct for the lines expressing the action of the beds far more detective than my own; and felicitous beyond my hopes, in that he was fettered by no scientific theory, and saw the most wonderful group of mountains in Europe with entire freshness of mind and eye.

But he had another advantage over me, in his glance over strata, which I was not prepared for, and which not a little provoked, while it mightily assisted me. All through France and Italy, where we had been drawing Gothic sculpture, Mr. Collingwood, trained in recent science of anatomical draughts-

manship, had been putting me continually in a passion by looking for insertions of this and the other tendon and gut, instead of the general effect of his figure; but when we got to the hills, I saw that this habit of looking for the insertion of tendon and gut was of extreme value in its way, and often enabled him to see the real direction of original movement in the mountain mass, where *I* saw only the effects of time and weather on the superinduced cleavages, often opposed altogether to, and always entirely independent of, the lines indicating primary motion. On the other hand, as I read over the sheets now ready for the press, I find he has not at all dwelt on one of the questions respecting this motion itself, which I thought to have indicated to him as one of the most needful subjects of inquiry, namely, the relation to it of joints, as distinguished from cleavage.

True cleavage never pays the smallest attention to the fluctuation, involution, or any other caprice of the several strata; but assuredly in any substance not fluid, nor elastic, nor capable of easy molecular adjustment, fluctuation cannot take place without fissures; and I greatly marvel to see my enthusiastic friend shaking his mountains up and down as a terrier shakes a rat, or a rug,* without ever telling us in what state of cohesion their substance must have been at the time of the operation, or seeming to remember that though one can wave a flag, or wreath hot iron, one can't wrinkle a deal board, or pucker a *baked* pie-crust. It did not, of course, enter into the design of this volume to touch on the structural phenomena of metamorphism or any others connected with the baking of the earth's crust; † and it is wise in the author, on the whole, to have restricted himself absolutely to the description of existing forms, and the abolition of recklessly adopted explanations of them by glacial or pluvial agency.

* "Or switching them about like a whiplash into loops and curls," p. 63.

† Geologists seem satisfied, nowadays, that the whole globe is a sort of flying haggis, or lava pudding, out of which, I see by Mr. Ball's lecture on the Corridors of Time, the Moon got pinched at the baker's.

But I regret that in his enumeration of component rocks, he should have taken notice only of the changes in one of them, the Lias, where it approaches the Central Alps; and tell us nothing about the differences of aspect or structure traceable in others of the formations under the same condition. In reviewing my own experience in this matter, it becomes more and more wonderful to me how little the rocks seem to modify each other at their actual junctions. Gneiss runs into Protogine at Chamouni in tongues and veins, without the slightest loss of its own character or pardonable proclivities to the Protoginesque; and oölite lies flat upon granite at Avallon, with no apparent discomfort or objection, and without allowing the slightest change in its own shaly and crumbly substance, till within a few feet of the actual junction; while the metamorphism which in other localities affects these, or even more recent formations, appears, as for instance in the crystalline marbles of Tuscany, the result of the equable diffusion of heat and distribution of pressure for myriads of years through the entire mass of the substance under modification.

I might have easily prevented the appearance of neglecting these and some other connected difficulties, had I thought it right to interfere in any way with the natural impulse of the author's thoughts. But I was, on the contrary, so anxious not to disturb—and above all not to check—the direct energy which was doing such good work in its chosen field, that I not only refrained, in looking over the manuscript, from making any suggestions, except in matters of mere arrangement; but took great pains when we were at Geneva to prevent Mr. Collingwood from getting hold of Professor Favre's elaborate analysis of the same district. This I did for two reasons; the first, that I greatly feared Mr. Collingwood might give up the whole design, if he saw to what precision and extent Professor Favre's study of Savoy had been carried out; in the second place, I was extremely desirous to see how far the conclusions of Professor Favre would be confirmed by an independent observer.

Accordingly, I assured my friend, when I had got him with his full sketchbook into a quiet corner of the Hotel des Bergues, that if only he would go on preparing his drawings for the wood blocks, I would myself ransack the libraries of Geneva for whatever geological works could be of the smallest assistance to him. And so I did: but I only gave him those whose assistance to him *was* "of the smallest!"—and locked Professor Favre carefully up in my own portmanteau. The result was absolutely satisfactory, and the corrections of his own views in point of detail which Mr. Collingwood afterwards found necessary on comparing Professor Favre's sections with his own, were easily made and collected in the postscript to the third chapter.

The drawings which I was so eager to see in progress quite deserved my solicitude, being indeed much better than any by which the volume is now illustrated. Made on the spot, or from immediate memory, they were vivid and expressive in the extreme; but, of course, in many points inaccurate or incomplete. The correction and finishing, with continual hesitation as to what could or could not be expressed in wood-engraving, has taken half the life out of the first drawings; and I shall take good care in any future geological expeditions with the author, to lock up his own drawings in my portmanteau, as well as other people's, and not let him meddle with them afterwards, till I can get them engraved. On the other hand, the extreme fidelity and skill with which Mr. W. Hooper has facsimiled the final states of the sketches, deserve the author's best thanks, and the public's also; for truly, whatever their shortcomings, the figures in this book are quite the most illustrative of mountain form in its wide symmetries that have yet been contributed to the syntax of constructive geology.

I have but a word more—partly in modification,—partly in support,—of the author's remarks on the influence of Rudistenkalk in the production of hermits. In modification, that the Eremitic character sometimes takes the less recognized form of Rousseau's retirement on St. Peter's Island, or

Byron's by the Bosquet de Julie, while St. Bernard of the crusades, himself the product of a French monticule instead of a Swiss mountain, "discoursing of the lake—asked where it was." Something also in this kind may be insinuated for the marshes of Croyland and Cîteaux; nevertheless I am thankful to be able to associate with this pretty opening chapter of my friend's book, my reminiscence of a real live hermit, whom I found in a cave two thousand feet or so above the valley of the Rhone,—alas! now fifty years ago;—and the expression of my reverent sense of the wisdom of his mossy and cressy retirement, (his little garden had flowers in it also), as compared with the tormented existence of the modern traveling Eremite, in caves which he has paid millions of money to dig, that he may not see the Alps when he gets to them.

To such better sympathy as may yet be found of Benedictine, Carthusian, or Augustine gentleness, in the hearts of pilgrim folk, I commend this book, for their mountain guide among some of the fairest scenes that ever were formed by Earth, or blessed by Heaven.

BRANTWOOD, 10th January, 1884.

CATALOGUE OF A SERIES OF SPECIMENS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

*ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MORE COMMON
FORMS OF NATIVE SILICA.*

PREFACE.

THIS series of specimens has been selected to illustrate the more frequent varieties of Native Silica. One of these, quartz, is the most common of minerals; it is almost the only component of most gravels, sands, and sandstones, while it enters largely into the composition of many of the meta-

morphic schists and crystalline rocks: others, as flint and jasper, though not so plentiful, are still important constituents of the earth's crust; while chalcedony, the principal substance of agates, from early periods has been an important material in the arts. These varieties are in most works on mineralogy treated as accidental conditions of one and the same substance. But they are in this carefully chosen series exhibited in their essential distinctions, and their gradated phases of connecting state; and they may be studied in these generally occurring forms with the greater facility, because all those siliceous minerals have been excluded which appear to have been produced by narrowly local circumstances. Thus chalcedony involved in bitumen found in Auvergne, and nearly all the forms of opal, including hyalite and cacholong, must be looked for in their proper places in the great gallery; few minerals being shown in this selected series but those which, though here seen in their finest conditions, are in their less striking forms of frequent occurrence, and of extreme importance in the structure and economy of the world.

The authorities of the Museum are not responsible for any speculative statement or suggestion made in the following catalogue, but the description of each specimen has been submitted for modification or correction, and may, therefore, be received with perfect confidence; while, on my own part, the attention which I have given to this department of mineralogy for upwards of fifty years may, I think, justify me in claiming the reader's attention to statements which may at first seem to him, on the mere evidence presented in this single series, daring, or even indefensible. He may, at least, rest assured that they are in no case prompted by the desire of gaining credit for originality; my conviction being that there is nothing in my views on the subject of siliceous construction which may not be found already formalized by mineralogists of the last century.

A considerable number of the specimens here described have been presented to the Museum out of my own chosen

examples at Brantwood (or, in some instances, directly purchased by me for this series), in order to fill gaps in its order which could not be supplied from the National collection without loss to the beauty and completeness of the series in the great gallery. The pieces numbered **7, 20, 21, 24, 28, 38, 52, 80, 90, 91, 95, 97, 98, 101, 103, 104, 116, 117, 118, 126**, may be particularized, but it may perhaps be permitted me to suggest that the names of donors should be merely registered in the historical account of the British Museum and its collections, and should cease to incumber either the cases, or the scientific guides to them.

August 1st, 1884.

CATALOGUE.

- 1 Common nodular flint, showing the distinctly concentric structure of many so-called flint "pebbles." The term "pebble" should always be restricted to those produced by friction on beaches or in streams; whereas, in this example (as also in all cases of amygdaloidal agate concretion), the form of the stone is owing either to its own manner of coagulating or crystallizing, or to the shape of the cavity it was formed in. This example is curious only in the demonstration of its structure by a loose smaller nodule in the middle.

Part of the surface is artificially polished; the rest reticulated, like that of nearly all flint pebbles, rolled or not, (compare my F. 1 at Sheffield), the reticulation being structural and not due to impact.

- 2 Common branchiate flint.

In its secretion from chalk, flint often assumes very strange branching or even bone-like forms, quite distinct from those of all other minerals. This is a small but interesting type. (Isle of Wight.)

Allan-Greg Collection, 1860.

- 3 Black flint; banded; extremely fine specimen. This banding is the first and rudest condition of agatescent structure. See the paper on the subject in the *Geological Magazine*, Vol. I., 1864, p. 145, by Mr. S. P. Woodward, who was the first to explain the structure. (Banks of the River Samara, Russia.)

Presented by Count Apollos de Moussin Poushkin.

- 4 Common flint, coarsely amygdaloidal, determining itself (primarily?) into zones parallel to its surface, and (secondarily?) into porous white or gray cloudings, tending to apparent brecciation. Very characteristic. (Basel.)

- 5 Common flint, coated with a thin film of blue chalcedony; determining itself (by alteration?) into white zones, transverse to the coating; but changing its color only, not its structure, the alteration seeming in places to be arrested by the minute fissures. Beautiful.

This example is put side by side with Nos. 11 and 19, to show the general types of nascent flint-chalcedony. (Croydon.)

Purchased, 1861.

- 6 Sausage-shaped nodule of flint, replacing the stem of a sponge. Coated with chalcedonic film. (English.)

- 7 Almond of pure chalcedony inclosed in flint. Unique, in my experience. For comparison with Nos. 1, 5, and 6. (English.)

- 8 Flint altered by contact with basalt: red and in flaky disintegration, passing into an amorphous white mass, like the exterior of a common flint. There may, perhaps, be some clew in this rude example to the processes at work on fine material in No. 15. (Antrim.)

Allan-Greg Collection, 1860.

The first seven specimens are all white or black, or

grayish blue. This one introduces the question of the red color of jasper, and of the level bedding of lake-agate.

- 9 White jasper, passing into beautifully banded brick-colored jasper; exquisitely spotted, as the latter also, with dendritic oxide of manganese, of microscopic delicacy: the mass, here and there, retreating to form cells filled with bluish chalcedony, transitional to quartz, while at the outside it is in some parts brecciate to extreme minuteness: on one side is a little of the melaphyre, in a cavity of which it was formed.

Very lovely, but not to be seen in its full beauty without a lens.* (Oberstein.)

- 10 Rounded pebble of white jasper, in flammeate and writhed bands, exactly intermediate between the bands of flint and those of folded agate. Stained in center by oxide of iron like Nos. 8 and 9. Superb.

- 11 Small stalactitic chalcedony in flint. Very pretty. (Sussex.)

Mantell Collection.

- 12 Almond-shaped flint pebble, probably dropped out of such a rock as No. 31, and showing the outer yellow band which resulted either from its contact with the matrix or the action of water, or weather, when the pebble was loose. (Subsequently?) banded with bands extending to the surface.

- 13 Small nodule of finely-zoned agate, showing very remarkable fractures. (Scotland.)

- 14 Agate. Salmon color; amygdaloidal, small, compact, and of extreme fineness, showing orbicular concretion at

* These tantalizing statements are of course only made to direct the student in the examination of similar specimens elsewhere.

the exterior and a nucleus of exquisitely leveled beds of two orders. (Scotland.)

Many of these small nodules out of the Scottish trap are inestimable in exhibition of fine siliceous structure.

Presented by Benjamin Bright, Esq., 1873.

- 15 Egyptian jasper, faulted, for comparison with other examples of definite fault. Whether actually shifted, or independently banded on opposite sides of the vein, is for the present, to me, questionable. (Near Cairo.)
- 16 Red, or dark subdued crimson, jasper, arranging itself in eddied bands, which look faulted in their sudden undulation, traversed by others less distinct and transverse, which will be seen under the lens to be distinctly brecciate at one part of the stone, giving one of the most subtle examples of incipient brecciation. (Urals.)
- 17 Portion of a vein of irregularly banded pink jasper, with traversing ferruginous stains. Fine; but at the back, showing straight divisions across the beds. (Urals.)
- 18 Flint formed round sponge and passing into recumbent chalcedony, a kind of pebble extremely common on the beaches of the south coast of England (out of the greensand formation?) (Sussex.)
- 19 Common chalk flint, with spongiform chalcedony replacing sponge partially filling the interior hollow. A fragment of an Echinus with a small attached serpula at one extremity is on the outside. (Near Croydon.)
Purchased, 1861.
- 20 Pudding-stone, so-called, but I believe concretionary. and The upper surface of 21 shows at one extremity, new
21 "pebbles" forming the old ones. (Hertfordshire.)

- 22 Fragmentary flint, in siliceous paste.
- 23 Common fragmentary natural mosaic, seemingly formed by contraction of yellow jasper, leaving fissures like those in drying clay, afterwards filled by siliceous paste. Compare note on No. 30.
- 24 Flint passing into jasper, seemingly brecciate. This material forms huge masses of the coast-rocks at Sidmouth, and the low stone walls of the fields are mostly built of it. Conf. 37.
- 25 Block of pure yellow mossy jasper, passing into reddish-brown chalcedony, in some parts tinged with purple. The form associated with sponge flints, the veins of chalcedony isolating portions of paler jasper. (Ekaterinburg, Russia.)
Presented by Count Apollos de Moussin Poushkin.
- 26 Common flint, apparently crushed and recemented; but the structure has never been properly studied, and is in some of its conditions at present inexplicable. Cut and polished under my own direction.
- 27 Pink opal, exhibiting resemblances of brecciation. (Quincy, near Bourges.)
- 28 Chalcedonic flint, confused in aspect between a breccia and a conglomerate: and stained (by iron oxide?) of the most brilliant scarlet I ever saw in the material.
- 29 Yellow opaque ferruginous silica, inclosing fragments of crystallized quartz, and traversed at one side by irregular veins of gray chalcedony. (Zweibrücken.)
Beroldingen Collection, 1816.
- 30 Chalcedony in horizontal layers of slightly varying substance, passing by irregular alteration into opaque con-

ditions, first yellow, then white, which must be carefully distinguished from true white jasper. Seen on the polished surface, they seem to be partly related to the fissures caused by contraction during (desiccation?). (Faroe Islands.)

- 31** Boulder rock of the southern drift, (slice of,) presenting the most interesting phenomena of siliceous pebblebeds. (Hertfordshire.)

- 32** Jasper, an enormous nodule in three bands, gray, purple, and paler purple, round a sandy nucleus: the gray band becoming brown at its exterior; and the entire mass determining itself into incipiently porphyritic conditions. At one point the gray band gathers into small spiral or shell-like forms.

Wonderfully interesting. Presented by Sir Richard Owen, who brought it from Cairo.

- 33** Purple chalcedony, coating quartz; only noticeable for its fine color. (Near St. Austell?).

Purchased, 1856.

- 34** Purple chalcedony in lifted crusts, associated with chlorite and cassiterite.

Very singular, though scarcely seeming so at first glance. (Wheal Maudlin, Lanlivery, Cornwall.)

Purchased, 1851.

- 35** Common flint-chalcedony, the external iron-stain more delicately applied, and the pores of the chalcedonic crust very peculiar. (Flonheim, Hesse.)

Beroldingen Collection, 1816.

The three examples **33** to **35** show the most beautiful purple colors reached by common flint-chalcedony. They are always a little more rusty or red than the more delicate bloom of the purer varieties of opaque-surfaced chalcedony.

- 36 Gray flint-chalcedony of the south coast, with spongy or mossy ocherous secretions.
- 37 Part of No. 24.
- 38 Common red flint-chalcedony, richly developed in the hollow of a flint.
- 39 Chalcedony in crusts, with emergent or inflowing stalactites. (Aden?)
- 40 Another variety of the same state. (Aden?)
Both 39 and 40 presented by the Hon. Robert Marsham, 1877.
- 41 Examples of chalcedonic "nuts" formed in trap rocks. and The former in diabase from Montrose, the latter in
42 basalt from Co. Derry: both presented by Benjamin Bright, Esq., 1873.
- 43 Lake-chalcedony traversed by chloritic filaments.
- 44 Another example,—both singularly fine.
- 45 Slice of a large block of lake-chalcedony, with dispersed chlorite.
- 46 Chalcedony with inclined stalactites, like 39 and 40. (Iceland.)
- 47 Brown compactly-knitted chalcedony; very rare.
- 48 Black recumbent chalcedony. (Redruth.)
Purchased, 1859.
- 49 Chalcedony associated with chrysoprase. (Baumgarten.)
Aylesford Collection.

- 50 White flint-chalcedony in crusts; wonderful. The separation by crevasses, apparently opening gradually, of chalcedonic films and crusts in this grand specimen, is a structure peculiar to flint-chalcedony. It never occurs in true agates.
- 51 Portion of a nodule of lake-chalcedony in which opaque white masses are separated by clear currents which, one by one, join an increasing current descending at the side. Unique, so far as I know, in this resemblance to a river and its tributaries. (Faroe Islands.)
Allan-Greg Collection, 1860.
- 52 A larger slice from the center of the same nodule, formerly one of the most valued pieces in my own collection.
- 53 Common lake-chalcedony of Iceland, in level beds, traversed by stalactitic tubular layers. The museum is curiously poor in specimens of this character: but the surface of the single tube, seen in the polished section, is of extreme beauty.
Beroldingen Collection, 1816.
- 54 Chalcedony in beds evidently shattered and faulted, afterwards recemented, with a kind of ripple mark instead of their natural reniform structure, on their external surfaces. The most wonderful and inexplicable piece I ever saw.
Allan-Greg Collection, 1860.
- 55 Chalcedonic geode, traversed by straight beds or laminae of fine chalcedony, with separating cavities which have the aspects of molds of tabular crystals now fallen out or dissolved. "The only one I have seen with these impressions" (W. G. L.).
Looked at from the interior cavity of the geode, the

separate mass round the great laminar impression has the common look of a crust on a tabular crystal. (Dept. of Salto, Uruguay.)

Presented by W. G. Lettsom, Esq., 1863.

- 56 Chalcedony. Pseudomorph, after calcite? Note in the interior of its cavity the inclosed laminae with oblique terminations. Superb. (Uruguay.)

Presented by W. G. Lettsom, Esq., 1877.

- 57 Common gray flint, or semi-flint, passing into opaque blue semi-chalcedony, forming a cell, lined with pure common chalcedony half an inch thick, across which cell are formed one single and two conjunct cylinders of solid chalcedony, the conjunct one terminated spherically as usual, but the single one simply traversing the cell. (English.)

Not easily to be matched in its strangeness and simplicity.

- 58 Confluent recumbent chalcedony. (Iceland.)

Purchased, 1837.

- 59 Geode of chalcedony, very large, with vertical stalactites of the same material as its walls. Superb. (Iceland.)

- 60 Flamboyant * black chalcedony on crystallized quartz, magnificent. (Pednandrea mines, near Redruth.)

Purchased, 1868.

- 61 Chalcedony in a level field, with rods irregularly recumbent on it, each apparently composed of two segments soldered together, and forming sometimes an extremely sharp ridge at the junction. Very curious. With groups of yellow dolomite crystals.

* I take leave to use this word as best descriptive of these forms, peculiar to chalcedony, though sometimes partially imitated in Aragonite and a few other minerals when obscurely crystalline.

- 62 Blue chalcedony in vertical walls and rods, each of the latter having a minute central rod of iron-oxide; in a cavity of iron-oxide. Beautiful. (Ruskowa, Hungary.)
- 63 Chalcedony in vertical stalactites dependent from a thin crust of the same material; each inclosing mossy filaments of chlorite, and coated with small crystals of quartz. Very beautiful.
- 64 Mural chalcedony, that is to say, chalcedony in which the rods or other reniform processes collect laterally into walls or tablets of a fairly uniform thickness. On the grandest scale.
Purchased, 1851.
- 65 Fine white chalcedony, in crusts of extreme delicacy, developing themselves into groups of straight rods, which in places distinctly affect a trigonal arrangement; of extreme beauty and rarity, yet in its incrustated structure having something in common with the ordinary spongiform states like those of No. 19. (Guanaxuato, Mexico.)
Heuland Collection.
- 66 Chalcedony, common gray, in prostrate rods formed of globules adherent round a fine thread of some central substance. (Faroe Islands.)
- 67 Chalcedony in spiral whorls, incrustated with crystals of quartz, partially filling a cavity in a slate veinstone containing dispersed copper pyrites and dolomite. Superb. (Cornwall.)
Purchased, 1851.
- 68 Recumbent rod-chalcedony, fine, but much injured by fracture. (Trevascus mine, Cornwall.)
Greville Collection, 1810.

- 69** Portion of a geode of amethystine quartz coated by brown chalcedony. (Oberstein.)
Greville Collection, 1810.
- 70** Dove-colored flamboyant chalcedony, on quartz. Loveliest form of this mineral. (Trevascus mine, Cornwall.)
- 71** White flamboyant chalcedony, of unique beauty on quartz. (Trevascus mine, Cornwall.)
Greville Collection, 1810.
- 72** Another portion of the geode, No. **69**, partly filled by flammeate chalcedony. Unequalled, I believe, in Europe.
- 73** Heliotrope, pisolitic; though not easily seen to be so: with quartz, semi-crystalline, forming an agatescent series of irregular bands in the center of an amorphous mass. (Banda, India.)
Purchased, 1867.
- 74** Jasper, dull red and green, obscurely banded, with pale brown orbicular concretions, ugly, but very instructive in their method of formation. (Isle of Rum.)
- 75** Heliotrope, in ribbon beds, with two elongated white spaces formed by minute quartz. The mass of it shown on the rough edge to be minutely pisolitic. Extremely fine. (Banda, India.)
Purchased, 1865.
- 76** Heliotrope, the red forming a compact and united mass, in the middle of which are finely agatescent bands of blue chalcedony round a small cavity. (Banda, India.)
Heuland Collection.
- 77** Heliotrope, indistinctly pisolitic in the manner of No. **73**, but having the quite opaque portions subdivided by a

spongy structure of microscopic fineness. This structure, however, exists, though less apparently, both in **73** and **75**. (Banda, India.)

Purchased, 1882.

78 Heliotrope, pisolitic, extremely clear and fine, and of unusual size. The slab is 5 inches long by $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide. (Banda, India.)

79 Heliotrope, distinctly pisolitic in the green mass, leaving the white spots in the form of a paste, filling the cavities between the spheres. (Banda, India.)

Purchased, 1882.

80 Heliotrope, massive, partly degenerating into chert or flint; divided by broad veins of chalcedony and milky quartz, in which it is to be observed that the layers are arranged differently on opposite sides of the vein.

Splendid, and peculiarly illustrative of veined structure. (Banda, India.)

81 Agate in grand mass, of the fine beds usually found at Kunnersdorf in Saxony brecciate or inlaid,* here in the order of their lines; locally faulted, but not consistently—*i.e.*, the faults not going through all the beds. Of consummate interest. (Kunnersdorf.)

82 Brown, yellow, and purple agate, the purple space developing across the concentric beds. Wonderful.

83 Oval slab of amethystine agate, exactly in the transitional state between common amethystine quartz-rock and inlaid agate. A perfect and marvelous type of incipient inlaying.

Purchased, 1882.

* I shall in general use the term "inlaid" of stones consisting of apparent fragments imbedded in a crystalline matrix, respecting which I am in doubt if the fragments be really broken or not. The term "inlaid" is descriptive, and involves no theory.

- 84 Exquisitely delicate amethystine inlaid agate, containing hollows with peculiar surfaces. (Kunnersdorf.)
- 85 Inlaid agate, amethystine, finest kind. The spot of quartz developed in the midst of the white banded bed is very rare. (Kunnersdorf.)
- 86 Jasperine agate, the form of the first layers being that of the crystals of quartz, partly amethystine, upon which they are based. Magnificent. (Kunnersdorf.)
Purchased, 1883.
- 87 Agate, a portion of an amygdaloidal nodule with jasperine bands of exquisite beauty, illustrating nearly every phenomenon of folding, and crystalline interference. The minute cones of quartz locally traceable with a lens along the white, and the finely-veined innermost bed, exactly like tents of a camp in the desert, are extremely rare; but the most peculiar feature in the stone is the jagged red crystalline formation filled up with spotted white, or its lower side* (left hand of spectator), totally absent on the other side. (Oberstein.)
Presented by Benjamin Bright, Esq., 1873.
- 88 Inlaid agate on the grandest scale: superb. (Kunnersdorf.)
Purchased, 1883.
- 89 Inlaid agate, a thin slab, polished on both sides. The most interesting piece of faulted bedding I ever saw. (Kunnersdorf.)
Bequeathed by the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, 1799.
- 90 Jasperine agate developing transverse bands. Wonderful.

* In all cases when agates are convex on one side and flat on the other, it may be assumed with probability that the flat side was the bottom.

- 91 Inlaid agate, consisting of opaque shell-like bands, imbedded in pure chalcedony; part of a rolled pebble from the east coast. Unique in my experience.
- 92 Jasper, in concentric bands, apparently determined by hæmatite. Unique in my experience.
- 93 Reddish-brown "semiopal," in singularly-faulted beds.
- 94 Jasper, deep red, in beds, more or less faulted and distorted, the interstices filled by milk-white quartz and chalcedony, and the whole seeming to form a vein in a chloritic rock. (India.)
Purchased, 1874.
- 95 Jasper, in beds arranged at more or less sharp angles.
- 96 Red mural agate.
- 97 Inlaid agate, with the zones in some places continuous round the apparent fragments. The most interesting piece I ever saw.
- 98 Mural agate, in crossing plates and walls. Unique.
- 99 Inlaid agate, divided by straight fissures, the beds concurrent on opposite sides. Superb. (Kunnersdorf.)
- 100 Inlaid agate, with portions of involved calcite. Wonderful.
- 101 Agate in perfect development by two steps only out of compact silica. Unique in my experience. It will be seen that there are two states of chalcedonic secretion, one traversed by irregular traces of fissure—the other zoned.

- 102 Agate feebly zoned, but of beautiful substance, developed in a mass with precise edges, almost rectilinear in the section, out of a mixture of dolomite and chalcedony. Unique also in my experience, though in nearer relation to known structures than No. 101.
- 103 Conchoidal agate; so called by me on first describing it, from its resemblance to fragments of shells, by which certainly some varieties have been produced. (Oberstein.)
- 104 Two pieces of an agate developing itself by writhed contraction out of white semiopal.
- 105
- 106 Gray agate, stalactitic, in part, and partly crystalline. Very wonderful. (Wheal Friendship, Tavistock.)
Sloane Collection, 1753.
- 107 Common lake-agate (artificially stained), with hollow in center. (Uruguay.)
By exchange, 1863.
- 108 Common lake-agate, with its center filled. (Uruguay.)
Purchased, 1874.
- 109 Oval-domed agate, with lifted lake-bed. Superb. (Uruguay.)
- 110 Folded agate, involving a small tabular agate in its outer layer.
- 111 Half of a nodule of extremely interesting lake-agate; its level beds twice interrupted by elevations towards the left hand, as it now lies. (Uruguay.)
- 112 Lake-agate, not nodular, but of irregular external form. (Uruguay.)

- 113** Agate, amygdaloidal with (pendent?) stalactites of chalcedony, filling the upper part of its cavity, the rest being occupied by quartz, while the base is composed of a ragged jasperine concretion, presumably related to the condition especially indicated in No. **87**. (Scotland.)

Presented by Benjamin Bright, Esq., 1873.

- 114** Chalcedony, common, massive, in extremely flat reniform concretion, and drawn into quite marvelous complexity of irregularly bent and involved zones, formed apparently by a new development of structure, more or less following the original larger zones. (Uruguay.)

Purchased, 1872.

- 115** Larger portion of a divided nodule of folded agate; the best example of the structure I ever saw.

Purchased, 1872.

- 116** Parts of a large nodule of rock-crystal, the summits of
and the individual crystals being directed inwards; the
117 central cavity afterwards filled with a bluish-white
agate, of which the bands follow the contours of the
crystals.

- 118** Small white sparkling quartz crystals grouped so as to form recumbent and intermingled rods, an extremely beautiful example of a very unusual structure.

- 119** Hemisphere of quartz formed by radiating crystals, of which the projecting summits are remarkable for a peculiar play of color. (India.)

- 120** A clear tapering rock-crystal, with the usual striations on its faces.

By exchange, 1868.

- 121** A strange sheaf-like group of amethystine-tinged crystals, with three-sided summits, resting on a base of chalcedony: the lesser individuals of the upper part of the sheaf are all nearly parallel to the central large one. (Elba?)
By purchase, 1870.
- 122** A group of several large white crystals, each of them compound, and analogous in structure to **121**, but having a more simple summit with six sides: with adherent chalybite (carbonate of iron). (Virtuous Lady mine, near Tavistock.)
Purchased, 1870.
- 123** Rock-crystal inclosing long slender crystals of rutile, some of them showing the characteristic red color, and also some mica.
Sloane Collection, 1753.
- 124** A curious specimen of rock-crystal, with remarkable striations: at first sight the shape of the specimen appears to be due to fracture, but closer examination reveals the crystalline faces on the edges. (La Gardette, Dauphiny.)
Purchased, 1837.
- 125** A clear transparent rock-crystal with peculiar impressions. (Savoy.)
- 126** A group of crystals illustrating a previous stage in their growth by the inclosed foreign matter which has been deposited on the faces of the earlier individuals.
- 127** A remarkable growth of crystals disposed parallel to each other in such a way as to indicate an approach to a single compound crystal: the jagged saw-like individuals, lengthened parallel to an edge formed by

the meeting of a pyramid-face with a prism-face, are very noteworthy.

Sloane Collection, 1753.

- 128** Very similar to **127** in structure, but the resulting individual more complete: inclosed layers of foreign matter, arranged parallel to the faces of the crystal, again illustrate a previous stage of growth.
- 129** Rock-crystal inclosing thick and thin crystals of rutile.
Sloane Collection, 1753.
- 130** Beautifully clear rock-crystal, inclosing molds due to four-sided prisms, and tabular crystals or fragments, of some mineral since removed. (Brazil.)
Heuland Collection.
- 131** Rock-crystal inclosing chlorite, with pink and brown altered conditions of the same mineral. (Minas Geraes, Brazil.)
Purchased, 1838.
- 132** A large fragment of rock-crystal with vermicular chlorite dispersed throughout its mass, and some small plates of hæmatite: beautifully iridescent: (Brazil.)
- 133** Probably a portion of **132** (see farther observations on this, and the following specimen, in the postscript.
- 134** A large polished slab of green aventurine-quartz. (India.)
Presented by Colonel C. S. Guthrie, 1865.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE manner in which No. **132** is placed and leveled permits the spectator, standing between it and the window, to see by vivid reflection its splendid iridescence. In quartz this

iridescence is always owing to irregular fissures with close surfaces,—*flaws*, that is to say, in parts of the stone, and not conditions of its proper structure. In the varieties of Felspar known as Labradorite and Moonstone, various colors are structurally reflected from different parts of the stone, or a pale blue light from the whole of it, but there is no opalescent interchange of hues anywhere. On the contrary, in opal, the cause of the colors pervades the whole structure of the stone, and opal is not perfect opal unless it is iridescent *throughout*: there is a difference, too, in the spectrum of the colors reflected from those given by fissured crystal, which is as yet a matter of unexplained mystery, and will always be one of extreme interest.

Specimen No. 119, in which the exterior surfaces of the radiating quartz crystals are opalescent, is (hitherto) unique. They are truly *opalescent*, not merely splendid in the manner of No. 132, and they enable the observer at once to recognize the essential difference between the color-tones of opal and of fissured quartz. The colors of opal are always of a subdued tone, and of perfect purity,—no mixture of hue ever takes place which dulls or corrupts; but in fissured quartz the colors are unsubdued, being only those obtainable in the common spectrum of the prism; and the colors are often blended so as to detract from each other's purity, and give coppery or bronzed combinations of red and green, which would never be allowed by a good painter; while the blue chiefly reflected by quartz is only that which is produced by the pigments formed of prussiate of iron, the blues reflected by opal are, on the contrary, always those produced by smalt and ultramarine.

I need not insist on the singularity of this distinction in hues of reflected light which are absolutely unaffected by colored chemical elements in the substances exhibiting them, and are produced only by different structures in clear, or translucent, silica.

It is true that a certain quantity of water is always engaged in, or combined with, opal, while there is none in com-

pact (it is possible there may be sometimes in fissured) quartz. But, singularly, in hydrophane opal, of which the colors are greatly increased in power by the absorption of water on immersion, what the colors gain in power they lose in purity, and the hues of dipped hydrophane are vulgarized down to almost the level of those of quartz.

I would also direct the observer's attention, in the beautiful specimen **132**, to the form of the contained chlorite, described as "vermicular." Chlorite, which ought to be more simply termed "Greenite" or "Greeny," is a combination of silica, alumina, magnesia, protoxide of iron, and water, in approximately the proportions of **25, 20, 20, 25, 10**, in the hundred parts, or in this altered order easily memorable.

Silica,	Alumina,	Water,	Magnesia,	Iron.
25	20	10	20	25

And worth memory, for chlorite is the coloring matter of almost innumerable varieties of green stone. It is extremely desirable that mineralogists should distinguish in all catalogues the silicas colored by, or involved with, this mineral, from the numerous conditions of heliotrope and agate in which the green may be owing to other constituents.

I may permit myself, in conclusion, to observe that the stones in this case having been all placed so as both to exhibit their peculiarities with distinctness, and to admit of convenient comparison with each other, where comparison was desirable, I have hope that their present order may be a permanent one; and perhaps lead to similar arrangements of other groups in which perfect exhibition of character is more desirable than multiplication of examples or consistency of theoretical system. In a museum intended primarily for the instruction of the general public, it is not of the least consequence whether silicates come after carbonates or oxides after sulphides: but it is of vital and supreme importance that specimens whose beauty is in their color should be put in good light, and specimens whose structure is minute, where they can be seen with distinctness.

ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH PROSODY.

FOR USE IN ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOLS.

*EXPLANATORY OF THE VARIOUS TERMS
USED IN "ROCK HONEYCOMB."*



PREFACE.

I HAVE never hitherto printed any book falling so far short of what I hoped to make it as this sketch of the system of English Prosody; but I had no conception, when I threw the first notes of it together, what a number of difficult and interesting questions would arise out of the variable conditions of national ear for music, and intention in song. On some of these I have not even touched in the following pages—others are only alluded to; and even the formal arrangement of elementary meter is incomplete: but I cannot delay the long-promised book longer, nor do I think my time would be well spent in endeavoring to follow out the questions it has suggested to myself. I must leave them to better scholars, while I still hope that what is here done by way of introduction to the systematic criticism of English rhythm may be of some use in checking the lawlessness of recent popular versification. I have been, however, chiefly disappointed in finding myself unable to interest any of my musical friends in obtaining more direct correspondence between verbal and harmonic intention. I arranged the examples of verse here chosen on musical lines, hoping that my harmonic friends aforesaid would be good enough either to construct or choose for me passages of pure music which would fit the verses, note to syllable; but I found them all incredulous or disdainful of the propriety of such correspondence, and bent, unanimously, upon establishing a code of abstract sound which should be entirely independent of meaning. Merely to show what I wanted, I have put a few chords to three of the simplest iambic measures: and can only pray the reader to excuse—or use, perhaps, for himself—the otherwise unnecessary apparatus of bar and line.

A most interesting letter, lately received from a friend in

Sheffield to whom the first proofs of the following pages had been submitted, directing my attention to the difference between the stress-accent in English verse, the (probably) intonation-accent in Greek, and the properly so-called quantity, or duration, of syllables, should have been printed *in extenso*, had I been able to answer its inquiries satisfactorily. But I know nothing whatever of Greek accentuation, while I believe the stress-accent on English words will be found always to involve delay as well as energy or loudness of pronunciation, and that, at all events in verse, it may be considered as identical with quantity. It is true that the shrillness of a cry, or the strength of a word spoken in brief anger or appeal, will not of course imply the duration of sound; nor am I at all sure that what, throughout the following treatise, I have called long and short syllables, may not in several, or even frequent instances, be only loud and low ones. But the stated system itself will not be found, for this reason, inaccurate; and the reader will only have occasion to substitute for the examples in which accent has been mistaken for quantity, others, better chosen, of which the rhythmic time may be unquestionable.

CHARTRES, 15th September, 1880.

ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH PROSODY.

VERSE differs from prose in being “measured,” that is to say, divided into groups of words and syllables, which, when the verse is passionless, must be spoken in given times; and when it is passionate, are made more beautiful by certain modes of transgression of their constant law.

The real meaning of the word “verse” is, a line of words which “turns” at a certain point, as the furrow turns in a plowed field. It partly, therefore, involves the idea of returning in *another part* of the field, and so has been ordinarily employed in the sense of “stanza.” This last word, meaning, first, the chamber of a house, properly signifies a piece of a song inclosed or partitioned by itself. In this book I may permit myself to use the word “verse” for a rhymed couplet or balanced quatrain; but shall generally use it of all rhythmic composition; “line” for a single measured line; and “stanza” for a recurrent group of lines.

The music of verse unaccompanied by instrumental sound consists in the precision and graceful arrangement of the measured times of utterance,—in the beautiful and complete sound of the syllables spoken in them,—and in the variations of tone and time induced by passion in the reader. Completeness of sound in a word consists in the precision of its clear utterance, and in the rightness of the accent expressing the feeling with which it ought to be spoken.

Therefore, the measures of verse, while their first simple function is to please by the sense of rhythm, order, and art, have for second and more important function that of assisting, and in part compelling, clearness of utterance; thus enforcing with noble emphasis, noble words; and making them, by their audible symmetry, not only emphatic, but memorable.

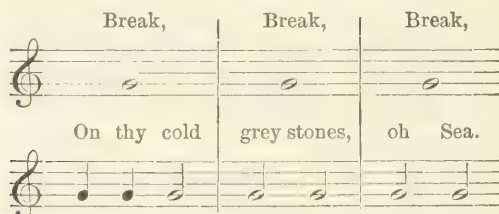
The Greek word “metron,” “measure,” has been adopted

in all languages, with just respect for the first masters of poetry, to signify a measured portion of a verse.

Each meter, in reality, consists either of actual syllables completely uttered each in its time, or of one or more of such syllables with measured rests, filling up the time required, as in bars of music. I shall use in the expression of time, therefore, the ordinary system of musical notation: a more convenient one may perhaps be afterwards devised, but the use of our accepted musical signs will be at present easiest.

Grammarians enumerate more than twenty different meters; but all that are of effective use in English verse are ten; of which the names and times follow.

1. The full long syllable: which, when it is used as a perfect meter, may be equal to two of the syllables called "long" in ordinary verse. It will be represented by the semibreve, equal to two minims,

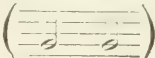


In this couplet, each verse consists of three equal measures, the times of the syllables being indicated by the musical notes.

I am obliged to say that the full long syllable *may* be equal, instead of that it *is* equal, to two of ordinary length, because it would always depend on the reader's choice to fill up the time with his voice, or to give an interval of silence; but the three divisions of the verse would always be kept equal; and the two lines of the couplet would be kept equal.

The second line, it will be seen at a glance, has its first meter composed of two short syllables with one long one, (two crotchets and a minim.) and the other two meters of two long syllables each. These last are a kind of meter rare in English verse; but of all others the most important to the

general system of the poetry of the world. They therefore follow second in order in our list.

II. The Spondeus.  Two syllables of equal

length, uttered so deliberately that they may correspond to the time in which a man, walking firmly and serenely, takes two paces.

This meter was called Spondeus in Latin, and *σπονδαίος* (*πούς*) in Greek, because it was the measure of the melodies used at the most solemn religious and national ceremonies, accompanied always with "*σπονδή*," "drink-offering," to God.

And it has the perpetual authority of correspondence with the deliberate pace of Man, and expression of his noblest animal character in erect and thoughtful motion: all the rhythmic art of poetry having thus primary regard to the great human noblesse of walking on feet; and by no means referring itself to any other manner of progress, by help either of stilts or steam.

In this power, the Spondeus, or time of the perfect pace of a reasonable two-legged animal, has regulated the verse of the two most deliberate nations of the earth—the Greek and Roman; and, through their verse, has regulated the manner, the mien, and the musical ear, of all educated persons, in all countries and times.

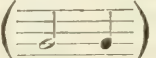
It is usual only to define it as consisting of two "long" syllables; but the actual length in time has never been stated; and it is absolutely necessary, in order to fix proper educational laws either for music or verse, that the time of meters should be defined positively no less than relatively.

Now, any person holding himself well erect, and walking in regular time, so firmly that he could carry a vase of water on his head without spilling it or losing its balance, will find that he can easily take two paces in a second; and not easily, more.

The proper length of the Spondeus will, therefore, be one second (indicated by two minims); and a long syllable (indicated by a minim), forming a part of any other foot, will,

primarily, have the length of half a second. From this measure we shall form all our divisions of time: noticing in what special verses, or under what particular conditions, the time may be quickened or delayed.

The Spondeus is a foot, practically, if not utterly, peculiar to the Greek and Latin races and languages. It is inconsistent with the temper, and, except in rare cases, impossible in the tongues, of modern nations. All verses written in modern languages in imitation of the classic hexameter are forced, false, and unmusical; though, as I have said, our own rhythms are all derived from it, in proper subjection to our own tempers and tongues.

III. The Choreus,  or Choral foot, afterwards called, (but I hold, with Cicero, less rightly,) the Running or Tripping foot, "Troche."

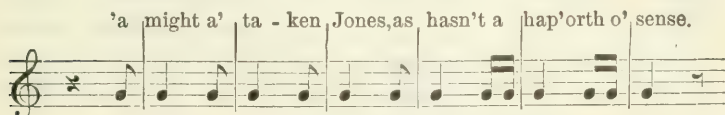
A long syllable, followed by one of half of its length, and often, in the finest uses of it, with a following or intermediate quarter-second rest, adding to its deliberation and intensity, and completing the meter to spondaic time.



When used pure, and without a rest, the Choreus always has an appointed duty in securing the exaggeration of accent proper to mark passionate and eager sentiment; so that, while forced accents are allowed by the greatest writers to modify and check the flow of Iambic verse, they are always used by the best masters to enforce that of Choreic, which indeed ought not to be employed at all, unless many of the accents are intended to be forced.



In this case the dramatic power is entirely master of the verse, and changes it into Iambic at will by introduced rests, as the feeling increases in depth. The same unequal relation between the syllables is, however, also obtained when, instead of the first being strongly accented, the second faints, as in exhaustion. It is this wearied and breathless Choreus,—crotchet and semiquaver,—which gives the intensely pathetic truth to the measures of the “Northern Farmer,” associated with the short dactyl, which we shall see presently is derived from it.



The rest in the close of this choreic verse is the full length of the short syllable, if the next line begins with a long one; or may pass into the beginning of the next line as a pronounced syllable;—in the above line the beginning ’a is the close of the choreus which ended the line before.

IV. The Trochæus. Confused by nearly all

writers on prosody with the Choreus. It consists of two equal short syllables, and corresponds in time to the paces of a man running. It is a rare measure, and, indeed, almost unacknowledged in Greek verse, except as a mere acceleration of the Choreus. But it is of extreme importance in English verse, rippling in the sweetest rivulets of bright feeling or delicate haste.

Bonnie	lassie,	will ye	go
Will ye	go,	will ye	go
Bon - nie	lassie,	will ye	go
To the birks	of A —	ber - fel -	die?

Observe, however, that in fine lyric verse of this kind, changes of accent are introduced which are entirely distinct from those of time, the meters in the word “Aberfeldie” being reversed in accentuation from those of “lassie” and “will ye”; and although, in accurate system, I must distinguish the short running foot from the firmly-set-down foot of the Chorus, I shall use the accepted term, Trochaic verse, of all lines composed of either Chorus or Trochee.

V. The Iambus A short syllable followed by

a long one. It is formed constantly by the proper accentuation of familiar, but dignified, conversational language, either in Greek or English: it is the dramatic meter in both, and in English, the Epic also. When the softened or passionate syllables of Italian replace the Latin resoluteness, it enters the measure of Dante, with a peculiar quietness and lightness of accent which distinguish it, there, wholly from the Greek and English Iambus.

And, indeed, the whole subject of Prosody has been confused, and its systematization for English readers made virtually impossible, by the want of clearly understanding the difference between accent and time.

The word “crusty” is a perfect choreus formed of a long and short syllable, with the accent on the long one.

But the word “crustacean” is composed of a spondee followed by a trochee, in which, though the “crust” takes, or ought to take, just as long to say as it did in “crusty,” the accent is on the second syllable: and a bad verse-maker might imagine that he could therefore use the first as a short one. Which by license, he might; and describe a stage of development in such an Iambic couplet as

“In conch and claw, through sequent tribes we trace
Crustacean beauty from molluscous grace;”

but he could not introduce such a line into a really melodious passage without spoiling it. Accent, therefore, is always arranged by the great masters so as to enhance and illustrate their prosody; and they require of the reader only that he should understand their meaning, and deliver it with proper accentuation: then *they* will answer for the prosody coming right. For instance:—

“Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far,
And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein.”

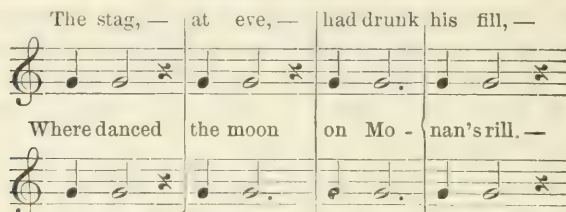
If the reader has intelligence enough to put the accent on the *or*, and *be* of being, the verse comes right; but imagine the ruin to it if a merely formal reader changed the first line into a regular iambic by putting the accent on *that*. In actual length, quality, and recipient power, the words “or” and “that” are precisely alike,—their value is a question of accent only.

Iambic verse, by far the most important of all in English literature, divides itself mainly into three classes — lyric, epic,* and dramatic, each of which submit to laws and claim license peculiar to themselves.

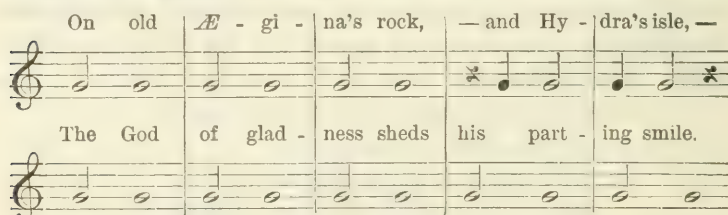
The lyric iamb is so much accented on its second syllable

* For meaning of “epic” see below (page 58), under the account of pentameter verse.

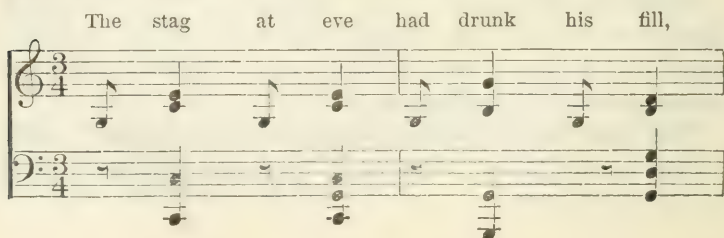
that it is at the reader's option to leave a rest between it and the following foot, or, if a rest be inadmissible, to lengthen the second syllable by one-half, so as to convert the whole current of verse into spondaic time.



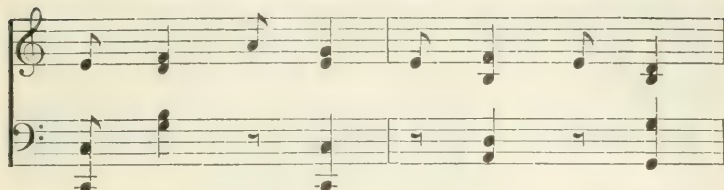
But in epic iambs this forced accentuation is not admissible, —even the first syllable of the iamb remaining always so weighty as to be able to carry a full diphthong without cumber; and the time of the meter being therefore oftener minim with semibreve than crotchet with minim.



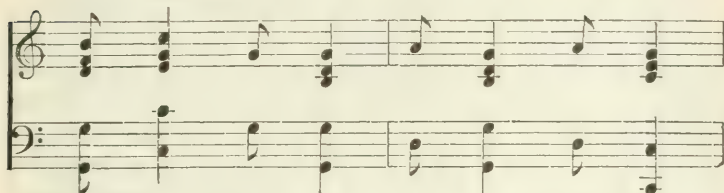
The difference will be felt in a moment by putting the simplest triple-time tune to the lyric measure, which will always take it contentedly enough. Not so the epic, which can never be sung unless to equally divided or appropriately varied chords. Even the lyric, however, when pensive or earnest in the sense of it, likes to have its short syllable lengthened as soon as any musical tone is joined with it—as here, for instance, in the last line of the second couplet.



Where danced the moon on Mo - nan's rill;



And deep his mid - night lair had made



In lone Glen - art - ney's ha - zel shade.



The dramatic iamb differs from the epic in becoming simply the more or less constant form of graceful human speech; beginning softly, and laying the force on its close; and the different arrangements of this one foot are susceptible of every kind of expression, from the most logical and deliberate narration to the extreme glow of passionate triumph, appeal, or complaint; but the specific virtue and power of the Iambus is appellative. The root of the word is said to mean "to throw at," because Iambic verses were first used in dramatic taunt. But the natural instinct of the voice, in any appeal to another person, is to lean on the final syllable, and thus the Iambus becomes in Greek the accepted dramatic, and in English also the accepted epic, meter, through the most continuous dialogue and prolonged narration. The Iambus differs from (as far as I know) every other meter in this perfect submission to dramatic accent. It does not merely permit the interfer-

ence with grace or patience; it even asks for, and rejoices in it; and “has its humor most, when it obeys.”

See, however, farther on, the analysis of its use in the pentameter.

VI. The Dactyl: , or 

A long syllable, followed by two short ones.

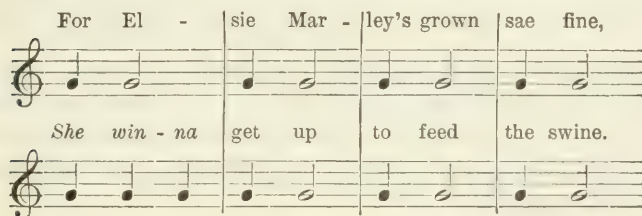
It has not been yet sufficiently recognized by writers on prosody that there are two Dactyls,—the long Dactyl, formed by the division of the last syllable of a Spondeus into two, giving two seconds of time to the whole meter, as to the Spondeus from which it is formed; and the short Dactyl, formed by dividing the last syllable of the Choreus into two, the syllables being severally half a second and two-eighths of a second long,—minim and two quavers; or in lightest measure—crochet and two semiquavers.


It will be most convenient to call the first of these the Heroic, and the second the Lyric Dactyl, the last being almost exclusively used in English verse. But for both, the name “Dactyl”—“Finger,” meaning a cadence composed of three joints in diminishing proportion, indicates a subtlety in the distribution of time which cannot be expressed by any musical measurement. The division of the foot, in fine utterance, sounds as if it resulted from a certain degree of languor, as if the second syllable had fallen short by some failure of power or feeling, and then the loss had been supplied by the added third. And although the heroic dactyl, since it carries the close of the line, may become nobly energetic, its power is always like the fall of a wave. It is sometimes used as an expression of rapidity; but is then always more or less vulgar;—its true power is in tranquility,—“*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*”; or in sadness,—

“Farewell to others, but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day.”

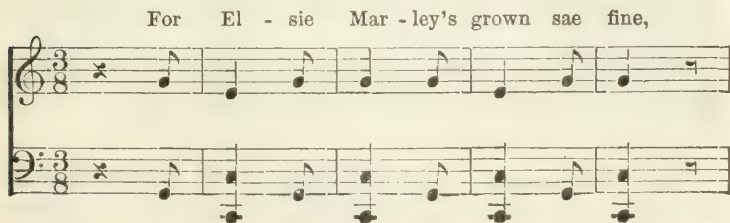
I need not spoil these lines by bars—they are perfectly, and therefore simply, dactylic, the voice necessarily leaning always on the right syllable, and the two words “royalty” and “diadem” being each perfect examples of dactylic cadence.

VII. The Tribrach. Three consecutive short syllables, formed in English either from a trochee or iambus by substituting two short syllables for the long one.



It is so difficult, however, in English, to pronounce three syllables without some inequality of force, that the real Tribrach is constantly interchanged with what the Greeks called an amphibrach—a long syllable between two short ones;—thus in the verse just quoted many readers would give the words “she winna” as  But for simplicity's

sake, I shall call the amphibrach, the *long* tribrach, there being in English every gradation in accent from the one to the other; and the foot being always liable to transpose itself into a dactyl or anapaest. Thus if we put some tune into the meter of this couplet, it will come with more zest by the following division of the second line.



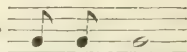
She win - na get up to feed the swine.



VIII. The Anapæst,



or



“ἀνάπαιστος,” “struck back,” meaning a reversed dactyl. Two short syllables followed by a long one: the long dactyl reversed, giving the long anapæst; and the choreic dactyl, reversed, giving the short anapæst,—in English, the most energetic of all meters.

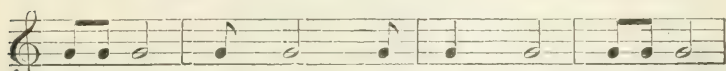
“Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the woodbine odors are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.”

I will not spoil the lines by division; but this is their prosody:—



The intense anxiety and agitation of the lover's mind is marked by not one of the lines being exactly similar to another

in its prosody; the third line might perhaps be better rendered with a long tribrach.



It is often difficult in long anapæstic verse to distinguish anapæst from dactyl; but if the line is full in energy, it is sure to be essentially anapæstic.

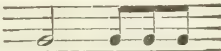
The Assy|rian came down,|like the wolf,|on the fold,|
for instance, could not be for a moment mistaken for a cadence out of the Song of Saul. The line

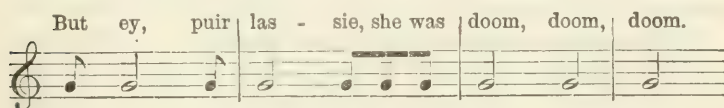
With the dew on his brow, and the dust on his mail,

is an entirely faultless anapæstic tetrameter.

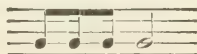
This foot is also necessarily used as a *conclusive* one, in verses requiring pertinence and point.

But the Pro	vost, douce man said, Just een	let him be,	
For the toun	is well quit o' that deil	o' Dundee.	

IX. The Trine Dactyl,  A long syllable followed by triplet short ones.



X. The Trine Anapæst. The reverse of the trine Dactyl,



Hearts of oak,	our cap-tains cried,	when each gun
From its ad -	a - man - tine lips	
Spread a death	shade round the ships,	
Like the hur -	ri - cane e - clipse	
Of the sun.		

Of these ten meters, variously combined, all mediæval and modern English verses are composed: but every one of them has special powers, and claims special liberties in use, of which the natural exertion and indulgence constitute fine versification. It will be the most convenient method of analysis to take the various lines used by English poets in the order of their length, and investigate in particular instances the motives and methods of construction.

English lines only in exceptional cases admit more than six meters, and contain rarely fewer than three; but it will be best to arrange and name them systematically from one meter to six, thus:—

A Monometer line consists of one meter.

— Dimeter	—————	two	——
— Trimeter	—————	three	——
— Tetrameter	—————	four	——
— Pentameter	—————	five	——
— Hexameter	—————	six	——

I. THE MONOMETER.

Only the Spondeus, Iambus, and Anapæst can be gracefully or forcibly used to form a single clause in a stanza; and even these are rarely so used but in the finest old English verse, in which every syllable is meant to have full weight.

I take first an exquisite example from Herrick, Iambic dimeter and monometer, with rest.

(THE MORROW SHALL TAKE THOUGHT FOR THE
THINGS OF ITSELF.)

In endless mirth
She thinks not on
What's said, or done,
In earth.

Nor does she mind,
Or think on't, now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.

These lines are in the very highest manner of central English poetry, the accent being almost equal throughout, because the feeling is far too intense in every word and syllable to permit the marked accentuation of any;—the strength of passion compelling two contractions, otherwise vulgar, here noble;—and the current of expression entirely unbroken by the slightest transposition or strain of word.

Here next — also from Herrick — is an instance of the forceful or expostulant accentuation of the Iambus; trimeter, dimeter, and monometer in descent, finished with the recurrent trimeter.

(TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.)

Is this a fast?—to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veales and sheep?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or raged to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise thy life,

To show a heart grief-rent,
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

The rests in this measure are at the reader's choice; strictly, they fill the vacant places in the shorter lines, and the last two stanzas are therefore the only perfect ones, allowing the completely measured pauses to enforce the sense.

Many instances of the weighty and appellative or expostulative use of the Iambic monometer might be given from old English writers. The anapæstic monometer has been more beautifully used by the moderns; but, before giving example of it, I must show more completely the distinction between

anapæst and tribrach. I go on, therefore, to the second order of meter.

II. THE DIMETER.

I take for first example Hood's beautiful measure in the "Bridge of Sighs"—double tribrach with choreus and anapæst.

Take	her	up	ten - der - ly,
Lift	Ler	with	care;
Fash - ioned	so	slen - der - ly,	
Young,		and so fair,	

An imperfectly trained reader might at first think these lines were dactylic. But the emotion is entirely continuous, and the accent equal on every syllable, but hastening and trembling all the time, till at last it only comes full on the words "young" and "fair." The reader will see by the bar divisions how the magnitude of the tribrach syllable, two-thirds of the second, allows the equal time to the choreus, with its short syllable in rest, and the final choreic Anapæst.

The equality of the tribrach is shown perfectly in the beautiful close of the stanza,—

" Anywhere — anywhere,
Out—of the world."

I take next Scott's coronach in the "Lady of the Lake," double anapæst, with terminal pause, in quatrain.



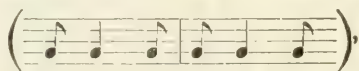
It ought in strictness to be called a trimeter with two syllables in rest, but is dimeter to the ear.

“He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.”

I place this immediately after the “Bridge of Sighs” in order to show how the anapaest or dactyl may be at once known from the tribrach. If any of the locally short syllables in anapaestic or dactylic verse are by nature long, the verse labors at that syllable: thus “dried” and “our” are both too long for their place in this stanza. But the tribrach will take a long syllable without pressure; and the “where” in “anywhere” does not in the least encumber, though it beautifully deepens the melody.

This meter of Scott’s is a very rare one, being peculiar in the insistence on the pause after the short closing syllable in each verse, as if it had ended in a sob.

The dimeter of long tribrachs



“Which see not—the sight of
Their own de—solation,”

is a favorite one with Byron; but it is so because susceptible of continually varied stop and division, which would be extremely difficult to express by notation.

The pure iambic dimeter is used chiefly as an intermediate or supplementary line associated with tetrameters. It is in this grouping a great favorite with Burns; e. g.,—

Or,	when the deep,	green man - tled earth
Warm nour -	ish'd ev -	'ry flow'r - et's birth;
And joy	and mu - sic	— pour - ing forth
	In ev -	'ry grove,
I saw	thee eye,	the gen - 'ral mirth
	With bound -	less love,

In verses of this blended time, the rests must be left to the reader's feeling, but the general division of this stanza would be as above given, the variations of foot in the tetrameters being almost at pleasure, but the dimeters being strictly double Iambic. In more subtle versification, the accents are effectually equal, every syllable carrying full meaning:

"Farewell, sweet lass,
 Thy like ne'er was
 For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan.
 Poor Coridon
 Must live alone:
 Other help for him, I see that there is none."

The trochaic dimeter

“Double, double
Toil and trouble,”

and trochaic dimeter with rest for the last syllable

Other | joys—
Are but | toys—

need little notice, being never used at any length, or in important passages of verse.

III. THE TRIMETER.

We have seen that when lines consist only of one or two meters, they are almost necessarily so pregnant or so forcible in meaning, that their accent cannot be mistaken, nor easily exaggerated: but when we come to what may be called completely constituted lines, in which the meters are never fewer than three, other, and very singular and beautiful, considerations mingle with the laws of barren prosody.

In the first place, observe, that all great poets intend their work to be read by simple people, and expect no help in it from them; but intend only to give *them* help, in expressing what otherwise they could never have found words for. Therefore a true master-poet invariably calculates on his verse being first read as prose would be; and on the reader's being pleasantly surprised by finding that he has fallen unawares into music.

“I said, there was naething I hated like men!
—The deil gae wi' him, to believe me.”

The only doubtful accent in this piece of entirely prosaic and straightforward expression is on the “him,” and this accent depends on the context. Had the sentiment been, for instance, “He's gaen,—the deil gae wi' him,” the accent would probably have been on the “wi'.” But here, the speaker is intent on fastening the fault on her lover instead

of herself; and the accent comes therefore dull on the "him," if only the reader understands completely the *sense* of what he is reading. That sense being naturally expressed, Burns answers for the prosody: and the entirely simple and almost involuntary burst of temper becomes perfectly flawless anapaestic verse.

Again:

"You have the Pyrrhic dance,—as yet:
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?"

There is not a forced accent, nor a transposed syllable, nor a so-called poetic expression, throughout this sentence. But it cannot be read in truth of ordinary feeling and understanding, without falling into march-music.

Again,—and this time I will write the verses in the form of prose, that the lyric measure may indeed be felt unawares.

"They bid me sleep, they bid me pray; they say my brain is warped and wrung:—I cannot sleep on Highland brae,—I cannot pray in Highland tongue; But, were I now where Allan glides, or heard my native Devon's tides, so sweetly would I rest; and pray, that Heaven would close my wintry day."

Now all the work of the great masters, without exception, is done to this degree of perfectness; or if not, the passage is looked on by them as makeshift and slovenly, and permitted only as a painter allows scrabbled touching when he is tired; or it will be put into the mouth of an inferior person, and mark a broken or unworthy feeling.

"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damozel of yore?—
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?"

This is a squire's address: it is transposed, burlesque-poetical, and artificial throughout; and therefore imperfect verse. Not so Ellen's reply:

“ Her dark eye flash'd—she paused—and sighed,
 ‘ Oh, what have I to do with pride? ’ ”

The reader's knowledge and feeling of the story are supposed to be clear enough to compel the accent on the “ I,” which makes the line a faultless Iambic tetrameter—(with choreus for its first foot, of which presently).

But there is much more to be noted in the manner of the great masters than this mere simplicity. If only straightforward prose, arranged so as to fall into metric time, were poetry, anyone with an ear could write it. But the strength of poetry is in its thought, not in its form; and with great lyrists, their music is always secondary, and their substance of saying, primary,—so much so, that they will even daringly and willfully leave a syllable or two rough, or even mean, and avoid a perfect rhythm, or sweetness, rather than let the reader's mind be drawn away to lean too definitely on the sound. ‘ *Ὅτι τῆδε*, for instance, is not a very sonorous or melodious ending for a Greek hexameter, yet it ends the first of the two loveliest lines of poetry the world possesses. So again—

“ And I, a maid at your window,
 To be your Valentine,”

is perfect, just because the first line cannot be brought under rhythmic law, the song being in the fact, and not in the sound of it.

On the other hand, the lower order of singers cast themselves primarily into their song, and are swept away with it, (thinking themselves often finer folks for so losing their legs in the stream), and are in the end little concerned though there be an extremely minute dash and infusion of meaning in the jingle, so only that the words come tunably:—forcing

perhaps an accent or two at last even in these, without any excuse or law for it.

“ But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair,
And didst bring her home with thee
In love and in charity
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.”

These lines are pretty and flowing in the extreme; but the war in them is declared only for the sake of a rhyme to forest; and the mere swing of the meter is trusted to carry on the slurred rhyme of “in” to “ing,” and to compel a vulgar insistence of accent on “didst” and “from,” while it is clear from the chinking cadence of “charity” that the writer has never felt the depth of that word enough to keep him from using it thus disrespectfully for a supplementary dactyl after its equivalent “love.”

While, however, the entire family of poets may thus be divided into higher and lower orders,—the higher always subordinating their song to their saying, and the lower their saying to their song,—it is throughout to be kept in mind that the primal essence of a poet is in his being a singer, and not merely a man of feeling, judgment, or imagination; just as it is primarily the business of a painter to paint—however this skill may be afterwards outsoared or restricted by the action of his higher mental powers. And the definition which I gave of poetry in the opening of the third volume of “Modern Painters,” “the presentment to the imagination of noble grounds for the noble emotions,” was defective in this point. I ought to have said, the presentment, *in musical form*, to the imagination, etc. Nor is there any real inequality between the musical and imaginative gifts; the higher gifts of poetical

or pictorial conception are never given without the parallel bodily faculty: the musical ear of Shakespeare or Dante is just as far finer than Coleridge's, as their sense is stricter; though they never forget their purposes in their chant: and the touch of Luini is just as much lighter and lovelier than Del Sarto's or Guercino's, as his thoughts are loftier.

And the relation of the forms of poetry to the requirements of actual song is so fixed, that the laws of the four great groups of meter which we are now successively to examine—the trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter, and hexameter—all depend upon the physical power of utterance in the breath. As the first division of their time is from the pace of a man, so the length and rapidity of them are determined by the power of his breath. The trimeter, which does not require a full breath to deliver it, is always an incomplete verse, and only under rare conditions used alone, being nearly always treated as an interposing or grouped line. The tetrameter and pentameter, which require the full breath, but do not exhaust it, constitute the entire body of the chief poetry of energetic nations; the hexameter, which fully exhausts the breath, is only used by nations whose pleasure was in repose.

Since, as I have just said, the trimeter is so short a line as not to require a full breathing to utter it, the pause at its end implies always that enough has been said for the speaker's purpose; and therefore the verse, if used alone, (or with other verses shorter than itself,) is necessarily emphatic and sententious. Here, for first instance, is the iambic trimeter in full power, associated with a stern one, of which the two first meters are monosyllabic in the opening, and all the three at the close, of the dialogue.



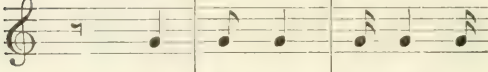



Till	said	to Tweed,
"Though I	rin	wi' peed,
And ye	rin	slaw,
Whar ye	droon	ae man,
I	droon	twa."

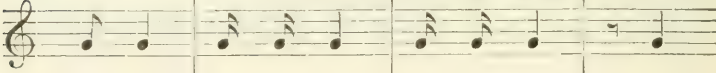




Nothing can be finer than the alternating and balanced variations of the meter in this old Scottish rhyme, conducting, with the strength of a black eddy, the current of the verse to its massive close in the three minims.

In lighter measure, but with the same fullness of intent,—

In a drear	night - ed	De-cem - ber,
Too hap -	py, hap -	py, brook,
Thy bub -	blings ne'er	re - mem - ber
A - pol -	lo's sum -	mer look;

But	with	a	sweet	for-get-ting,
				
They	stay	their	crys -	tal fret - ting,
				
—	Ne -	ver,	ne -	ver pet - ting,
				
A -	bout	the	fro -	zen time.
				

The long tribrachs for third foot in these lines show the peculiar use of this meter in more or less pensive or languid termination. Here, on the contrary, is the anapaest, giving careless energy:


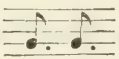
And let	me the can -	a - kin clink,	clink,
			
And let	me the can -	a - kin clink;	
			
A sol -	dier's a man,		
			
A life's	but a span,		
			
Why then,	let a sol -	dier drink.	
			

This stanza is, in the essential structure of it, an ordinary quatrain of tetrameter with trimeter, broken into its present form by drunken gravity of pause upon, and repetition of, the word "clink"; and drunken division into careless anapaests of the third line; the real form from which this stanza is derived being simply



which is the normal form of the pure ballad quatrain, and at least in three to one proportion against all other measures in Border song, although never, in the fine types of it, without exquisite intervals and change in its measure, partly expressive of emotion breaking rhythm, and partly of a simplicity which cannot perfectly contrive rhythm.

“Ye lee, ye lee, ye bonny lad,
Sae loud’s I hear ye lee,
For I’m Lord Randal’s ae daughter,
He has nae mair nor me.”

This stanza is entirely regular, except in the beautiful change of  into  in the word “daughter.”

The analysis becomes more difficult in the next but one following verse:—

And he has taen up his bon - ny sis - ter,
 With the big tear in his een;
 And he has bur - ied his bon - ny sis - ter,
 A - mong the hol - lins green.

This is very beautiful, but requires extreme care in reading;—the closing stanza is quite perfect; normal, except in the anapæst in the third line, which consummates its expression.

“I carena for your hinds, my lord,
 I carena for your fee,
 But oh, and oh, for my bonny hind
 Beneath the hollin tree!”

It becomes, however, quite impossible to analyze the varieties of accent which the trimeter admits in this grouping, when the melody of it is modified by the pauses or failing of the voice in strong passion: and the power either of enjoying or singing them depends entirely on the general fineness of sympathy and ear; so that their treatment would be modified by every great singer or actress according to her own temper or thought at the moment.

“Yestreen the Queen had four Maries;
 The night, she’ll hae but three:
 There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,
 And Marie Carmichael,—and me.”

A quite endless variety of intonation and musical time might be given, and always gracefully, to this one stanza, by good readers.

But poetry of this kind belongs essentially to periods when the passions are strong, and the arts simple. In more finished, or at least more disciplined, song, it is almost impossible to retain the intensity of passion; but most accomplished work of this kind has been done by Campbell, with the advantage of more general motives of sentiment: perhaps no other master has used trimeter verse with so subtle skill.

Ye mar - i - ners of Eng-land,
 Who guard our na-tive seas,
 Whose flag has braved a thou-sand years,
 The bat - tle,— and the breeze.

The reader may perhaps be surprised at my division of the emphatic “a thousand years” into short notes. But he will find, on trying the verse with full heart in it, what an utterly different force the phrase has in its present place from what it would have taken in the common measure;—suppose—

“Whose flag has drooped a thousand years,
 Betrayed by guilt, and dimmed by tears.”

Or, again, take the great following stanza, of which the prosody is accurately the same:—

“Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o’er the mountain wave,
 Her home is on the deep;”

and it will be found that the cadence of close in the third line is altogether different from that which the same words would take in the sequence of ordinary and equally timed iambic verse; as, for instance,—

“O’er blue ravine, in thund’rous cave,
 Distorted rose the mountain wave.”

Nevertheless, the time, in all clauses of meter so much affected by passion, is partly left to the reader’s will; and the words may be dwelt upon, or hastened, as the impulse comes on him: so that always, if we added melody to the words, many of the passages might advisably be given in different time; for example:—

Ye mar - i - ners of Eng - land, Who guard our

na - tive seas, Whose flag has braved a thou-sand years,

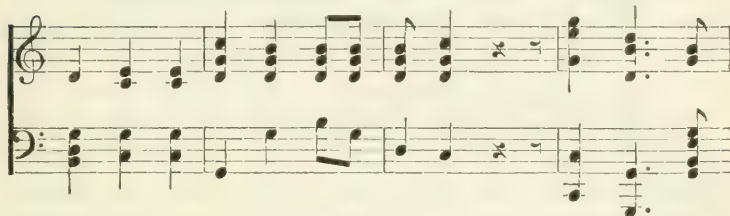
The battle, and the breeze.

Bri - tan - nia needs



no bul-warks, No towers along the steep,

Her march is

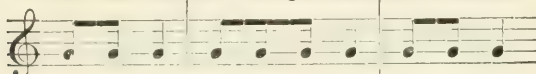


o'er the moun - tain wave, Her Home is on the Deep.



There is much less difficulty in timing the verse of Campbell when he uses, instead of the trine dactyl, his favorite foot, the trine anapæst. The—so far as I know, unique—measure of the “Battle of the Baltic,” which at first, and by a careless reader, might be taken for trimeter, “Of Nelson and the North” has in fact only one trimetric line in mid-stanza; and the rest are all dimeters, “Of Nelson | and the North” | closing with a monometer formed by one massy anapæst, thus (reading from the mid-stanza):

It was ten | of A - pril morn | by the chime



As they drift- | ed on their path,

There was si - | lence deep as death,

And the bol- | dest held his breath

For a time

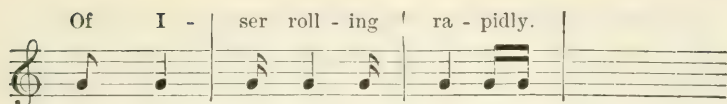
Taking the three short syllables of the trine anapæsts as triplet, the time of the meters is perfectly equal throughout, which gives the intended calm to the whole stanza, as of vessels moving at commanded pace under perfectly steady wind. It is impossible to find a more finished example of this majestic evenness, for comparison with the troubled and broken pathos of the Scottish ballad meters.

Finally, in the last line of the stanza of "Hohenlinden," (a complex trimeter of iambus, tribrach, and dactyl,) a very curious example is given of the proportioned decline of power in the dactyl which is the origin of the name of that foot. There are other niceties in the versification which may begin well for us the study of the tetrameter.

On Lin - | den, when | the sun | was low,

All spot - | less lay | th' un - | trod - | den snow,

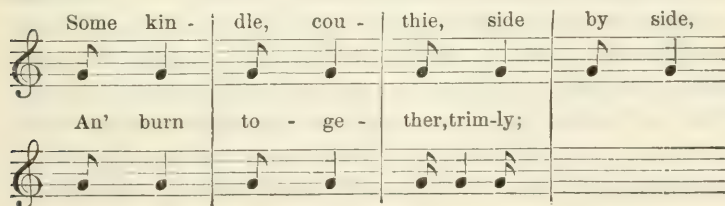
And dark | as win - | ter, was | the flow



I have written the three first lines of this stanza as Iambic tetrameter, of which the second is normal, and the first and third are modified by the placing of the breath-rest. But I should certainly *read* the first and third as trimeters, thus, "On Linden,|when the sun| was low,"| and it is well to consider the Iambic tetrameter as a verse at any time replaceable by trimeters composed of groups of syllables whose collective time shall be of equal value; and thus, in writing the prosody of any varied passage, to use tribrachs or dactyls corresponding with the natural punctuation. But, in allowing this variation in the number of its bars, the Iambic tetrameter (for the first time, observe, in our progressive inquiry) withdraws itself from ordinary musical laws, and approaches the conditions of unfettered speech. Into which quality of it we must now look more carefully.

IV. THE TETRAMETER.

Between the trimeter and tetrameter there exists a singular form of intermediate verse, of little importance in English or Teutonic poetry, but of very great importance in Greek. This intermediate form is, however, in its real time, tetrametric, and to be considered as an imperfect or nascent type of the symmetric four-barred verse. It is formed by the elongation of the last syllable of the long tribrach, when the trimeter normally ends with that foot. We shall get the transition perfectly exemplified in Burns' play with his favorite stanza.



Some	start	a - wa	wi' sau -	cy pride,
And	jump	out owre	the chim-lie,	
			Fu high,	that night.

This stanza, observe, is simply the alternate tetrameter and trimeter, with the long tribrach for its last foot, occupying the place of an iambus, and replaced by an iambus at will, as in the next following verse:—

Jean	slips	in twa,	wi' ten -	tie ee ;
Wha 'twas,	she wad -	na tell ;		
But this	is Jock,	and this	is me,	
She says,	in - to	her - sell.		

The reader may note at once in this place that the graceful and subtle substitutions of two equally timed syllables for the iambus, constantly permitted by Burns in this and other similar poems, are one of the proper distinctions of dramatic from epic verse, in which last the meter must always be perfect,—of which more presently: the point at present is to observe that the third foot in the second and fourth lines of this stanza is a pure iambus, for which the long tribrachs in

the preceding stanza are accurate equivalents. But in the next stanza there is a quite new time:—

He	bleezed	ow're	her,	and	she	ow're	him,
As	they	wad	ne -	er	mair	part;	
Till,	fuff,	he	star -	ted	up	the	lum,
And	Jean	had	een	a	sair	heart,	
				To	see't	that	night.

The second and fourth lines of this stanza take a closing long syllable, which cannot be in the least hurried, and has a distinct quaver rest after it, forming a perfect fourth foot. In this form, the tribrach with terminal long syllable and rest is the lyric verse of Anacreon; and in that constant measure, varied only by occasional anapæsts, he contentedly writes the entire body of his odes: in which, indeed, the sentiment requires little variation in its expression, but might at least without harm have received it; and whose changeless tenor, when compared, both as to form and contained moral, with the lyric passages, from highest to lowest chord of passion, mingled with the acutest philosophy and loftiest patriotism, which are alike fantastic and majestic in the Eolian song of Horace and of Burns,—must be thought of more as the song of a cicada than of a human being.

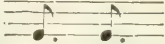
And this contented accuracy and continuity of temper, as of rhythm, regulating, as it does, much of what has been

thought most majestic or severe in Greek architecture,—often fancied to be pure when it is merely stupid,—has yet to be analyzed in its good and bad elements;—what is orderly in it discerned clearly from what is mechanical; and what is simple and contented from what is monotonous, and even brutal; or, to use at once a word more tender and more Greek, “ornithic,”—“birdy.”

The Anacreontic tetrameter is, as above said, almost useless in English verse; it cannot be written continuously by any artifice of words; and even in occasional use, seldom pleasantly, unless by dividing its closing long syllable into two short ones, and putting the quaver rest before instead of after them, as in the last line of this stanza.

The	heath	this	night	must	be	my	bed;
The	brack -	en	—	cur -	tain for	my	head .
My	lull -	a - by,		the	war -	der's	tread,
Far,	far	from	love	and	thee,		Mary.

The reader may perhaps at first think that there is no rest in this last foot, and that the two syllables of the name should

be of equal length,  But the stanza is sung *run-*

ning, and the broken short syllables at its close exactly indicate the failure of the breath. Try the line with “Marie” instead of Mary, and the placing of the pause in the actual form will be instantly felt, by its opposition to the continuous iambic.

So again in the fourth line here,—

He turned his char - ger as he spake,
Up - on the ri - ver shore ;
He gave his bri - dle reins a shake,
Said, a-dieu for - e - ver - more, — my love,
And a - dieu for - e - ver - more.

in which the two short syllables indicate contempt.

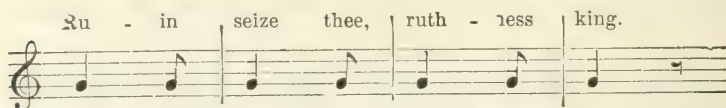
The prosody of this entire stanza is very difficult and interesting, and could only be given rightly by a considerable variation in gradated time at the reader's judgment—slackening, that is to say, after the strong first and third lines, so as to give the short syllables of the opening foot in the second, fourth, and fifth, more actual time than they could have rhythmically.

Putting, then, this too rare and accidental English, and too formal Greek, tetrameter out of question, the real and useful tetrameters are essentially these following.

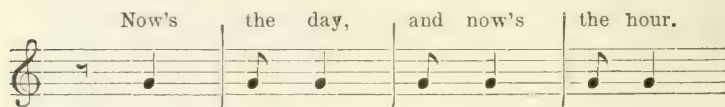
1. Pure Choreic, consisting of four full choreuses: the last allowed to pass into a spondeus, if necessary. It is the measure of "Hiawatha," and very beautiful in Longfellow's hand; rightly chosen for its wild and sweet monotony: no other would have expressed so much of the soft current and tender constancy of Indian nature. But it is not a measure suited to the general purposes of English literature.

2. Terminated Choreic; consisting of three full choreuses,

and one long syllable with closing rest for the fourth foot. The general measure of the best English Choreic verse.



3. The appellat Iambic, beginning with an impetuous single syllable, after an emphatic rest.



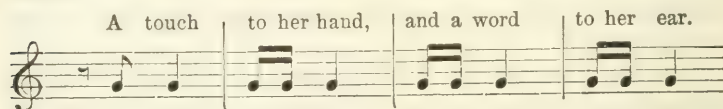
4. The pure Iambic without the opening rest.



5. Dactylic, with closing rest, long or short.



6th, and lastly, Anapaestic, the most energetic of English verses.



Of these meters, the second, or terminated Choreic, is almost always as distinctly appellat as the appellat Iambic; but not compulsorily so; and it may be, at the reader's pleasure, called the Trochaic tetrameter, waiving the distinction between Chorus and Troche. I have always so called it when occurring in the "Sidney Psalter."

But, as above noticed, its energy is lost, or quite unnecessary, in continuous narrative or sentiment; and good poets therefore only use the measure as an appellat one.

“Dearest Saviour, *if* my soul
Were but worth the having.”

“*What*, child! is the balance thine?
Thine the poise or measure?”

It is to be noticed also that this measure is only, in strictness, preferable to appellat Iambic, when the stress is on the beginning rather than the close of the thought,—as in the above lines. And it is only the reader’s feeling of this difference, and the poet’s art in placing the division of the words rightly, which distinguish one line from the other. No good reader, for instance, could divide, as follows, the line

“Wha sae—base, wad—be a—slave.”

If so divided, it would be a pure Choreic; but its right division,

“Wha—sae base—wad be—a slave.”

makes it appellat Iambic.

On the other hand, the pure Choreic,

“What, child!—is the—balance—thine?”

could by none but the worst readers be changed into an appellat Iambic thus:

“What!—child, is—the ba—lance thine!”

Of the third form, pure Iambic tetrameter, the full value and power have only been shown by Scott and Byron. The absolutely best verses in this measure in the English language, commending themselves to every ear and every heart, and so accurately constructed as to be almost independent of the reader’s skill, may be found in the *Bride of Abydos*, *Giaour*, and *Siege of Corinth*. Levelier rhythms exist, de-

pendent for their music on the feeling of the reader, but of purely constructed and errorless verse, there are no other such examples.

Of dactylic and anapæstic verse, also, with the full beat of rhythm in them, Scott, Burns, and Byron have given the most perfect models. But none of these symmetrically constructed dactylic songs have the delicately varied beauty of some of the mixed ones of Elizabethan time, where the lines are indeed each rather a separately invented melody than normal verse :

“ Then wouldest thou learn to carol of love,
And hery with hymns thy lass’s glove ;
Then wouldest thou pipe of Phillis’ praise,
But Phillis is mine for many days.
I won her with a girdle of gelt
Embossed with bugle about the belt,
Such an one shepherds would make full fain,
Such an one would make thee young again.”

It is impossible, however, to examine analytically verses of this variable melody ; one can only say, as one may of prose, that they have been written by a person with an ear—or without one, and that they are either entirely delightful, or good for nothing.

V. THE PENTAMETER.

Upon adding the fifth foot to our gradually lengthening line, we find ourselves fallen suddenly under hitherto unfelt limitation. The verses we have hitherto examined may be constructed at pleasure of any kind of meter—dactyl, troche, iamb, or anapæst. But all at once, we now find this liberty of choice refused. We may write a pentameter verse in iambs only.

A most notable phenomenon, significant of much more than I can at present understand,—how much less explain ;—conditions, indeed, first of breathing, which are merely physical, and as such explicable enough, only not worth explaining ; but, beyond these, feelings, and instincts of speech, full of

complex interest, and introducing us, in spite of ourselves, to all the grammatical questions of punctuation, and logical ones of clause, and division, which I must not attempt to deal with at present; the historical fact being quite indubitable and unalterable, that no poet has ever attempted to write pentameter in any foot but the iamb, and that the addition of another choreus to a choreic tetrameter—or of another dactyl to a dactylic one, will instantly make them helplessly prosaic and unreadable.

Leaving the reader to try such experiment at his leisure, and to meditate on the causes of it at his liking, I shall content myself with stating the principal laws affecting the manner and construction of the iambic pentameter, the most important, and that by far, of all accepted divisions of sentence in the English language.

Pentameter verse divides itself essentially into three kinds:—

- A. Sententious.
- B. Personally emotional.
- C. Dramatic.

A. Sententious pentameter.

In this kind of verse, the structure and rhyme (if rhyme be admitted) are used merely to give precision and weight to a prose sentence, otherwise sifted, abstracted, and corrected into extremest possible value. Such verse professes always to be the result of the writer's utmost wisdom and utmost care; it admits therefore of no careless or imperfect construction, but allows any intelligible degree of inversion; because it has been considered to the end, before a word is written, and the placing of the words may afterwards be adjusted according to their importance. Thus, "Sir Plume, of amber snuffbox justly vain," is not only more rhythmic, but more elegant and accurate than "Sir Plume, justly vain of his amber snuffbox:" first, because the emphasis of rhyme is laid on his vanity, not his box; secondly, because the "his," seen on full consideration to be unnecessary, is omitted, to

concentrate the sentence; and with a farther and more subtle reason, which, unless the reader knows my "*Munera Pulveris*," I cannot explain to him here,—namely, that a coxcomb cannot, properly speaking, *possess* anything, but is possessed by everything, so that in the next line Pope does not say, "And the nice conduct of *his* clouded cane," but of *a* clouded cane.

The sententious epic* may, however, become spoken instead of written language, if the speech be deliberate and of well-considered matter; but this kind of verse never represents precisely what the speaker is supposed to have said, but the *contents* of his speech, arranged so as to make it more impressive or memorable, as continually in Wordsworth's "*Excursion*."

On the contrary, if the speech be dramatic,—that is to say, representing what the speaker actually would have said,—no forced inversion or artificial arrangement is allowable; and

"We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with us,"
must for no cause and under no pretense become,

"We are glad the dauphin is with us so pleasant."

All the work of Pope, Goldsmith, and Johnson is in sententious pentameter; in which emotion, however on sufferance admitted, never leads or disturbs the verse, nor refuses to be illustrated by ingenious metaphor. In this manner some of the wisest, and many of the acutest, things ever said by man, have been put into perfect syllables by Pope and Goldsmith. Johnson is of quite viler metal, and has neither ear nor imagination; yet the weight of his common sense gave him such favor with both Scott and Byron, that they alike regard him as one of their masters. I fancy neither of them ever tried to read *Irene*.

* I believe the word "epic" is usually understood by English readers to mean merely a long and grand poem instead of a short slight one—at least, I know that as a boy I remained long under that impression myself. It really means a poem in which story-telling, and philosophical reflection as its accompaniment, take the place of dramatic action, and impulsive song.

B. Emotional pentameter.

The measure of Gray's *Elegy*, *Lycidas*, and the *Corsair*,—sentiment always guiding and deepening the melody, while a lyric sweetness binds the verses into unbroken flow.

It always implies an affectionate and earnest personality in the writer; never admits satire; and rarely blame, unless, as in *Lycidas*, with the voice of an accusing angel. The forms of its music, always governed by feeling, are not to be analyzed by any cunning, nor represented by any signs; but the normal divisions of the verse are studiously accurate, and all artificial inversions forbidden.

Thus—

“He asked no questions; all were answered now,” is a perfect line of emotional pentameter; but would be an entirely unendurable one if, in order to rhyme to “call” or “fall,” it had been written,

“No questions asked he; answered now were all.”

C. Dramatic pentameter.

On the contrary, in noble dramatic verse, the divisions are purposefully *inaccurate*;—the accepted cadence of the meter being allowed only at intervals, and the prosody of every passionate line thrown into a disorder which is more lovely than any normal order, as the leaves of a living tree are more lovely than a formal honeysuckle ornament on a cornice;—the inner laws and native grace being all the more perfect in that they are less manifest. But the study of dramatic melody is the study also of dramatic truth, and entirely beyond the scope of these pages.

VI. THE HEXAMETER.

The hexameter in English poetry exists only as an occasional (usually concluding) line—the conclusion with which it is burdened being broad and lingering, as opposed to the trenchant power of shorter lines in termination of stanzas.

Known generally in English as the “*Alexandrine*,” it becomes the properly final clause of the Spenserian stanza, and may be employed grandly in irregular verse by a good master;

but it cannot be used for consecutive verses,—always, if so treated, dividing itself instantly and naturally either into couplets of trimeter, or triplets of dimeter. In this last division,

“ But look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest,”

it is entirely lovely; and no poet of power or feeling ever binds it, habitually, into cumbrous unity. The standard power of the line is only in the close of Elizabethan stanza, or disciplined ode; where it may even pass into the heptameter, the longest admitted—or even to the breath—possible, verse of the English language—

“ Shout round me, let me hear thee shout,
thou happy shepherd-boy.”

Lastly, note that the force of the classic hexameter, iambic with anapæsts for the drama, and spondaic with dactyls for the epic, is not reducible under any laws of English prosody. For my own part, I perceive scarcely any music, but only a pert and monotonous symmetry, in the dramatic hexameter; and I never read Greek tragedy for its language, but only for its matter. Of the epic hexameter, and the lyric Latin measures of Horace, I could perhaps, with time, point out more beauty than most English readers recognize in them; but beauty of a kind which the scholars who have been trained to write imitations of them would perhaps scarcely acknowledge; and which in some cases I cannot be sure of rightly interpreting.

Here, therefore, for the present I close my notes on prosody. What more I know, or feel, respecting many things here so imperfectly treated, will be, I trust, set down with sufficiency in the essays on Scott and Byron, which I have begun in the pages of “*The Nineteenth Century*”: and what I do not know, and have not felt, supplied in due time by some student of language and of music happier in their mastership than I; and not less reverent of their honor.

ABBEVILLE, 26th August, 1880.

THE BLACK ARTS.

A REVERIE IN THE STRAND.

1. IT must be three or four years now since I was in London, Christmas in the North country passing scarcely noted, with a white frost and a little bell-ringing, and I don't know London any more, nor where I am in it—except the Strand. In which, walking up and down the other day, and meditating over its wonderful displays of etchings and engravings and photographs, all done to perfection such as I had never thought possible in my younger days, it became an extremely searching and troublesome question with me what was to come of all this literally “black art,” and how it was to influence the people of our great cities. For the first force of it—clearly in that field everyone is doing his sable best; there is no scamped photography nor careless etching; and for second force, there is a quantity of living character in our big towns, especially in their girls, who have an energetic and businesslike “know all about it” kind of prettiness which is widely independent of color, and which, with the parallel business characters, engineering and financial, of the city squiredom, can be vividly set forth by the photograph and the schools of painting developed out of it; then for third force, there is the tourist curiosity and the scientific naturalism, which go round the world fetching big scenery home for us that we had never dreamed of: cliffs that look like the world split in two, and cataracts that look as if they fell from the moon, besides all kinds of antiquarian and architectural facts, which twenty lives could never have learned in the olden time. What is it all to come to? Are our lives in this kingdom of darkness to be indeed twenty times as wise and long as they were in the light?

2. The answer—what answer was possible to me—came chiefly in the form of fatigue, and a sorrowful longing for an old Prout washed in with Vandyke brown and British ink, or even a Harding forest scene with all the foliage done in zig-zag.

And, indeed, for one thing, all this labor and realistic finishing makes us lose sight of the charm of easily-suggestive lines—nay, of the power of lines, properly so called, altogether.

There is a little book, and a very precious and pretty one, of Dr. John Brown's, called "Something about a Well." It has a yellow paper cover, and on the cover a careful woodcut from one of the Doctor's own pen-sketches: two wire-haired terriers begging, and carrying an old hat between them.

There is certainly not more than five minutes' work, if that, in the original sketch; but the quantity of dog-life in those two beasts—the hill-weather that they have roughed through together, the wild fidelity of their wistful hearts, the pitiful, irresistible mendicancy of their eyes and paws—fills me with new wonder and love every time the little book falls out of any of the cherished heaps in my study.

No one has pleaded more for finish than I in past time, or oftener, or perhaps so strongly, asserted the first principle of Leonardo, that a good picture should look like a mirror of the thing itself. But now that everybody can mirror the thing itself—at least the black and white of it—as easily as he takes his hat off, and then engrave the photograph, and steel the copper, and print piles and piles of the thing by steam, all as good as the first half-dozen proofs used to be, I begin to wish for a little less to look at, and would, for my own part, gladly exchange my tricks of stippling and tinting for the good Doctor's gift of drawing two wire-haired terriers with a wink.

3. And truly, putting all likings for old fashions out of the way, it remains certain that in a given time and with simple means, a man of imaginative power can do more and express more, and excite the fancy of the spectator more, by

frank outline than by completed work; and that assuredly there ought to be in all our national art schools an outline class trained to express themselves vigorously and accurately in that manner. Were there no other reason for such lessoning, it is a sufficient one that there are modes of genius which become richly productive in that restricted manner; and yet by no training could be raised into the excellence of painting. Neither Bewick nor Cruikshank in England, nor Retzsch, nor Ludwig Richter, in Germany, could ever have become painters; their countrymen owe more to their unassuming instinct of invention than to the most exalted efforts of their historical schools.

4. But it must be noted, in passing, that the practice of outline in England, and I suppose partly in Continental academies also, has been both disgraced and arrested by the endeavor to elevate it into the rendering of ideal and heroic form, especially to the delineation of groups of statuary. Neither flesh nor sculptured marble can be outlined; and the endeavor to illustrate classical art and historical essays on it, by outlines of sculpture and architecture, has done the double harm of making outline common and dull, and preventing the public from learning that the merit of sculpture is in its surfaces, not its outlines. The essential value of outline is in its power of suggesting quantity, intricacy, and character, in accessory detail, and in the richly-ornamented treatment which can be carried over large spaces which in a finished painting must be lost in shade.

5. But I have said in many places before now, though never with enough insistence, that schools of outline ought to be associated with the elementary practice of those entering on the study of color. Long before the patience or observation of children are capable of drawing in light and shade, they can appreciate the gayety, and are refreshed by the interest of color; and a very young child can be taught to wash it flatly, and confine it duly within limits. A little lady of nine years old colored my whole volume of Guillim's heraldry for me without one transgression or blot; and there is no

question but that the habit of even and accurately limited tinting is the proper foundation of noble water-color art.

6. In the original plan of "Modern Painters," under the head of "Ideas of Relation," I had planned an exact inquiry into the effects of color-masses in juxtaposition; but found when I entered on it that there were no existing data in the note-books of painters from which any first principles could be deduced, and that the analysis of their unexplained work was far beyond my own power, the rather that the persons among my friends who had most definitely the gift of color-arrangement were always least able to give any account of their own skill.

But, in its connection with the harmonies of music, the subject of the relations of pure color is one of deep scientific and—I am sorry to use the alarming word, but there is no other—metaphysical interest; and without debate, the proper way of approaching it would be to give any young person, of evident color-faculty, a series of interesting outline subjects to color with a limited number of determined tints, and to watch with them the pleasantness, or dullness—a discord of the arrangements which, according to the nature of the subjects, might be induced in the colors.

7. It is to be further observed that although the skill now directed to the art of chromo-lithotint has achieved wonders in that mechanism, the perfection of illustrated work must always be in woodcut or engraving colored by hand. No stamped tint of water-color can ever perfectly give the gradation to the sharp edge left by a well-laid touch of the pencil. And there can be no question (it has so long been my habit to assert things—at all events very questionable in the terms I choose for them—in mere love of provocation, that now in my subdued state of age and infirmity I take refuge, as often as possible, in the Unquestionable) that great advantage might be gained in the geography classes of primary schools by a system of bright color adapted to *dissected* maps. In the aforesaid condition of age and infirmity which I sometimes find it very difficult to amuse, I have been greatly helped by

getting hold of a dissected map or two—four, to be accurate—Europe, France, England, and Scotland, and find it extremely instructive (though I am by way of knowing as much geography as most people) to put them together out of chance-thrown heaps when I am good for nothing else. I begin, for instance, in consequence of this exercise, to have some notion where Wiltshire is, and Montgomeryshire; and where the departments of Haute Loire and Haute Garonne are in France, and whereabouts St. Petersburg, is in Russia. But the chief profit and pleasure of the business to me is in coloring the bits of counties for myself, to my own fancy, with nice creamy body-color, which covers up all the names, leaves nothing but the shape to guess the county by (or color when once determined), and opens the most entertaining debates of which will be the prettiest grouping of colors on the condition of each being perfectly isolated.

8. By this means, also, some unchangeable facts about each district may at once be taught, far more valuable than the reticulation of roads and rails with which all maps are now, as a matter of course, incumbered, and with which a child at its dissected map period has nothing to do. Thus, generally reserving purple for the primitive rock districts, scarlet for the volcanic, green for meadow-land, and yellow for corn-fields, one can still get in the warm or cold hues of each color variety enough to separate districts politically—if not geologically distinct; one can keep a dismal gray for the coal countries, a darker green for woodland—the forests of Sherwood and Arden, for instance—and then giving rich gold to the ecclesiastical and royal domains, and painting the lakes and rivers with ultramarine, the map becomes a gay and pleasant bit of kaleidoscopic iridescence without any question of color-harmonies. But for the sake of these, by a good composer in variegation, the geological facts might be ignored, and fixing first on *long-confirmed* political ones, as, for instance, on the blanche-rose color and damask-rose for York and Lancaster, and the gold for Wells, Durham, Winchester, and Canterbury, the other colors might be placed as their

musical relations required, and lessons of their harmonic nature and power, such as could in no other so simple method be enforced, made at once convincing and delightful.

9. I need not say, of course, that in manuscript illumination and in painted glass lessons of that kind are constant and of the deepest interest; but in manuscript the intricacy of design, and in glass the inherent quality of the material, are so great a part of the matter that the abstract relations of color cannot be observed in their simplicity. I intended in the conclusion of this letter to proceed into some inquiry as to the powers of chromo-lithotint; but the subject is completely distinct from that of coloring by hand, and I have been so much shaken in my former doubts of the capability of the process by the wonderful facsimiles of Turner vignettes, lately executed by Mr. Long, from the collection in the subterranean domain of the National Gallery, that I must ask permission for farther study of these results before venturing on any debate of their probable range in the future.

St. Martin's Day, 1887.

ARTHUR BURGESS.

1. I do not know how many years ago, but sadly many, came among the morning letters to Denmark Hill, one containing a richly-wrought dark woodcut,—of—I could not make out exactly what,—and don't remember now what it turned out to be,—but it was by a fine workman's attentive mind and hand, that much was certain; and with it was a little note, to this effect, in words, if not these following, at least as modest and simple: “I can cut wood like this, and am overworked, and cannot make my living,—can you help me?—ARTHUR BURGESS.”

I answered by return post, asking him to come and see me.

The grave face, honest but reserved, distressed but unconquerable, vivid yet hopeless, with the high, full, forward, but strainedly narrow forehead, impressed me as much as a face ever did, but extremely embarrassed me, inexplicable as the woodcut; but certainly full of good in its vague way. After some talk, I found that though he had original faculty, it had no special direction, nor any yet well struck root; he had been variously bound, embittered, and wounded in the ugly prison-house of London labor—done with all the strength of nerve in him, and with no help from his own heart or any one else's. I saw the first things he needed were rest, and a little sympathy and field for his manual skill. It chanced that I was much set on botanical work at the time, so I asked him to come up in the forenoons, and make drawings from my old-fashioned botanical books, or from real flowers, such as he would have pleasure in engraving, for “Proserpina.”

2. And soon we got into a quiet and prosperous way of work together: but there was always reserve on his side—always puzzlement on mine. I did not like enslaving him to botanical woodcut, nor was I myself so set on floral study

as to make it a sure line of life for him. Other chances and fancies interfered, dolorously, with the peace of those summers, between 1860 and 1870,—they were when I had finished “*Modern Painters*,” and saw it was not of the least use: while the reception of the more serious thought I had given to “*Munera Pulveris*” angered and paralyzed me, so that I had no good spirit to guide my poor friend with. In 1867 the first warning mischief to my own health showed itself, giddiness and mistiness of head and eyes, which stopped alike my drawing and thinking to any good purpose. I went down into Cumberland and walked and rowed till I was well again, but don’t know what poor Burgess did, except that—so far as I know—he would not have fallen into extreme distress without telling me. In 1869, after much vacillation and loss of impetus, I went to Verona to study the Scala Tombs, and took Arthur with me. Partly by his own good instincts and power, partly, I am vain enough to think, under my teaching, he had become by that time such a draughtsman in black and white as I never knew the match of, with gifts of mechanical ingenuity and mathematical intelligence in the highest degree precious to me. If he had been quite happy in his work, and I quite resolute in mine, and we had settled ourselves to do Verona—Padua—Parma—together, there had been good news of us—there and elsewhere.

3. “*Dis aliter?*”—by no means; “*Dæmonibus aliter*”—I should once have said; but my dear friend Henry Willett declares there is no Devil,—and I am myself of the same mind so far at least as to be angry with myself instead of Him—and sorry only for the want of Vision in my own mind, not in the least reproaching the Vision of Fate. Arthur did everything I wanted of him at Verona in perfectness. He drew the moldings of the Scala Tombs as never architecture had been drawn before; he collated and corrected my measurements; he climbed where I could not; and at last made a model in clay of every separate stone in the Castellarco Tomb, showing that without any cement the whole fabric stood on its four pillars with entire security,—the

iron binding bars above the capitals being needful only as security against vibration. But all this he did without joy, with beautiful fidelity and pride in doing well, but not seeing what the work might come to, or perhaps too wisely foreseeing that it could come to nothing. At last—on an excursion to Venice—his small room opening on a stagnant canal, he fell into a fit of delirious fever, through which my servant, Frederick Crawley, nursed him bravely, and brought him back to me, but then glad to be sent home. For the rest, I had received at Verona the offer of the Slade Professorship—and foolishly accepted it. My simple duty at that time was to have stayed with my widowed mother at Denmark Hill, doing whatever my hand found to do there. Mixed vanity, hope of wider usefulness, and partly her pleasure in my being at Oxford again, took me away from her, and from myself.

4. Mr. Burgess came down sometimes to Oxford to help me in diagram and other drawing, and formed his own circle of friends there;—I am thankful to associate with the expression of my own imperfect, blind, and unserviceable affection, that of the deeper feeling of one who cared for him to the end.

“I remember well the first time that I met Arthur Burgess, one evening at a man’s rooms in Queen’s. He asked me to breakfast with him, I think it was the next morning, at the Roebuck. I not only breakfasted with him, we spent the whole day together; we went out for a long walk, talking of Art, of Religion, of all manner of things. Immediately and immensely I was attracted by him, attracted by his width of view, his serious feeling, his quick humor, which was abounding, attracted perhaps above all by his generous acceptance of me; but I little guessed that on that day had begun one of the most valuable, and the closest, and the dearest friendships, that I shall ever know.

“After I had left Oxford we came gradually to see one another very often: as the years went by our intimate re-

lationship increased. We entered into one another's lives, if I may so say, absolutely. There was not a care, an expectation, a work, an interest of any kind of importance, which we did not share. We trusted one another so thoroughly that I am sure there was nothing about myself that I cared to hide from him, and I believe that there was little about him that he hid from me. And therefore, when I am speaking of him, now that he is gone, I feel that I am speaking from as sure a knowledge as ever one man can have of another. I do not wish, as he would not have wished me, to write a panegyric over him. He had great weaknesses, and great faults: he had powers so rare, and virtues so fine, that I am afraid it would sound merely exaggeration, if I said all the good that I knew of him. But some of the good I must say out. No man, I believe, ever breathed, whose spiritual and moral instincts were more delicate; whose devotion to his friends was more thorough and chivalrous; who more readily and on every occasion held his keen intelligence patiently and unreservedly at their service. He did foolish things, and, it may be, unworthy things: why should I hesitate to say what nobody was so ready to acknowledge as he was himself? But I will say this also without fear and without any reservation, that he was simply incapable of doing anything which had in it one grain of meanness. I have known him suffer the loss of a friendship, which was very dear to him, and endanger another, rather than break a promise of silence, which certainly under the circumstances most men of honor would have held him justified in breaking. His health for many years was bad, his circumstances were unavoidably hard, he was cursed or blessed, as you like to call it, with a self-torturing spirit of extreme subtlety, which probably no circumstances in the world could have saved him from the pains and dangers of. Yet, whenever a thing seemed to him a real duty, he carried it through and through. The pains he was ready to take over any work or any service were immense. No one ever went to him in trouble or for advice, but he gave them generously and cheerfully all that it was in his power

to give them. Yet there was about him no suspicion of patronizing; and of the innumerable acts of kindness, small and great, which so many of us have received from him, no one would ever hear mention or hint from his own lips. I know that all this, that I am saying about my friend, is simply true. I loved him too dearly, and honored him too highly, to care now about denying his faults, or about speaking of his splendid qualities with unbalanced emotion."

5. During the years when I was lecturing, or arranging the examples in my school, Mr. Burgess was engaged at fixed salary, executing either the woodcuts necessary to illustrate my lectures, or drawings to take permanent place in the school examples. So far as I was able to continue "*Proserpina*," the woodcuts were always executed by him; and indeed I was wholly dependent on his assistance for the effectual illustrations of my most useful books. Especially those in "*Ariadne Florentina*," and "*Aratra Pentelici*" are unequaled, whether in precision of facsimile, or the legitimate use of the various methods of wood-engraving according to his own judgment. He never put name or initial to his work, trusting to my occasional acknowledgment of the relations between us,—heaven knows—not given grudgingly, but carelessly and insufficiently—or sometimes with mere commendation of the engraving—without giving his name.

At that time I had entire confidence in my own power, and hope in his progressive skill, and expected that we should both of us go on together, doing better and better, or else that he would take up some line of separate work which would give him position independently of any praise of mine.

6. Failing myself in all that I attempted to do at Oxford I went into far away work, historical and other, at Assisi and in Venice, which certainly not in pride, but in the habit fixed in me from childhood of thinking out whatever I cared for silently, partly also now in states of sadness which I did not choose to show or express, was all done without companions, poor Arthur suffering more than I knew (though I ought to

have known) in being thus neglected. The year '78 brought us together again once more;—he was several times at Brantwood: the last happy walk we had together was to the top of the crags of the south-west side of the village of Coniston. He was again in London after that, and found there and possessed himself of some of Blake's larger drawings—known to me many and many a year before. George Richmond had shown them to me—with others—I suppose about 1840,—original studies for the illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts"—and some connected with the more terrific subjects etched for the book of Job. I bought the whole series of them at once;—carried it home triumphantly—and made myself unhappy over it—and George Richmond again delivered me from thralldom of their possession.

They were the larger and more terrific of these which poor Arthur had now again fallen in with—especially the Nebuchadnezzar—and a wonderful witch with attendant owls and grandly hovering birds of night unknown to ornithology.

7. No one at the time was, so far as I know, aware of the symptoms of illness which had been haunting me for some days before, and I only verify their dates by diary entries,—imaginative, then beyond my wont, and proving that before the Blake drawings came, my thoughts were all wandering in their sorrowful direction,—with mingled coruscations of opposing fancy, too bright to last. As I have no intention of carrying "Præterita" beyond the year '75,—up to which time none of my powers, so far as I can judge, were anywise morbid,—I may say here, respecting the modes of overstrain which affected alike Arthur Burgess and myself in our later days, that our real work, and habits of consistent thought, were never the worse for them; that we always recognized dream for dream, and truth for truth; that Arthur's hand was as sure with the burin after his illness at Verona as in the perfect woodcuts of which examples are given with this paper; and that whatever visions came to me of other worlds higher or lower than this, I remained convinced that in all



BOTANICAL STUDIES.
Engraved by Arthur Burgess.

of them, two and two made four. Howbeit we never saw each other again, though Arthur was for some time employed for me at Rouen, in directing the photography for which I had obtained permission to erect scaffolding before the north gate of the west front of the cathedral; and in spite of my own repeated illnesses, I still hoped with his help to carry out the design of "Our Fathers Have Told Us." But very certainly any farther effort in that direction is now impossible to me; the more that I perceive the new generation risen round us cares nothing about what its Fathers either did or said. In writing so much as this implies of my own epitaph with my friend's, I am thankful to say, securely for both of us, that we did what we could thoroughly, and that all we did together will remain trustworthy and useful—uncontradicted, and unbettered—till it is forgotten.

BRANTWOOD, February 27, 1887.

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1835 [Age 16]

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1836 [Age 17]

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The Gipsies.

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- 1872, November 4. "Madness and Crime." (Pall Mall Gazette.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1872, November 9. "Letter to the Author of a Review." (Albion.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1872. "John Leech's Outlines." (Catalogue to the Exhibition.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1872. *ARATRA PENTELICI*. (Smith, Elder & Co.; G. Allen.)
1872. "The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret." Concluding lecture to "Aratra." (Smith, Elder & Co.; G. Allen.)
1872. *THE EAGLE'S NEST*. (Smith, Elder & Co.; G. Allen.)
1872. "Monuments of the Cavalli Family, Verona." (Arundel Society.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
1872. Preface to "Christian Art and Symbolism," by R. St. J. Tyrwhitt. Reprinted in "Old Road."
1872. *MUNERA PULVERIS*. Separate "Essays in Political Economy" which appeared in 1862-3. (Smith, Elder & Co.; G. Allen.)

1873 [Age 54]

1873. "Act, Act in the Living Present." (New Year's Address.) Reprinted in "Arrows."

- 1873, January 24, 29, 31. "How the Rich Spend Their Money." (Pall Mall Gazette.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1873, March. "The Nature and Authority of Miracle." (Contem. Review.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
- 1873, May. "Home and its Economies." (Contem. Review.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
- 1873, May 8. "Woman's Work." (L'Esperance Genève.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1873, November 10, 18. "Mr. Ruskin and Prof. Hodgson." (Scotsman.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1873, December 27. "Ernest George's Etchings." (Architect.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1873. LOVE'S MEINIE. Parts I and II. (G. Allen.)
- 1873-1876. ARIADNE FLORENTINA. Six lectures issued separately; then collected. (G. Allen.)

1874 [Age 55]

1874. "Laborare est Orare." (New Year's Address.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1874, June 5. "The Value of Lectures." (Glasgow Herald.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1874, October 29. "An Oxford Protest." (Globe.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1874. "James David Forbes." (Rendu's Glaciers of Savoy.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1874. VAL D'ARNO. Ten lectures issued separately; then collected. (G. Allen.)

1875 [Age 56]

- 1875, January 11. "A Mistaken Review." (Pall Mall Gazette.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1875, January 19. "The Position of Critics." (Pall Mall Gazette.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1875, June 9. "The Publication of Books." (World.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1875, September 6. "St. George's Museum." (Sheffield Telegraph.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1875, November 13. "The Definition of Wealth." (Monetary Gazette.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1875. "Notes on Some of the Principal Pictures of the Royal Academy." (G. Allen; Ellis & White.)
1875. FRONDES AGRESTES. Selections from "Modern Painters" by Susan Beever. Ed. by Ruskin. (Allen.)
- 1875-1876. PROSERPINA. Ten parts in several editions. (Allen.)
- 1875-1877. MORNINGS IN FLORENCE. Six parts issued separately. (Allen.)
- 1875-1883. DEUCALION. Eight parts collected in two volumes. (Allen.)

1876 [Age 57]

- 1876, January 20. "The F. Walker Exhibition." (Times.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1876, April 25. "Copies of Turner's Drawings." (Times.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1876, July 5, 19. "Turner's Drawings." (Daily Telegraph.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1876. July. "Modern Warfare." (Fraser's Magazine.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1876. Preface and notes to "The Art Schools of Modern Christendom," by Miss A. C. Owen. (Mozley & Smith.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
1876. Preface to "A Protest against the Extension of Railways in the Lake District," by Robert Somerwell. (Garnett.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
1876. Preface to "Bibliotheca Pastorum," Vol. I. (Ellis & White; Allen.)

1877 [Age 58]

- 1877, June 9. "Modern Restoration." (Liverpool Daily Post.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1877, July 28. "Ribbesford Church." (Kidderminster Times.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1877, August 28. "Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Lowe." (Standard.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
1877. Preface to "Bibliotheca Pastorum," Vol. II. (Ellis & White; Allen.)
1877. "Guide to the Principal Pictures in the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice." (Allen.)
1877. "Abstract of the Objects and Constitution of the Guild of St. George." (Allen.)
- 1877-1878. *THE LAWS OF FÉSOLE.* In four parts. (Allen.)
- 1877-1878. "The Foundations of Chivalry." (Science of Life.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1877-1884. *ST. MARK'S REST.* In three parts. (Allen.)

1878 [Age 59]

1878. "A Pagan Message." (New Year's Address.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1878, January. "An Oxford Lecture." (Nineteenth Century.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
- 1878, February 12. "Despair." (Times.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
- 1878, April. "My First Editor." (University Magazine.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
- 1878, November. "The Principles of Property." (Socialist.) Reprinted in "Arrows."

- 1878, November–December. "The Three Colors of Pre-Raphaelitism." (Nineteenth Century.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
 1878. "The Foundations of Chivalry." (Science of Life.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1878. "Notes on a Word in Shakespeare." (Trans. New Shakspeare Society.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1778. "Notes on Drawings by Turner," etc. (Fine Art Society.)

1879 [Age 60]

- 1879, September. "Blindness and Sight." (Y. M. A. Magazine.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1879, October. "The Eagle's Nest." (Y. M. A. Magazine.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1879, November. "Politics in Youth." (Y. M. A. Magazine.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1879, November 27. "St. Mark's, Venice." (Birmingham Mail.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1879, December 20. "On Co-operation." (Christian Life.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1879–1880. "Notes on the Prout and Hunt Exhibition." (Fine Art Society.)
 1879–1880. "Circular relating to Memorial Studies at St. Mark's." (Fine Art Society.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1879–1881. LETTERS TO THE CLERGY on the Lord's Prayer and the Church. Edited by F. A. Malleison. (Strahan & Co.) Reprinted in part in "Old Road."

1880 [Age 61]

- 1880, January 31. "On the Purchase of Pictures." (Leicester Chronicle.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1880, February. "Usury, a Reply and a Rejoinder." (Contem. Review.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
 1880, March. "The Merchant of Venice." (Theatre.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1880, June 19. "On Co-operation." (Daily News.) Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1880, June, August. "Letters on a Museum or Picture Gallery." (Art Journal.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
 1880, October 7–12. "The Glasgow Lord Rectorship." (Glasgow Herald.) Five Letters. Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1880, November. "Dramatic Reform." (Journal of Dramatic Reform.) Two letters. Reprinted in "Arrows."
 1880. ARROWS OF THE CHACE. Letters to newspapers (above noticed as "Arrows") collected by A. D. O. Wedderburn. Two vols. (Allen.)
 1880. "Elements of English Prosody." (Allen.)

- 1880-1881. "Fiction, Fair and Foul." Five papers. (Nineteenth Century.) Reprinted in "Old Road."
- 1880-1885. "The Bible of Amiens." Five parts afterwards collected under the title "Our Fathers have told us." (Allen.)

1881 [Age 62]

1881. "Catalogue of Drawings and Sketches by Turner." (Allen.)
1881. "Love's Meinie." Part III. (Allen.)

1882 [Age 63]

1882. "General statement explaining the Nature and Purposes of the Guild of St. George." (Allen.)

1883 [Age 64]

1883. THE ART OF ENGLAND. Six lectures issued separately ; then collected. (Allen.)
1883. Preface to "The Story of Ida," by F. Alexander. (Allen.)
1883. Introduction to "The Study of Beauty," by T. C. Horsfall. (Macmillan.) Reprinted in "Old Road."

1884 [Age 65]

1884. THE STORM CLOUD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Two lectures. (Allen.)
1884. "Catalogue of Specimens, Silica, etc." (Allen.)
1884. Introduction to "The Limestone Alps of Savoy," by W. G. Collingwood. (Allen.)
- 1884-1885. THE PLEASURES OF ENGLAND. Four lectures issued separately. (Allen.)
- 1884-1885. "In Montibus Sanctis." Selections from "Modern Painters." Two parts. (Allen.)

1885 [Age 66]

1885. Preface to "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," by F. Alexander. (Allen.)
1885. Preface to "English School of Painting," by E. Chesneau. (Cassell.)
1885. Introduction to "Usury," by R. G. Sillar. (Southey.)
1885. Preface to "Bibliotheca Pastorum." Vol. IV. (Allen.)
1885. ON THE OLD ROAD. Various articles to periodicals, above noticed, collected in two vols. by A. D. O. Wedderburn. (Allen.)
- 1885-1889. PRÆTERITA. Twenty-eight parts issued separately ; twenty-four being collected in two volumes. (Allen.)
1885. "Cœli Enarrant." Selections from "Modern Painters." (Allen.)

1885. "Master's Report of St. George's Guild." (Privately printed.)
 1885. "Dame Wiggins of Lee." Ruskin's reprint, with additions, of a set of illustrated nursery rhymes, originally published in 1823. (A. K. Newman & Co.)

1886 [Age 67]

- 1886-1887. *DILECTA*. Correspondence, etc., illustrating "Præterita." Two parts. (Allen.)
 1886-1888. Preface to "Ulric," by Gotthelf. (Allen.)

1887 [Age 68]

- 1887, April. "Arthur Burgess." (Century Guild Hobby Horse.)
 1887. *HORTUS INCLUSUS*. Letters edited by Albert Fleming. (Allen.)
 1887. Preface to "Christ's Folk in the Apennine," by F. Alexander. (Allen.)

1888 [Age 69]

- 1888, January. "The Black Arts." (Magazine of Art.)
 1888. Preface and notes to "A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery," by E. T. Cook. (Macmillan.)

1893 [Age 74]

1893. "Three Letters and an Essay." 1836-1841. (Allen.)

1894 [Age 75]

1894. *LETTERS ADDRESSED TO A COLLEGE FRIEND* during the years 1840-1845. (Allen.)

1897 [Age 78]

1897. *LECTURES ON LANDSCAPE* delivered in 1871. (Allen.)

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